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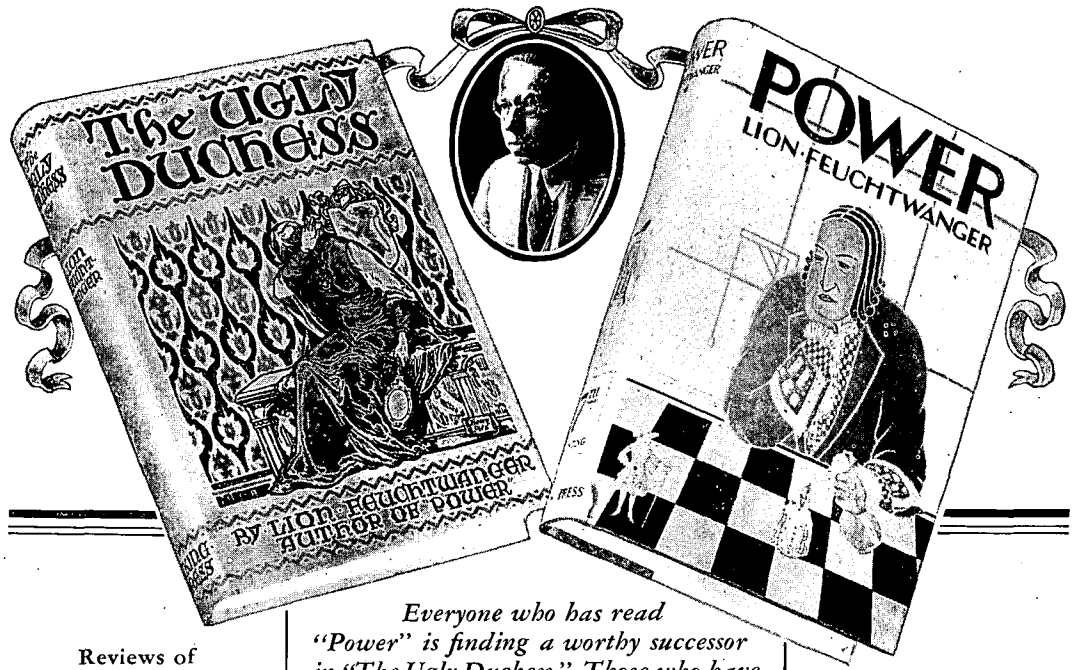

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In the BOOKMAN OFFICE

Contributors to this Issue

VERE H. COLLINS is a young Englishman engaged in work for the Oxford University Press. His acquaintance with Hardy was an unusual one, as during his last years Hardy had been almost inaccessible to strangers, particularly if their only reason for seeing him was admiration for his work. Mr. Collins simply wrote saying he would like to see Hardy, with the result that a time was named. The first visit was a lengthy one and was followed by others. It is obvious from Mr. Collins's record of the conversations that a bond of sympathy was established between the older and the younger man. The conversation printed in this issue is but a part of Mr. Collins's full account of all the meetings, which will be published shortly in book form by Doubleday, Doran.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON began his extensive literary career in 1891 by publishing a volume of poems called "Short Flights". He has since written twenty-six volumes, including novels, short stories, essays, and plays. Probably the one best known is the novel "The House of a Thousand Candles". He is a resident of Indianapolis, Indiana.

FLOYD DELL's play, made from his novel, "An Unmarried Father", is to be produced shortly by Crosby Gaige. Dell is now on an extended lecture tour which will take him to the Pacific Coast. In collaboration with Paul Jordan-Smith he has recently edited a new edition of Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" in which all of the Latin of the original is translated into English.

The following is a summary of the first installment, printed in last month's BOOKMAN, of Upton Sinclair's novel "Boston":

Cornelia Thornwell, wife of a former governor of Massachusetts, finds herself a widow at the age of sixty, after forty years of sheltered ease. Her three daughters wrangle over the funeral arrangements, the two elder daughters and their husbands disapproving, as always, the ideas of the husband of the youngest daughter Clara, James Scatterbridge, who had forced his way from a low position in the Thornwell cotton-mills to virtual ownership. Rupert Alvin, husband of Deborah, is president of the Pilgrim National Bank. He is considering ways of acquiring the felt business of Jerry Walker, a self-made man not of the "inner circle". The third son-in-law, Henry Winters, is a lawyer whose boast it is that his firm never has less than twenty-five millions in litigation.

Before the funeral is over the three daughters are wrangling over the family heirlooms. Cornelia, who has never enjoyed the stiff and formal life she had to lead as the wife of a very distinguished member of the Massachusetts aristocracy, and who has always been privately amused at the efforts of her family and friends to preserve the Thornwell and Boston traditions of propriety, decides to go away. She feels that

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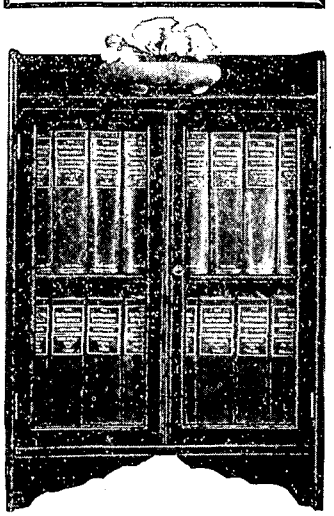

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her duties are now over and that she is free to do what she wants rather than what she is expected to do. Accordingly, she writes a note to her daughters asking them not to search for her, and departs.

Cornelia begins life anew in Plymouth as a working woman, taking a job in the cordage plant at six dollars a week. She boards with an Italian family, the Brinis. She learns from the neighbors that the Brinis are "dangerous anarchists". A fellow-boarder, a studious laborer by the name of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, talks much to her of his ideas. He has a taste for poetry and is idealistic and revolutionary about social questions. When the workers at the cordage plant go on strike for higher wages, Vanzetti is one of the agitators.

* * *

For the benefit of readers who are beginning "Boston" in this number, we reprint here Upton Sinclair's preface:

The decision to write this novel was taken at nine-fifteen P.M. (Pacific Coast time), August 22nd, 1927: the occasion being the receipt of a telephone message from a newspaper, to the effect that Sacco and Vanzetti were dead. It seemed to the writer that the world would want to know the truth about this case; and his judgment proved correct, because there began a flood of cablegrams and letters from five continents, asking him to do the very thing he had decided upon.

A "contemporary historical novel" is an unusual art-form, and may call for explanation. So far as concerns the two individuals, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, this book is not fiction, but an effort at history; everything they are represented as doing they actually did, and their words have been taken from their letters, or from the dictation of friends and enemies. Likewise these friends and enemies appear in their own persons and under their own names.

The story of business and high finance which parallels the Sacco-Vanzetti case throughout the book is a section of contemporary Boston history. It will be recognized as a famous case recently carried to the United States Supreme Court. But the persons who play parts in this melodrama of banking are fictional—or rather they have been so shuffled about in character, appearance and family history, that no one will have his feelings hurt. There is one simple rule for guidance in reading the novel: the characters who are real persons bear real names, while those who bear imaginary names are imaginary.

The writer has been visiting Boston off and on for twenty-five years. The first visits had to do with the novel "Manassas", and involved meetings with the city's old-time heroes, such as Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Frank B. Sanborn, Julia Ward Howe. The later visits, having to do with "The Brass Check", "The Goose-step" and "Oil!", involved a change of view-point not without its interest to students of our history. Nevertheless, it should be said at the outset that what is great in Boston will find its due recognition in this story. Those who have made the city's glory have never been its rulers, but always a "saving minority", and that minority is there today, and it is active.

The task has not been approached in a spirit of grudge; on the contrary, the writer regards with a mixture of gratitude and amusement those Boston officials who provided for "Oil!" an advertisement which went around the world several times. To them he owes the fact that he is almost out of debt to his printer, for the first time in twenty-five years as publisher of his own writings. An honest effort will here be made to portray a complex community exactly as it is. The story has no hero but the truth, and its heroines are two women, one old and the other young, who are ardently seeking the truth.

EDMOND JALOUX is literary critic for *La Nouvelle littéraire, Paris.* He has specialized in English literature and has written several books of essays on English and American authors.

O. A. OWEN was formerly private secretary to John W. Gates, the promoter, and two years ago he published three articles in *The Saturday Evening Post* under the

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title, "Bet-You-a-Million-Gates". Mr. Owen, who is now an advertising writer, was in the foreign department of the U. S. Steel Corporation from 1901 to 1906, with headquarters in London and Paris. While abroad he wrote and published "The Poetry of the Future", a volume on poetic euphony containing some special studies of Poe's style. Mr. Owen's father was a friend of Ole Bull and named his son after the Swedish violinist.

Robinson Jeffers has steadily grown in fame as a poet since the publication of "Tamar and Other Poems" until he has been gradually accepted as one of the major poets of our time. His most recent book since "Roan Stallion", is "The Women at Point Sur", published by Liveright. He lives at Carmel, California.

Helen Haines was for a number of years managing editor of *The Library Journal.* She is a lecturer on literature, bibliography and the history of libraries at the library school of the University of California. She has contributed essays and reviews to a number of periodicals.

Gerald Bullett is an Englishman. His first book, published in 1924, was called "The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton", a full-length discussion of G. K. C. In the same year he published a collection of stories, "Street of the Eye", highly praised. Since then have appeared a novel "The Panther", and another volume of stories, "Baker's Cart".

John W. Harrington began his career as a newspaper man in 1890 on *The Cleveland Leader,* and has since been on the staffs of *The New York Herald, The New York Times* and *The London Times.* He has written a number of juvenile books and has contributed articles to medical, chemical and other scientific journals.

Herbert Gorman, critic, novelist, poet, is a member of the staff of "Books", the literary review of *The New York Herald-Tribune.* His latest book is a novel, "The Place Called Dagon".

Philip Kinsley joined the staff of *The Chicago Tribune* in 1904 and in 1909 went to the Associated Press, San Francisco office. In 1911 he transferred to *The San Francisco Examiner,* remaining there until 1918, when he returned to *The Chicago Tribune.* He writes, "During my twenty-four years as a reporter of general news, I have covered every type of story all over the United States and abroad".

Clarke Salmon, a Nebraskan by birth, has been in newspaper work since leaving the University of Missouri in 1910, except for one year in the lumber business. He was on the staff of *The Kansas City Star* for seven years before he went to *The New Orleans Item* as city editor. He later became managing editor and was given editorial direction in establishing *The New Orleans Morning Tribune.* Since then he has been managing editor of both the *Item* and the *Tribune.*

André Maurois is a French manufacturer who turned *littérateur* with great success. His fictional biography of the life of Shelley, under the title "Ariel" was widely read and praised in English as well as in French. His latest biography is "Disraeli".

H. G. Wells once said that an American who was unacquainted with the work of Mary Austin should account himself illiterate. Mrs. Austin has written a number of novels, plays, and books of essays. Her work has often appeared in The Bookman, including most of her last book, a study of genius called "Everyman's Genius". She lives part of the time in New York and part of the time in Sante Fé, New Mexico.

Dr. Isaac Goldberg is one of the foremost authorities on Latin-American and Spanish literature, and he has written many essays on music. He has written biographies of H. L. Mencken, Havelock Ellis and

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* * *

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* * *

Recently we told in Bookman's Notes of how Margaret Sanger, when Brentano's asked her to revise her little book "What Every Girl Should Know" for a new edition, found the book so outmodeled in the dozen years since its writing that she pronounced it incorrigibly ancient. The sequel was that instead of revising the book she wrote an entirely new one along similar but broader lines. This has now appeared, under the title "What Every Boy and Girl Should Know", and adds one more to the wise, courageous, illuminating books in which Mrs. Sanger has touched profoundly on life at its center.

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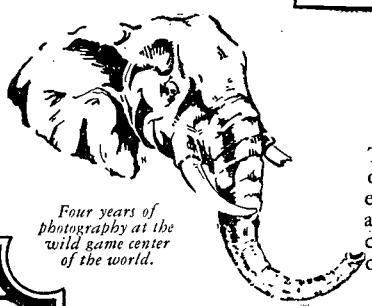

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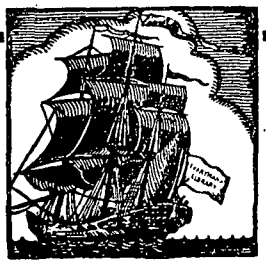

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LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

TWO biographies of decidedly diverse subject matter look promising on the March lists: *William Makepeace Thackeray,* by Lewis Melville (Doubleday, Doran), who in an earlier season devoted his attention to "Beau Brummel"; and the Ives Washburn publication of *The Confessions of a Rum-Runner,* by James Barbican, the amazing facts of which were submitted to a rigorous investigation by the British publishers. Two other biographies of adventure are those of *Kit Carson,* by Stanley Vestal (Houghton Mifflin); and *Lawrence and the Arabian Adventure,* by Robert Graves (Doubleday, Doran).

Last fall, Putnam published Lindbergh's story "We", a book they now follow with *Skyward,* by Commander Richard E. Byrd. In *Black Majesty* (Harpers) John Vandercook tells the story of the Haitian Negro Henry Christophe, born a slave—to die an emperor. At the same time Robert W. Winston gives the biography of *Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot* (Holt); while another famous Southerner has been depicted, after exhaustive research, in *Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier,* by Allen Tate (Minton, Balch).

Two typically American lives are *Alger: A Biography Without a Hero,* by Herbert R. Mayes (Macy-Masius) and *Hearst, An American Phenomenon,* by John K. Winkler (Simon & Schuster). In *Masks in a Pageant* (Macmillan) William Allen White gives character biographies of "Presidents of the United States, their supporting friends, their intimate enemies, and contemporary statesmen" whom he has known. Some of these personalities appear also in *Tammany Hall,* by Morris Werner (Doubleday, Doran).

March brings two volumes on Anatole France: *Anatole France Abroad,* by Jean Jacques Brousson—His Secretary (McBride); and *The Opinions of Anatole France,* by Nicolas Ségur (Dodd, Mead), in which conversations with France are reported. In *Napoleon, the Man,* by R. McNair Wilson (Century), a new light is said to be thrown on the Napoleon of Emil Ludwig and of Holland Rose. Michael Monahan, another familiar biographer, turns his attention to the French soldier-saint in *"My Jeanne D'Arc"* (Century).

From a life in a circus comes the autobiography of one of the most famous woman tamers of wild animals, *Sawdust and Solitude,* by Lucia Zora (Little, Brown). *Naked Truth,* by Clare Sheridan (Harpers) tells of the author's career as traveller, sculptress and novelist. Mrs. Honoré Willsie Morrow has made *Mary Todd Lincoln* (Morrow) the object of her careful scrutiny.

An important contribution to American history appears in *Maximilian and Charlotte,* by Egon Caesar, Count Corti (Knopf), based on Maximilian's private papers. America's part in the World War is told by Major General Hunter Liggett in *A. E. F.* (Dodd, Mead). The story of international secret service is given in *Spy and Counterspy,* by Richard Wilmer Rowan (Viking). The reminiscences of Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador to England, 1912-1914, appear under the title of *Heading for the Abyss* (Payson & Clarke). Meade Minnigerode gives the history of the founding of the Republic in *Presidential Years, 1787 to 1860* (Putnam).

The Gangs of New York, by Herbert Asbury (Knopf), traces the history of New York's underworld from Revolutionary times. *England's Holy War* is commented on by Irene Cooper Willis (Knopf). Hoffman Nickerson writes of *The Turning Point of the Revolution* (Houghton Mifflin); and John Spencer Bassett details the work of *The League of Nations: A Chapter in World Politics* (Longmans, Green). H. G. Daniels traces *The Rise of the German Republic* (Scribners).

In *Imperialism and Civilization* (Harcourt, Brace) Leonard Woolf discusses the problem of relations between races and suggests a solution other than an inter-racial war. The same question is dealt with by Friedrich Hertz in *Race and Civilization* (Macmillan). The study of the origin and

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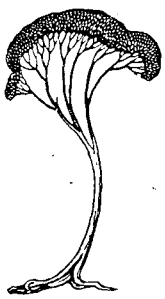

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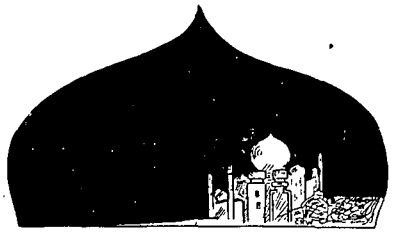

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growth of civilization is made in *The Building of Cultures,* by Roland B. Dixon (Scribners).

Liberty of thought finds a champion in *The Inquiring Mind,* by Zechariah Chafee, Jr. (Harcourt, Brace), consisting for the most part of his articles collected from current periodicals. Political thought in France is treated in *Revolution and Reaction in Modern France,* by G. Lowes Dickinson (Brentano). Political parties in America are receiving pre-convention attention in *The Democratic Party,* by Frank Kent; *The Drifting Sands of Party Politics,* by Oscar W. Underwood; and *The Republican Party: A History,* by William Starr Myers—all published by Century.

In *American Prosperity: Its Causes and Consequences* (Viking) Paul M. Mazur, a New York banker, presents an authoritative picture of business in its large aspects. *Rum, Romance and Rebellion,* by Charles William Taussig traces the influence of rum on the political and economic aspects of the Revolution. Earnest Elmo Calkins develops his thesis *Business the Civilizer* (Little, Brown).

A sidelight on the genesis of modern education is to be found in *Doctor Arnold of Rugby* (Holt), by his great-grand-son, Arnold Whitridge. Dr. John B. Watson's book on child psychology appears in *Psychological Care of Infant and Child* (Norton). From the same firm comes *Intelligence and Mental Growth,* by C. A. Claremont, in which the author discusses the nature of intelligence; and William Morton Wheeler's *Emergent Evolution and the Development of Societies.*

In *The Misbehavorists* (Dial) Harvey Wickham analyzes "Pseudo-Science and the Modern Temper". An account of laboratory experimental work at Cambridge University comes from Dr. E. D. Adrian in *The Basis of Sensation* (Norton). Morris Fishbein and William A. White have collaborated in the editing of *Why Men Fail* (Century), a collection of articles from some of the foremost psychiatrists.

One of the most interesting of the spring books in its field should be *The Agony of Christianity,* by Miguel de Unamuno (Payson & Clarke), in which the author deals with the cumulative effect of the spiritual agony of the individual upon Christian psychology. In *Beliefs that Matter* (Scribners), William Adams Brown gives what he calls "A Theology for Laymen". A group of religious biographies comes from Tracy D. Mygatt and Frances Witherspoon in *The Glorious Company of the Apostles* (Harcourt, Brace). By way of offering a new Decalogue adapted to the modern United States, Conrad Henry Moehlman tells *The Story of the Ten Commandments* (Harcourt, Brace) with both its ancient and modern application. From Leipzig comes *The Religious Development of Adolescents,* by Oskar Kupky (Macmillan). The same firm presents a somewhat novel approach to the comparative study of religion in *The Gospel for Asia,* by Kenneth Saunders. One of the most articulate of English Catholics, Hilaire Belloc, writes on *How the Reformation Happened* (McBride).

A long-heralded volume of literary criticism appears in the study of *Contemporary European Writers,* by William A. Drake (John Day). From different angles the problem of criticism is discussed by Norman Foerster in *American Criticism* and Louise Dudley in *The Study of Literature*—both books published by Houghton Mifflin. From an outstanding scholar of Roman life comes *Catullus and Horace: Two Poets in Their Environment,* by Tenney Frank (Holt). BOOKMAN readers will know what to expect in *The Skull of Swift,* by Shane Leslie (Bobbs-Merrill). Another collection of essays comes from John Erskine in *The Delight of Great Books* (Bobbs-Merrill). Under the same publisher's imprint Edward Garnett presents his *Letters from Joseph Conrad, 1895-1924.*

Spring fiction ranges from *The Living Buddha,* by Paul Morand (Holt) to *But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,* by Anita Loos (Boni & Liveright). From Vienna comes *Bambi, the Story of a Life in the Woods,* by Felix Salten (Simon & Schuster), a new name to American readers. Several continental novelists whose work is already well-known are represented by new novels: Selma Lagerlöf continues the story of the Löwenskölds in *The General's Ring* (Doubleday,

(*Continued on page XLII*)

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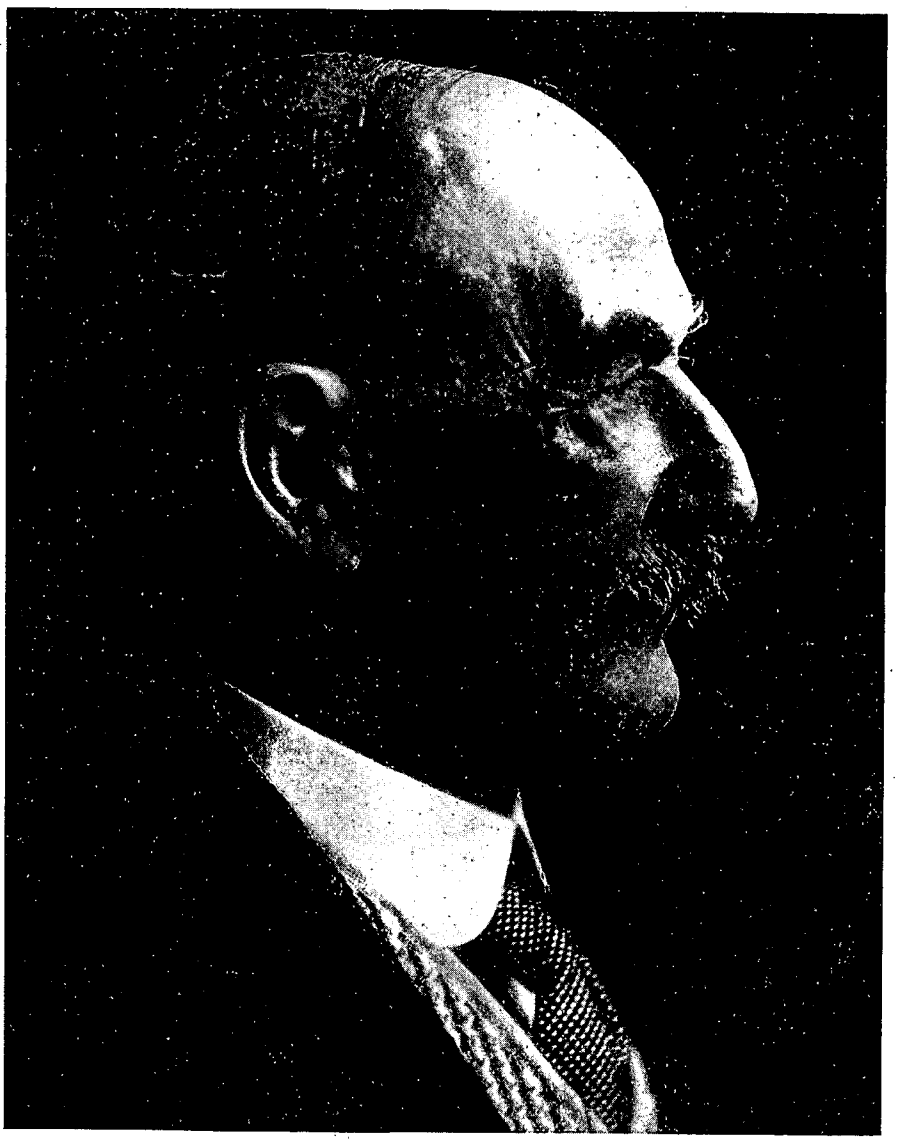

THOMAS HARDY:
June, 1840—January, 1928

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MARCH, 1928 VOLUME LXVII, NO. 1

The BOOKMAN

TALKS WITH THOMAS HARDY

By Vere H. Collins

(During 1920-1922 Mr. Collins had a number of meetings with Thomas Hardy at Max Gate, Hardy's home in Dorchester. The following is a part of Mr. Collins's record of their conversations.)

PERSONS

Mr. Thomas Hardy .....H
Mrs. Thomas Hardy .....Mrs. H
Mr. Collins C

Scene: The drawing-room at Max Gate. Mrs. H *and* C *await* H, *who returns from a walk, with his dog.* H *and his visitor shake hands, and sit down. Mrs.* H *serves tea.*

The dog jumps up at C *and barks.* H *orders him to lie down.*

C: I've not seen your dog before, but I have been hearing all about him, and how he made friends with Barrie, but snapped at Mrs. Granville Barker.

The dog takes a log of wood from the grate, and carries it to the hearth-rug, where he lies down gnawing it.

Mrs. H: He always does that to impress strangers. . . .

H: How is the book trade in London?

C: Fair, considering everything, but I fear that all round there is rather a slump in trade—due partly to the middle classes being poor, partly to a general feeling of uncertainty on account of the demands of labour.

H: You do not publish novels, do you?

C: No, except reprints of the classics in series like the "World's Classics".

H: Oh yes, of course, you took over the "World's Classics" from Grant Richards. . . . Some people talk of novels as if they were the only books. . . . Do you publish any of Trollope's novels?

C: Yes; we are issuing him in the "World's Classics".

H: I like Trollope. You know, at one time it was thought he was going to be recognized as the greatest of the early Victorian novelists. Dickens was said to be too much of a caricaturist; Thackeray too much of a satirist. Trollope was put forward as the happy mean.

C [*taking from his pocket a copy of the* Collected Poems, *and a note-book containing the required references*]: Mr. Hardy, may I now go through a few points in your poems of which I should be grateful for your elucidation?

H *draws his chair nearer to* C, *and reads through each poem in question as* C *turns it up.*

(Wessex Poems)

"Postponement"

C: I am not clear what is the human ap-

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plication of the last stanza—"Ah, had I been . . . born to an evergreen nesting tree".

H: You see, earlier in the poem the young man is described as not being able to marry for want of money; and the woman as not waiting, but marrying someone else.

C: I understand that. The "being born to an evergreen tree" means, then, simply and solely having money?

H: Yes.

"She, To Him"

C: I do not quite follow the idea in the last stanza. If what the man stood for, to the woman, meant so much that it is her "whole life", how can he be to her a mere "thought", like his thought of her—which is almost contemptuous and, we are told, "thin"?

H *reads the poem and proceeds to explain it. But either he fails to see* C*'s difficulty, or* C *to grasp* H*'s point.*

H: I think you will be able to work it out.

(Time's Laughing-stocks)

"The Dawn after the Dance"

C: What is "that which makes man's love the lighter and the woman's burn no brighter"?

H: I suppose when they got intimate. [*He re-reads the poem.*] I think perhaps I originally wrote "*the* brighter".

"Aberdeen"

C: Who is the "Queen"?

H: Knowledge. That might apply to any University town—though, of course, not the granite.

(Satires of Circumstance)

"Self-Unconscious"

C: In the last stanza but two, why and how "should he have been shown" as he was? What difference would it have made?

H: If he had realized then, when young, what he was, he would have acted differently. That is the tragedy of youth: when we know, it's too late to alter things.

"God's Funeral"

C: In the last stanza but one, does each mourner shake his head to mean "yes" or "no"?

H: "No."

C: So there were three sets of people—those who thought God was dead; those who thought that a false God was dead, but that the true one still lived; and those who thought that a new and purer God was still to make himself known to man?

H: Yes.

(Moments of Vision)

"At Mayfair Lodgings"

C: Why, and how, "need not the tragedy have come due"? Because she would have married him, and there would not now have been the tragedy of her dying apart from him?

H: Yes.

"On a Heath"

C: Who or what is it that is referred to in the last stanza?

H: There is a third person.

C: "Another looming", "one still blooming", "a shade entombing"—are not there three different things?

H: No, only one.

"The Interloper"

C: What is "that under which best lives corrode"?

H: Madness.

C: In each case?

H: Yes. I knew the family.

Mrs. H: I always thought the poem was obscure.

H [*reads it*]: Certainly it is not clear. No one could possibly guess.

C: I asked several people, and they were all puzzled. One of my colleagues, Mr. Williams—himself a poet—suggested that it was no definite thing, but a sort of undermining rot which destroys everything.

H: That was a remarkably good guess. He got as near it as one possibly could. [*He reads the poem again, over* C*'s shoulder.*] Write down "Insanity"; that is a better word than "Madness". I wonder how I could make it clear.

C: Could you add a motto, as you sometimes do—say from the Bible?

H: That is a good idea. But I fear the Bible will not do. They did not believe in madness as we understand it.

Mrs. H: It was always "being possessed of devils".

C: Something from classical Latin or Greek?

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Mrs. H: Was there not a proverb—about the gods sending people mad?

C: "Quem deus vult perdere prius dementat." Is not that rather insolent pride—the ὑβρις of the Greeks? I suppose madness as we understand it was represented by the Furies.

H: I must do something to make it clear.

"I rose and went to Rou'tor Town"

C: What is "the evil wrought at Rou'tor Town"?

H: Slander, or something of that sort. . . . [*Turning over the pages of* Collected Poems, *and pointing to "Near Lanivet"*] This is a poem which is often neglected. [*Turning over some more pages, and pointing to "At the Word Farewell"*]: This is quite a good poem too. But of course there are plenty of love poems to choose from. . . . Do you think the price of books is likely to go down?

C: I fear not for some time, and probably never back to the old prices.

H: It's a great pity. It is to the interest of authors that a large number of copies should be sold at a low price, and often of the publisher that a comparatively small number should be sold at a higher price. That seems to be the only point on which the interests of publishers and authors clash. . . . Do you know how the literary papers are selling?

C: I don't suppose any of them at any time are very remunerative. . . . Was the title of "The Dynasts" settled from the beginning when you first started writing it?

H: I forget when I chose it. It must have been at a fairly early stage, for as you know it was published in three consecutive parts.

C: Do you pronounce the "y" long or short?

H: I think I got it from the "Magnificat"—the Greek version. The Greek "u" is short. . . . I have thought of reprinting the lyrics from it—say in small type—at the end of the "Collected Poems". Two or three of them—for example "Trafalgar" and "My Love's Gone a-Fighting"—are as good as anything in the "Collected Poems".

C: Or you could reprint them in a sixth volume of poems. That would enable your readers to possess a fresh volume sooner. You have written quite a considerable number of poems since "Moments of Vision" was published, and some of them, I think, are as fine as anything you have ever written. I have in mind especially "Going and Staying" and "Mellstock Cross at the Year's End".

H: I shall probably alter the title of "Mellstock Cross". I have used it elsewhere.

C: The poem appeared in the *Fortnightly* a year ago, did it not?

H: Yes, they have asked me for another poem. But editors do not understand that one cannot always lay one's hand on a poem that is suitable for the occasion. It is better really to wait until one has written enough to publish for the first time in book form.

C: But all of us are impatient for your work. We do not want to have to wait.

H: If I reprinted the lyrics from "The Dynasts" would not people feel that they had been taken in—having to pay a second time for what they already had?

C: I am sure, Mr. Hardy, they would not feel that.

Mrs. H: Even if they possessed "The Dynasts" they might be glad to have the lyrical poems from it brought together, so as to be saved having to search them out. . . .

C: Do you like Max Beerbohm's work?

H: I do.

C: Have you ever met him?

H: No, but I have sat opposite him at a dinner. He has not at all a humorous face, I thought, but rather a melancholy expression.

C: As a mountaineer, Mr. Hardy, I was interested to notice that you have two poems on mountains—one, on the death of Leslie Stephen, about the Shreckhorn; and one about the Matterhorn. Have you done much climbing?

H: I never went in for climbing. The highest point I ascended was the Riffel.

C: And I have noticed that, with the exception of the poem on Aberdeen, there is no reference to Scotland.

H: That was the only time I ever went to Scotland. It was so expensive, and for the same money we found we could go to the Continent and get a more thorough change.

C: Mr. Hardy, if it is not asking too

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intimate a question, may I know whether there is any truth in the rumour that certain attacks in the press made on "Jude the Obscure" decided you not to write any more novels?

H [*shortly*]: Not just what the papers said. I never cared very much about writing novels. And I should not have—[*pause*]. Besides, I had written quite enough novels. Some people go on writing so many that they cannot remember their titles. There was a writer called Nat Gould—I forget how many he wrote. . . .

C [*to* Mrs. H, *handing her a book which he has brought with him from London*]: I thought you would like to see this "Book of Women's Verse" by J. C. Squire, which the Oxford Press have just published.

Mrs. H: Thank you very much. I had heard of it.

H: Does he give any very early writers?

Mrs. H [*consulting the volume*]: He starts with Anne Askewe.

H: Dear me! I didn't know she had written poetry. [*To* C] Is it a good book?

C: The selection is very interesting, I think, but I am disappointed that in the introduction he does not deal more with the "feminine note in poetry"—I suppose there is one.

H: Certainly. One notices, for instance, how often women admire poems which men don't, and vice versa.

Mrs. H: I see he has not given anything by Miss Mew.

H: Nothing by Miss Mew! Perhaps he doesn't include any living writers.

Mrs. H: Yes, he has Frances Cornford and Mrs. Woods.

C: And Mrs. Meynell and others.

H: Miss Mew is far and away the best living woman poet—who will be read when others are forgotten. . . .

C: What a pity it is that so many poets apparently allow everything they write to be published.

H: An author cannot always tell what people will like most. Posterity alone can decide. So I generally publish everything. When I have been in doubt (as I was, for example, with my last volume) about two or three poems, I afterwards found that those were often what some people liked best; and poems I have been on the point of discarding have sometimes been used in anthologies. . . . What a number of anthologies there are now! Do you think anthologies injure the sale of an author's books?

C: I should say that they tend to stimulate the sale.

H: I suppose so. I often get letters from people who have seen an extract from my work, telling me they are now starting to read me up.

Mrs. H: That was how I first got to know my husband's work.

H: From a book in a series called "Half Hours with Living Writers". I think afterwards it was called "Gleanings from Living Writers". In one of the volumes there was a selection from "A Pair of Blue Eyes". They chose an extremely sensational passage—where Knight falls over the cliff. . . .

C: Used you to make many corrections in the mss. of your novels?

H: It depended. If there was a passage of straightforward narrative there would not be many. There is no rule. . . . They tell us that Shakespeare never made any corrections. I don't believe that. Ben Johnson, who said it, probably only saw a revised copy.

C: Did you prepare scenarios of the novels?

H: If I did I fear I did not follow them very closely. It was a hand-to-mouth matter—writing serials. I don't remember very well what I did. You see it is twenty-seven years since I wrote a novel. People write and ask me what I mean in a passage. Do they expect me to remember now what I meant over a quarter of a century ago?

C: Used you to have your novels typewritten? I believe publishers won't look at a novel now unless it is typed.

H: I had one or two.

C: To-day the typing and paper for a novel must be quite a considerable item of expense.

H: I notice the cost of paper myself, although I don't use much. There is some quarto paper we get. I used to buy so many sheets for 6s. 6d. It was in double sheets.

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Now I have to pay 9s.; and it is in single sheets—half as much.

C: Is there any chance of your bringing together some of your essays, etc., and making a volume of them?

H: It has been suggested. There is not very much.

C: I see Hedgcock refers to an essay you wrote on building a house.

H: That was a trifle—done for my pupils. A short time ago an American wrote a notice of me for some paper in which he said that I had published an article describing how I built Max Gate. My essay in *Chambers' Journal* was published twenty years before this house was built.

C: Has Macmillan ever suggested a selection of your poems for schools?

H: There is hardly need for that with the Golden Treasury selection. Great care was taken with it. It is quite fit for rectory drawing-rooms. . . .

C: May I, before I go, read the inscription on a photograph of Galsworthy which I think hangs on the left of the fireplace?

Mrs. H: It is now on the book-case on the left of the fire, behind that picture of Nicholsons'.

C [*goes across the room to the book-case. The picture is a photogravure of "The Girl with the Tattered Glove", with an autograph inscription to* H *by the Artist.* C *takes it in his hand and turns towards the lamp on the centre table.*]: It's a beautiful thing.

H [*who has followed* C, *and is standing on his left*]: Yes, there's something very attractive about it—one can't say exactly what.

C: Do you know where the original is?

H: In the FitzWilliam at Cambridge, I think. I suppose that picture has made Nicholson more famous than anything else.

C *takes up the framed photograph of Galsworthy and places it on the table.*

C: How long ago was it taken?

Mrs. H.: About ten years ago, I should think.

The inscription is: "The optimist appears to be one who cannot bear the world as it is, and is forced by his nature to picture it as it ought to be; and the pessimist one who can not only bear the world as it is, but loves it well enough to draw it faithfully"—"The Inn of Tranquillity".

H *reads it at the same time as* C.

H: "Inn of Tranquillity"—is that the name of one of his books?

C: Yes, containing a story of that title.

H: I shouldn't say "loves". He need not necessarily love it. It may be because he is indifferent enough.

Mrs. H: Yes.

H: Why are people always talking about "pessimism"? In the past a poet was not labelled in that way. He was allowed to write as he thought and felt. The other day we had an Eton master here. He talked about pessimism and pessimists. I pointed to Gray. You know his poem on Eton? What could be more "pessimistic"?

C: "Alas, regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!"

H: And still stronger further on: "Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair"; "Moody Madness laughing wild amid severest woe"; and so on. . . . "Oh, Gray is an unbearable poet" was his remark. That's how they get out of it. I suppose "pessimism" is an easy word to say and remember. It's only a passing fashion. . . .

Mrs. H: I am sorry about Mr. Hedgcock's book.*

C: Pray say no more about it. I was of course disappointed, but when I realized that you were not favourably disposed to the idea I should not have taken any satisfaction in going on even if Mr. Hedgcock had not independently decided that he could not make all the alterations you desiderated and that he preferred to abandon the proposal.

H: I have no objection to legitimate literary criticism of my works, favourable or otherwise, but Mr. Hedgcock is continually

* A short time before this interview a project for an English translation to be done by me of Mr. F. A. Hedgcock's *Thomas Hardy: Penseur et Artiste* (Hachette, 1913) had been abandoned when Thomas Hardy raised objections to the biographical part of the book.—V.H.C.

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drawing on the novels for description of my character. His dissection would not be in good taste while I am still alive, even if it were true. But it is based chiefly on characters and incidents in the novels that are pure invention. I should have imagined that he would not like at this date to have personal quizzing of that immature sort revived as his work.

C: I had hoped that the references you object to could be altered. When you wrote to me about them I told Mr. Hedgcock, but presumably he was unwilling to carry out all the alterations you desired.

H: Errors of that sort are long-lived and are repeated by others. Some of them appear in Professor Chew's book.

C: I don't know that book.

H: It's published in America. I will get it and show it to you. [*He leaves the room and returns with Professor Chew's and Mr. Hedgcock's books.*]

C [*looking at the former*]: I must buy a copy.

H: You had better wait until a new edition is published. I can't lend you this copy, as it is marked, and Professor Chew, who is coming here again, will want to borrow it. . . . [*Opening Mr. Hedgcock's book*] Why are people not more careful in deducing biographical and semi-biographical facts from an author's books? People used to say that David Copperfield was Dickens. He was not. [*He turns over the pages of the book*] Mr. Hedgcock's besetting fault of getting behind the novels of the writer leads to numerous inaccuracies. Thus he says that I was brought up to speak the local dialect. I did not speak it. I knew it, but it was not spoken at home. My mother only used it when speaking to the cottagers, and my father when speaking to his workmen. The account of my education is full of errors. It is stated that I was educated at an elementary school and was deprived of a classical training. I was only at an elementary school for a year or two, till I was ten, and I learnt Latin at school from my twelfth year. Again, he says I learnt the classics by correspondence—deluded by his false identification of me with Smith in "A Pair of Blue Eyes". The same source of error leads to the ascription to myself of the disgust felt for architecture by a character in "Desperate Remedies". At other times in his desire to give biographical details he simply invents. He gives the impression that I lived all my life in Dorset, except short absences now and then to the Continent and elsewhere. For about thirty years I spent three or four months every year in London. All the false deductions in this chapter would be impertinent and unmannerly about a living writer even if they were not false. When he comes to Smith he makes some of his worst mistakes—one unwarranted assumption after another. The description of his appearance is not at all like what I was. His father was not at all like mine. He was a Cornish man and a journeyman. Smith himself was a Weymouth man—as far as he was based on any real person, which he was not much. On one page he identifies me with Springrove, and on another with Clym. . . . I cannot understand how he could print such stuff. . . . I wish I could show you a photograph of the person Smith was based on. I should not have been so conceited as to make myself the prototype. I describe him as a tall, handsome young fellow. He was a fellow-pupil of mine when I was in an architect's office. He must be seventy years old now. He does not know he appears in the book.

C: Isn't he a reader?

H: No. He got on very well in his profession, and held a big post under the Government in the war.

C: Was he only a prototype of Smith physically?

H: The adventures ascribed to Smith did not happen to him. But he was the sort of person to whom such adventures might have happened. It is easy for an author to take a person, and see the potentialities in his temperament for the events he creates.

C: Will you ever write any memoirs of your life?

H: No. I won't compete with Mrs. Asquith and Lloyd George. Several American professors have urged me to write them. They come to see me from all parts of America. I had one all the way from Tennessee. They ask all sorts of questions about one's private life.

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HOOSIER LETTERS AND THE KU KLUX

By Meredith Nicholson

WITHIN the borders of the grand old Hoosier Commonwealth honest citizens are beginning to take heart of hope. The area of rising barometer is broadening. The saturnalia of corruption, malfeasance, mendacity, intimidation and double-crossing seems at this writing to have spent its force. Certain of the less active or more cautious players in the great melodrama are likely to walk softly for some time, fearing that the sheriff may sneak up on them with a writ; but apparently all is known that is likely to be known. Mortifying, disgraceful, humiliating has been the orgy, but even Roget's usually helpful Thesaurus lacks words fitly to describe the concatenation of scandals in Hoosierdom that have kept the state's name on all the first pages of the country continuously for two long years.

A state with a feebler moral foundation would have succumbed under the savage battering of the imps of darkness. But Indiana is regaining her self-respect and shows encouraging signs of a healthy return to sanity and reason. The poets, tellers of tales, and philosophers who had fled from the turmoil to the peace of the hills are again tottering into the post offices with sacks of manuscript. A bewildered lot, less blithesome and sure of themselves than of old, but sturdily bending again to the stylus and tablet.

The whole business has been inexplicable. Even "Abe Martin", the sad-eyed sage of Pleasant Run, confesses his inability to answer the questions that pour in from an anxious world as to just what happened to Indiana. George Ade, the brooding Aesop of Hazelden Farm, has suppressed as unworthy of his fame a thousand fables penned in the hope of reaching a true solution of the complete kluxation of his native soil. On Kennebunkport's stern and rock-bound shores Booth Tarkington has petitioned Neptune for an explanation and been answered by a silence as impenetrable as eternity. Theodore Dreiser, not unfamiliar with Hoosier psychology, may yet speak. Now that Thomas Carlyle is dead I know of no one so likely to do justice to the recent Hoosier joy-ride as Brother Dreiser.

Bill Herschell, in saffron singing-robes patrolling the coasts of Fall Creek, cast his lyre into the pellucid waters of that murmuring stream in chagrin at being unable to pluck the heart from the mystery. Elmer Davis, born in the luminous metropolis of Aurora on the Ohio, and rich in the learning of Oxford, has vainly raked classical literature for a clue and, in despair, passed the buck to Mr. Sweeney. At the fords of the Rivers of the Saints, McCready Huston in his wrath flung his ink bottle at the devil and the blasted thing bounded back and wounded him sorely.

So many appeals have reached me for information as to the cause of the prolonged eclipse that I have had postals printed declaring it to be my belief that the foul, strange, unnatural performances in Indiana that have so shocked civilization are properly attributable to the malevolent activity of sun spots. Annoying indeed to be asked to diagnose the queer madness that afflicted so many Hoosiers and caused them to defile their own sanctuaries. Texas and Oklahoma might run amuck and bend the neck to false gods but not Indiana, whose people have rejoiced in a reputation for seeing life steadily and seeing it whole—good old Indiana, with an encyclopedia and a bath-tub in every farm house.

The change came with disconcerting abruptness, verily in the twinkling of an eye. The world had been accustomed to look toward an Indiana that shone with the effulgence of Athens in the days of its glory. To many souls, doomed to dwell in infidel parts, Indianapolis was a Carcassonne, the goal of a thousand dreams. There would be found an ampler ether, a diviner air—and that sort of

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thing. Here the footsore pilgrim might ease his burdens and cast off the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world. Zeus strode upon the hills of Brown County or spoke face to face with the painters at their easles in the verdurous vales and along the Whitewater, where William M. Chase originated.

Then a cloud, which, although when first discerned was no larger than a leaf of the pawpaw bush (sacred to the Muses) grew until it blackened the sky like a monstrous evil hand. Travellers crossing the state in the olden, golden days had been used to the sight of gods and goddesses tripping over green meadows to the piping of Pan. The bards, once to be observed at all railway stations busily thrumming their lutes, had vanished utterly. The gobble-uns had driven the fairies to cover—and Riley, asleep on his hill-top by the Michigan Road, would not have been pleased by that. Where Apollo had once led the Nine, on bracing nights when the frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock, unfamiliar shapes—sheeted and hooded—moved with slow step in sinister silence. Here, verily, was a thing alien to an Indiana rich in political and cultural tradition and accomplishment.

Once, the Hoosiers had viewed with a fine tolerance the spiritual history of the world, remembering how the blessed mutter of the mass was heard along the Wabash in the days when France stretched a long arm from Quebec to New Orleans; but now it appeared that the present wearer of the Fisherman's Ring is a menace to the security of the Hoosier people. Not like the spirit of the good folks who lived in peace and amity with their Catholic neighbors, sent a mighty phalanx across the Ohio to free the black man and neighbored happily with the sons and daughters of Israel. Folksiness had been a term of many agreeable connotations in those days when Riley, apostle of sweetness and light, came down the historic National Road from Greenfield and walked into the office of the *Indianapolis Journal* with the script of "The Old Swimmin'-Hole, and 'Leven More Poems" in his pocket.

Politics; always a lot of it from Tippecanoe and hard cider times to date. Partisan feeling had run high in the strenuous days when Dan Voorhees, the tall Sycamore of the Wabash and Joe McDonald and Tom Hendricks had roared defiance at Benjamin Harrison, John Butler, Lew Wallace and Charles Warren Fairbanks. Albert Jeremiah Beveridge was nursing in head and heart the ideal of his masterly life of John Marshall while sitting as a senator from Indiana in the national Congress.

A pretty fine lot of fellows, my masters! Hardly a statesman but was also in some degree a person of letters. Under a beech in his yard at Crawfordsville, Lew Wallace produced a tale called "Ben Hur" which is still a vital piece of literature. General Hovey wrote very fair poetry in the governor's office before that citadel of a free people had been soiled by ignoble use. As I think of it, literature and politics crossed trails very frequently back yonder. The author of "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Beaucaire" adorned the House of Representatives—a valuable member, too, not afraid to speak his mind. Another state Solon in the Periclean days was Maurice Thompson who, with his brother Will, wrote the "Witchery of Archery", and poems of charm and distinction.

Bed-clothes in those days were used for their legitimate purposes by citizens who didn't dress up in the cool of the evening to gather in lonely places for the joy of hating their neighbors. Loving one's neighbor as one's self may prove expensive. The neighbor may borrow the lawn-mower and at once move beyond reach of a constable's warrant. The safe procedure is to hate him if he offend by his manner of worshipping God, or you don't fancy his complexion, or he is a member of that versatile, far-flung race whose Son's teachings of mercy, love and charity are set forth in that Book which reposes on the pulpit of the church at the cross-roads, not so far from where the kluxers, with a superb irony, do their kluxing under a cross of fire designed to throw fear into less consecrated Christians. And yet the kluxers reigned supreme in Indiana; had their big day, dimmed for a time the glamor of our land of faery. Yes; all these things in Indiana—Indiana, sir, with as fine a school system as any state

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enjoys, and where it is possible, on a journey of fifty miles in any direction, to bump into the campus of some institution devoted to the higher learning.

Not so long ago I watched a procession of six thousand champions of our Nordic civilization (this is the real purpose of the kluxers, confided to me by one of their leaders) marching past the University Club in Indianapolis. The line of march struck me as most happily chosen, for it included some of our most important Nordic fortifications, to wit; the handsomest public library in America, the offices of the Indianapolis public schools, and nine churches. The sheeted brothers and the auxiliary (the ladies of the Kamelias borne on floats, lustily chanting "Rock of Ages") were able to look from their places in the ranks upon a soaring monument in honor of the soldiers in all the wars in which Indiana had participated from the Revolution down. And the Nordics could hardly have been blind to the bronze effigies of certain gentlemen who had found it unnecessary to masquerade in Hallowe'en clothes to prove either their love of God or their passionate devotion to their country: George Rogers Clark, William Henry Harrison, Benjamin Harrison and Oliver Perry Morton; Morton, who in the 'sixties, when the nation was sore beset, struck down the treasonable, skulking Knights of the Golden Circle with his mailed fist. It would not have been surprising if Memnon's miracle had been repeated there, and those lips of bronze had thundered forth in righteous indignation at the spectacle.

Scanning the great press of players in Indiana's swift-moving drama one seeks bewilderedly on the crowded stage for a hero. In the vast company of rogues, cowards, villains and plain crooks the spectator almost despairs of finding even one figure representing virtue and that Truth which, as Mr. Lowell shrewdly remarked, is forever on the scaffold. And yet there he comes, pushing through the crowd, a broad-shouldered Saul of a man, flinging aside the frightened citizens who try to stop him as he advances into the market place. Tom Adams is his name, owner and editor of a Republican newspaper at Vincennes.

With the whole state for his theater he lifted his voice and began saying things of profoundly disturbing import. The Klan had a strangle-hold on the state of Indiana; the Republican chieftains were merely the weak tools of a smooth scoundrel named Stephenson, who had become the great overlord of the Commonwealth. It had long been the custom for Indiana Democrats to speak contumeliously of the morals of Republicans, but for a Republican, occupying the tripod of a reputable journal devoted to Republican principles, to step outside the breastworks and begin shooting through the portholes was unheard of, indecent, blasphemous. Efforts to lull him with poppy and mandragora and other drowsy syrups, to discredit him, weaken the force of his blows by ridicule, were unavailing. He proved to be a Samson who refused to have his hair cut. With a portfolio stuffed with papyri redolent of corruption he roamed the state, speaking with great freedom of persons in high place who had done things which gentlemen will never do even in the ecstasy of political ghost-dancing. Not since young George Rogers Clark strolled into the fort in 1779 and took Vincennes away from the British had that point been so arrestingly rubricated on the map.

From the banks of the Wabash far away Tom Adams sonorously called upon the people to save themselves, but this, it appeared for a time, was a subject that only bored them. An uncomfortable person to have around, this Adams; an impudent fellow afire with righteous wrath over what should have been dismissed by true-blue Republicans as trifling instances of misplaced confidence by the impeccable leaders of the G. O. P. If only he would stay at home and not insist on lugging around that leathern pouch with its highly inflammable contents! An epidemic of insomnia assailed the Republican chieftains. The gobble-uns seemed likely to grab the legs of some of the haughty riders of the big elephant and jerk them into the mud. The ancient phrase, "Hell on the Wabash", ceased to be a mere academic abstraction and became illuminative, descriptive, colorful.

The press associations and special correspondents kept the wires sizzling with the

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stories that began to unfold as the result of Adams's blasts upon the ram's horn. A malodorous mess; not the stuff of romance. Nothing there worthy of Tark's talents; nothing for any of the successors of Wallace and Charles Major. Nothing for anybody but the grand jury and the Prosecuting Attorney. Not much flowering of knighthood in the vulgar kluxing of Indiana by as cheap a lot of adventurers as ever scuttled a ship of state. No wonder the pipes of Pan were silent or that the gods and goddesses hid from the eyes of man.

Tom Adams is not likely to have a monument. Even after grand juries (quite tardily), began to indict and petit juries to convict, he was not acclaimed as a saviour of his people. The Hoosiers with all their noble qualities are not without their joy in stoning the prophets. As this is written the Little Theater of Indianapolis is putting on Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People". A singularly happy choice. By substituting the Vincennes editor for the Norwegian doctor the play would be most apposite as a commentary on the Hoosier follies. It will be a nice job worthy of a great intellect to ferret out the causes of the meek submission of a people who had won high rating for their enlightenment to the dictation of the smooth rogue Stephenson, who took over a great political party and ruled it with the insolence of a Nero.

Even after his arrest for the murder of a woman in circumstances the most brutal, he continued to issue orders from the jail where he was incarcerated. He declared himself to be the law in Indiana and the boast was not an idle one. The personal obligations of the gentlemen he had planted in seats of power were an asset on which he would realize when necessary. Their photographs, with affectionate inscriptions, had hung over his desk in the klux headquarters until he landed in jail for an unbailable offence. Still, even now he might have gone free but for a statewide demand from the women of Indiana, voiced in resolutions of their clubs, that his prosecution be pressed. But if the worst happened he had letters and contracts pledging him the right to fill all the appointive offices from the ranks of his kluxers (in violation of the Corrupt Practices Act)—with which to open the doors of his prison house.

However a bird in the cage is worth a whole flock in the greenwood, and instead of showing sympathetic concern for his plight the gentlemen whom he had chosen for preferment decided that the Hoosier penitentiary, close to the unsalt tides of Lake Michigan, was an excellent place for him. There he remains, with no Sir Bedivere but a hard-boiled prison guard to report to him the ripple washing in the reeds and the wild water lapping on the crag. All, all are gone from him, the old familiar faces of the good fellows who used to clap him on the back in his hospitable villa in Irvington and call him "Old Man" and imbibe his cocktails in violation of Indiana's bone-dry law, under which the fragrance of lilac water is sufficient evidence of alcoholic depravity to land a citizen in the penal farm for many laborious days. And yet Stephenson, with a pistol strapped to his hip, had paraded the aisles of a Republican state convention giving orders that had to be obeyed. Mournfully he may hum in his high-walled retreat the old ballad:

"'Twas all very well to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

If the gracious cause of letters suffered by reason of these shocking proceedings, the art of acting was much stimulated. To affect a jaunty indifference when one is being called names libelous if untrue; to feign absorption in farm-relief and the chinch bug peril when cordially invited to relinquish an office as exalted as a governorship, calls for histrionic ability of the first order. To pretend there isn't a burr sticking between one's skin and one's red flannel underwear requires the genius of an Edwin Booth. To be advised by the sheriff that one must respond to an annoying indictment even though one may have won a scepter and crown—really, one must be equal to the part of honest Iago to get away with that. And so a great school of acting has developed in the Hoosier Commonwealth even if literature has suffered.

All these struttings and posings on our stage have a certain humor. When Indiana comes clean again before the nation it may

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throw off the fear that has lately depressed it and regain its old-time honest mirth. I am desolated by the thought that Charlie Hoyt is no more: he could have built a series of blithesome farces around the Honorable Jim Watson, a senator in the Congress of the United States. The leading Republican newspaper of Indiana is even now, as I pen these reflections, calling upon the Honorable Jim to assert his right of party leadership and reorganize the party. (Hercules is indicated; the Augean stables and all that stuff.)

Big Jim, worshipped as a Buddha by a host of incense burners, was not without his own humiliations during the fracas. Questioned by the pestiferous, inquisitorial Reed of Missouri, a brother senator, he had seen nothing and he knew nothing. And then, when one Shumaker, the boss of the Anti-Saloon League, got into trouble with the Indiana supreme court for criticizing that body and was found guilty of contempt, the senator was required to swear that he had never promised the Volsteadian evangelist to ask the court to mitigate his punishment. Vexatious; harmful to the dignity of a gentleman whose life has been one long earnest prayer for taller tariffs and more corn in the crib for deserving Republicans.

Stephenson, in the days of his ascendancy, descended from the clouds in an aeroplane, all dolled up in purple vestments, amid the prostrations of adoring multitudes. That experience had, I suspect, a bigger kick for him than the cheer the senator will get when he walks into the next Republican convention, charged with the duty of bragging in altisonant phrase of the splendid achievements of a political party that had, with shameless alacrity, confided its shibboleth and seal to a scoundrel.

A most difficult literary job and one that will tax the best Hoosier genius for its perfect fulfilment will fall upon the committee on resolutions in the next Republican state convention. Though it's none of my affair, being of the dissenting political faith, I nominate Stephenson for this task. His letters, so far as published, show him to be the master of a trenchant yet genial epistolary style. And he might seize the opportunity to express himself freely as to his base desertion by the gentlemen who have so poorly requited his affection and confidence. Here, indeed, would be a chunk of literature that would enrich the libraries of the world and boost the Nordic cause everywhere.

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TWO POEMS

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

The Sowing

Bitter promised the yield
Of that dark field.

The buried stones
Lay white as bones,

And screamed at the share
That harried there.

Overhead a crow
Wove to and fro.

The horses were wet
With matted sweat,

And the wind blew dust
In swirts of rust

Like a plague of flies
In the plowman's eyes.

Yet out of those lines
Of furrowed pain,
In its due time
Rose the braggart grain.

Low Tide

Before I saw the sea, I heard the sea-gulls crying
Slanting above the trees and mewing like starving cats,
And smelled the intoxication of sea-weed dying and drying
In billowing mounds of refuse stranded along the flats.

Over the midden pile appeared to view
The sea like a long gate, painted clear blue.

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KEATS'S DEBT TO ROBERT BURTON

By Floyd Dell

WHAT is new in this article is the announcement of the discovery of the origin of Keats's "Ode on Melancholy" in a passage of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy". The heart of Keats's "Ode" is in the lines in which he celebrates the paradox that Melancholy has her shrine in the very temple of delight. That paradox he found recorded as a literal fact in Burton's "Anatomy". Burton in turn took it from the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius. It is somewhat disguised by the circumstance that the Goddess of Melancholy is referred to as Angerona Dea; and to establish Angerona Dea as the Goddess of Melancholy, in the mind of Burton and of his reader Keats, it will be necessary to quote another passage from the "Anatomy" first:

—"there was of old Angerona Dea, and she had her Chapel and feasts, to whom (saith Macrobius) they did offer sacrifice yearly, that she might be pacified as well as the rest. 'Tis no new thing, you see, this of Papists; and in my judgment that old doting Lipsius might have fitter dedicated his pen, after all his labours, to this our goddess of Melancholy than to his Virgo Hallensis, and been her Chaplain, it would have becomed him better." —Anatomy of Melancholy, Part. 3, Sect. 4, Memb. 1, Subs. 3.

Angerona, then, is "our goddess of Melancholy". And now the literal prose of Burton again, and the poetry which it engendered in the mind of Keats:

—"in the Calends of January Angerona had her holy day, to whom, in the temple of Volupia, or Goddess of Pleasure, their Augurs and Bishops did yearly sacrifice."—Anatomy of Melancholy, Part. 1, Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subs. 5.

"Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine."
Keats.

Coming upon that passage in Burton's "Anatomy", so unmistakably the origin of Keats's "Ode", I could hardly believe that no one else in the last hundred and seven years should have seen and recognized it for what it is. But it was the less incredible when I reflected that in all the times I had read the "Anatomy" I had never before recognized it myself; it was only when I was reading proof for the second time on Paul Jordan-Smith's and my All-English edition [1] of the "Anatomy" that it shone out of the page and dazzled me.

There is possibly another reason why it has lain so long undiscovered—the fact that it needs to be understood in the light of the passage first quoted, and might be meaningless without it. For Angerona Dea is ordinarily identified in books of reference as the Goddess of Silence. She was, however, also the Releaser from Secret Grief. The second-quoted passage from Burton goes on to say, paraphrasing Macrobius, in connection with the yearly sacrifice, "that, being propitious to them, she might expel all cares, anguish, and vexation of the mind for that year following". She was the Goddess of Melancholy, though not in the sense in which Keats chose to take her. But her significant character might easily enough be missed by a reader who did not know his Burton almost by heart, so as to put together these two pages which lie far apart in the text.

It has been well known that Keats read the "Anatomy". He said so, in a letter of September, 1819, to his brother and sister-in-law in America, George and Georgiana Keats. And at the conclusion of his "Lamia", in the 1820 volume, he recorded his indebtedness to Burton in a footnote quoting the whole story from the "Anatomy", as follows:

"Philostratus, in his fourth book *de Vita Apollonii*, hath a memorable instance in this

[1] That is, an edition in which all the Latin passages are replaced in the text by English translations.

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kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phoenician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely, would live and die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her a while to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold, described by Homer, no substance but mere illusions. When she saw herself descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant: many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."

This passage is from Part. 3, Sect. 2, Memb. 1, Subs. 1 of the "Anatomy", and the one quoted in his letter to George and Georgiana Keats is from Part. 3, Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subs. 1. As printed in Sidney Colvin's "Letters of John Keats to His Family and Friends", it runs, with Keats's commentary, as follows:

"I have been reading lately Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy', and I think you will be very much amused with a page I here copy for you. I call it a *Feu de Joie* round the batteries of Fort St. Hyphen-de-Phrase on the birthday of the Digamma. The whole alphabet was drawn up in a phalanx on the corner of an old dictionary, band playing, 'Amo, amas,' etc.

" 'Every lover admires his mistriss, though she be very deformed of herself, ill-favoured, wrinkled, pimpled, pale, red, yellow, tan'd, tallow-faced, have a swoln juglers platter face, or a thin, lean chitty face, have clouds in her face, be crooked, dry, bald, goggle-ey'd, blear-ey'd or with staring eyes, she looks like a squis'd cat, hold her head still awry, heavy, dull, hollow [2]-mouthed, Persean hook-nosed, have a sharp Jose [3] nose, a red nose, China flat, great nose, *nare simo patuloque,* a nose like a promontory, gubber-tushed, rotten teeth, black uneven, brown teeth, beetle browed, a witches beard, her breath stink all over the room, her nose drop winter and summer, with a Bavarian poke under her chin, a sharp chin, lave eared, with a long cranes neck, which stands awry too, *pendulis mammis, her dugs like two double jugs,* or else no dugs in the other extream, bloody faln fingers, she have filthy long unpaired nails, scabbed hands or wrists, a tan'd skin, a rotten carkass, crooked back, she stoops, is lame, splea-footed, *as slender in the middle as a cow in the waste,* gowty legs, her ankles hang over her shooes, her feet stink, she breed lice, a mere changeling, a very monster, an aufe imperfect, her whole complexion savours, an harsh voyce, incondite gesture, vile gait, a vast virago, or an ugly tit, a slug, a fat fustilugs, a truss, a long, lean rawbone, a skeleton, a sneaker (*si qui latent meliora puta),* and to thy judgment looks like a Mard in a lanthorn, whom thou couldst not fancy for a world, but hatest, loathest, and would have spit in her face, or blow thy nose in her bosome, *remedium amoris* to another man, a dowdy, a slut, a scold, a nasty, rank, rammy, filthy, beastly quean, dishonest peradventure, obscene, base, beggerly, rude, foolish, untaught, peevish, Irus' daughter, Thersite's sister, Grobian's schollar; if he love her once, he admires her for all this, he takes no notice of any such errors, or imperfections of body or minde'.

"There's a dose for you," Keats's letter goes on. "Fire!! I would give my favourite leg to have written this as a speech in a play. With what effect could Matthews pop-gun it at the pit!"

Two quotations, one the origin of a long poem, and the other set down with such gusto, could not but suggest to his editors that there might be considerable Burtonian influence upon Keats in other and unacknowledged directions. And the obvious coin-

[2] Here Keats's letter as printed by Colvin omits a line; it should read: "hollow-eyed, black or yellow about the eyes, or squint-eyed, sparrow-mouthed", etc.

[3] "Jose nose" should be "Foxe nose".

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cidence of "Melancholy" in the titles of Burton's book and Keats's "Ode" has vaguely suggested to various of Keats's commentators that he might have been somehow indebted to Burton for the inspiration of that poem. "Burton's 'Anatomy' has clearly to do with inspiring it," says Colvin, in a paragraph concerned with the attempt to date this and the other odes; but he does not undertake to state the nature of that inspiration. H. Buxton Forman, in his 1901 edition of the "Complete Works of John Keats", notes that Mrs. Owen, in her "John Keats: A Study" (1880), had pointed out that the "Ode on Melancholy" "seems to have been partly influenced by the verses at the commencement of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy', which suggest that fulfilled joy is melancholy, and that the other side of every pleasure is pain". The objection to this idea, which Mr. Forman does not remark, is that Burton's verses do not suggest that "fulfilled joy is melancholy". They describe what is now called the "manic-depressive" state, the "ups-and-downs" of the melancholiac, his pleasures of fantasy-making and his miseries of discontent, fear and sorrow, in turn.

Amy Lowell, in her "John Keats", took up these vague suggestions of Burtonian influences upon the "Ode on Melancholy", and dismissed them with the hauteur of one to whom an inner light has revealed the true truth about Keats. She wrote:

"The 'Ode on Melancholy' seems so little literary and so markedly autobiographical that I find the suggestions as to its possible origins very much out of place. Suppose that Keats had been feeding his wounded sensibilities on the splendid brutalities of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy', postulates and illustrative anecdotes of the Burton type may easily have chimed with certain moods, but scarcely with the one embodied here. Granted that Keats was familiar with Fletcher's 'Nice Valour', and its lines lauding melancholy and calling it by the fond name of 'sweetest melancholy', does anything in Keats's ode resemble them? I think not. Let us, then, seek no further for the source of the poem than a state of mind with which we, who have followed Keats for so long with a minute curiosity, must by now be sufficiently familiar. Keats did not find his paradox in Burton, Fletcher, or any other of his forerunners, but in the amazed and disgusted perusal of his own heart."

It only shows how inadequate the inner consciousness may be as a guide to critical and biographical conclusions. The "paradox" here referred to, which it is so confidently asserted that Keats "did not find" in Burton, is the one embodied in the lines from Keats quoted at the head of this article—the idea around which the whole "Ode" centers; and it is precisely this "paradox" which Keats did find in Burton, though not indeed as a paradox but as a literal fact. The paradox was in Keats's mind, in his sense of the tragic beauty of life; but paradoxes like that are common enough, and not sufficient in themselves to make poetry—they need some ratification or symbolization in objective fact to bring them to expression, such ratification or symbolization as Keats found in the ecclesiastical accident, related by Macrobius and passed on by Burton, of the rites of the Goddess of Melancholy being celebrated in the temple of the Goddess of Pleasure. It was to Keats no mere ecclesiastical accident, but a symbol of a profound truth about life:

"Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung."

But the phrase "splendid brutalities" in Miss Lowell's account is significant. No one who had ever sympathetically read Burton's "Anatomy" would be likely to use a word like brutalities as a description of the infinite variety of its contents, or to speak so glibly of "anecdotes of the Burton type" as chiming in with "certain moods". The term "brutalities", however, does apply well enough to the passage quoted by Keats in his letter to George and Georgiana. It is

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evident that Miss Lowell did not share her hero's gusto for that racy diatribe; nor is there any evidence that she looked very hard in Burton for Keatsian material.[4] From a certain point of view, a poet really should not have enjoyed those vulgarities which he quoted. But poets are kittle-cattle. They nourish their genius upon the most unpromising fodder. It is a fact, however unwilling other kinds of people may be to admit it, that the poet who could write about "the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings" and "magic casements opening on the foam" was the same lad that would have given his "favourite leg" to have written that passage from Burton, with its "squis'd cat" and "nose drop winter and summer", as a speech in a play![5]

This, however, does not conclude the tale of Keats's comments upon Burton.[6] There is in existence—it was in the possession of Sir Charles Silke—a volume of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" annotated in the margin by Keats. On the title page is written, in the poet's hand, "John Keats from Charles Brown, 1819". It is described by Mr. Forman as the second volume of an 1813 two-volume reprint of the "Anatomy", stated to be "the 11th edition, corrected". Apparently it was an odd copy, picked up, one may suppose, at a second-hand book-store, and given to Keats because it would be the sort of thing Keats would enjoy. At any rate, Keats did enjoy it, and his marginal comments are printed in the third volume of Forman's "Complete Works of John Keats" (1901).

There are thirty-four of these marginal comments or markings all told, of which a few may be quoted here. A note which appears to apply to the whole of Part. 3, Sect. 1, Memb. 1, Subs. 2, may be perhaps localized with reference to some lines of verse in that subsection, Burton's translation of a Latin epigram by Beroaldus:

"If divine Plato tenents they be true,
Two Veneres, two loves there be;
The one from heaven, unbegotten still,
Which knits our souls in unity.
The other famous over all the world,
Binding the hearts of gods and men;
Dishonest, wanton, and seducing, she
Rules whom she will, both where and when."

And this is Keats's marginal note:

[4] Unless this statement of hers may be taken as evidence of profound familiarity with Burton: "He ran across the story" (of Lamia) "in Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy', and, strangely enough, it is one of the only two stories throughout that work which lend themselves to poetical treatment". It is not stated what the other story is; and this remarkable statement, though it may prove something, does not exactly prove the familiarity with Burton which it postulates.

[5] Miss Lowell's book does not mention this extravagant statement about his "favourite leg"; and the nearest it comes to recording his wish to have written it is a reference to it as a speech "which he declares he would love to hear delivered by an actor across the footlights".

[6] As to another supposed influence of Burton upon Keats, with regard to the poem "The Eve of St. Agnes", it might be remarked that the influence is very doubtful. All Burton has to say on the subject is this:

"'Tis their only desire, if it may be done by Art, to see their husband's picture in a glass, they'll give anything to know when they shall be married, how many husbands they shall have, by Cromnysmantia, a kind of Divination with Onions laid on the Altar on Christmas Eve, or by fasting on S. Agnes' Eve or Night, to know who shall be their first husband; or by Alphitomantia, by beans in a Cake, &c., to burn the same".

This could not have contributed greatly to Keats's notion of St. Agnes' Eve, which he sets forth in these terms:

"They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire."

Verbal influences from Burton have also been found by Forman in "The Eve of St. Mark" and the "Ode to Fanny", perhaps one should say, a verbal influence in the former instance, for it amounts to the word "solitarinesse"; and in the latter instance, it involves a figure of speech of no great importance.

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"Here is the old plague spot; the pestilence, the raw scrofula. I mean that there is nothing disgraces me in my own eyes so much as being one of a race of eyes-nose-and-mouth beings in a planet call'd the earth who all the way from Plato to Wesley have always mingled goatish, winnyish, lustful love with the abstract adoration of the deity. I don't understand Greek—is the love of God and the Love of women express'd by the same word in Greek? I hope my little mind is wrong—if not I could—Has Plato separated these loves? Ha! I see how they endeavour to divide—but there appears to be a horrid relationship."

Burton (3:2:5[7]:2): St. Austin . . . would not live in the house with his own sister. Zenocrates lay with Lais of Corinth all night, and would not touch her".

Keats: "quite antipodes".

Burton (3:2:5:3): "But without question, good counsel and advice (against love) must needs be of great force, especially if it shall proceed from a wise, fatherly, reverend, discreet person, a man of authority, whom the parties do respect, stand in awe of, or from a judicious friend, of itself alone, it is able to divert and suffice".

Keats: "Pshaw!"

Burton (Part. 3, Sect. 2, Memb. 5, Subs. 5) —"they would have none marry but such as are rich and able to maintain wives, because their parish, belike, shall be pestered with orphanes, and the world full of beggers".

Keats: "Parson Malthus".

A few pages further on, Keats puts a cynical "Qy" before each one of twelve arguments in favor of marriage, of which the first is: "Hast thou meanes? thou hast one to keep and increase it". The ninth argument, which is that "The sweet company of kinsmen increaseth, the number of parents is doubled, of brothers, sisters, nephews", has the word "sweet" underlined by Keats—not that he doubted the increase, but that he doubted the sweetness of it! This list of arguments is followed by an equal number against marriage. After the first of these, "Hast thou meanes? thou hast one to spend it", Keats writes "aye—aye—". And the eighth is underlined by Keats; it reads: "The band of marriage is adamantine, no hope of loosing it; thou art undone".

In Part. 3, Sect. 3, Memb. 1, Subs. 2, Burton deals in one passage with the lasciviousness of "great personages", and goes on to say: "Especially if they be bald, for bald men have ever been suspitious". Here Keats annotates the page with four sets of initials: "C.B. C.C.C. J.R. G.K." Mr. Forman, discreetly omitting from Burton's text any reference to what bald men are "suspitious" for, identifies the initials in a footnote as those of Charles Brown, Charles Cowden Clarke, John Reynolds, and George Keats!

In Part. 3, Sect. 4, Memb. 1, Subs. 2, Burton refers, in his sectarian zeal to the "pseudo-martyrs" of other sects. Keats underlines it, and writes: "the most bigotted word ever met with".

It would be pleasant to go on to say that we have Keats's commentary on the passage in which it is related that the rites of Angerona Dea were celebrated in the temple of Volupia. But that passage occurs in the First Partition of the "Anatomy", which is not included in this annotated volume. It is to be presumed that Keats, having found so much of interest in this second volume of the "Anatomy", got hold of the first volume in some fashion, and there came across the passage in question. From which one of his friends did he possibly borrow it? And, if it can be found, does that volume contain any annotation by Keats upon that page? That would perhaps be too much good luck to expect. But I offer the suggestion to those in a position to search for it.

[7] Here, and again in the next two references, Forman erroneously makes it Memb. 6.

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BOSTON

A Contemporary Historical Novel

By Upton Sinclair

CHAPTER THREE

Dago Red

(A summary of the preceding installment will be found on page iv, front advertising section.)

I

SNOW in the air, whirled here and there by unpurposed winds; snow on the ground, thrown back from sidewalks and turning them into trenches. Guards and policemen pacing in front of the cordage company gates, making long puffs of steam as they breathed; and workers, huddled on the other side of the road, stamping their feet and dancing about, blowing on their fingers or tucking them under their arms. Sky lowering and light dim—a good time to be indoors, yet nobody went. In leather armchairs in the Union Club of Boston were comfortable old gentlemen who had agreed to pay the guards five dollars a day and board at the hotel to stand in the cold and drive strikers back from the gates; while the strikers had the hope that by standing in sufficient numbers and with sufficient menace they might get a dollar more in their pay envelopes every Thursday; also the certainty that if they gave up and went away, some yet hungrier wretches would sneak in and take their jobs. So the two groups confronted each other. "Get back there! Move along now!" "What's the matter? Ain't I got a right to walk on the street?" So it went, the ceaseless wrangling of the picket-line; the most perfect of all civilizations engaged in dividing the product of its industry.

Two thousand had gone out, men and women, a huddled mass, speaking a dozen different languages, and without guidance. Whoever had an impulse towards leadership, a theory as to how labor might be aided, now found his chance; the unorganized mass began to grow organs—a miracle of mutation while you watched. The socialists had a meeting-place in North Plymouth, Rispicci Hall; this was thrown open and was swarming with strikers. Impromptu meetings were held, committees named, speeches made. In the evening came the sympathizers and propagandists, summoned hastily from Boston: Felice Guadagni, a journalist, orator of the Socialists, and Paul Blanshard, a very young assistant clergyman from a Congregational church. There was a bigger meeting-place, Humberto Ferrari Hall, and this was packed to the doors. The eager audience learned in several languages the meaning of solidarity and the details of how to conduct a strike.

First of all they must get up a circular, mail it out to lists of names and raise funds for support. The greater number of these workers lived close to the border-line of want and their money would soon be gone. Those who had savings would contribute, and more would come from the labor movement outside. On the first day a hundred strikers put up five dollars each, which would pay for rent and telephone calls and telegrams, stamps and typewriters. The socialists and anarchists and I. W. W. brought their mailing-lists, and a feeble little machine of working-class publicity began to function.

Next day there was a parade; eighteen hundred workers marching the whole length of the main street of Plymouth, passing the cordage company's plant, despite all the guards and the "cops". Three days later

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came another parade, twice as big, with women and children carrying poles from which dangled clams and mussels, with the sign "We are tired of living on these all the time!" That amused the newspaper reporters and brought good publicity.

Organizers came: one representing the American Federation of Labor, the conservative union, which was ready to help them get shorter hours and higher wages; one from the Industrial Workers of the World, which would help them to take over the cordage industry. The strikers listened to both and were pulled and hauled between them; their minds being still further confused by the anarchists, who clamored that both organizations were traps for the workers, contrived by shrewd officials who wanted to live without working. Let the workers run their own strike, and let those who sympathized be content to raise funds and feed the children.

So thought and spoke Bartolomeo Vanzetti. In this crisis he forgot his timidity and humility, and developed into a full-fledged orator—as did many another worker who found himself making a speech before he knew it. You would get into an argument with some one, others would gather to listen and soon there would be a crowd. When the cops drove you off the picket-line, you would stop at the next street-corner and voice your indignation, and when they moved you on, you would stop at the corner beyond that. There were always plenty willing to listen; it was the process by which the workers got their education, and developed their solidarity. You would learn more in one day of idleness than in a month of labor. In this crisis realities were unveiled and you saw them in their nakedness.

II

Not so many years ago, though it now seemed ages to Cornelia Thornwell, there had been a strike in the Thornwell Mills and it had been broken in the usual way. But Cornelia's husband had sent her away to the country-place of their daughter Deborah on the North Shore; so she had not heard the shouts of the mob and the crack of revolvers, nor seen the guards patrolling the family mansion on the hill-top. All she knew were newspaper accounts and the pictures, drawn by Josiah and his son-in-law James Scatterbridge, of the desperate unreason of the strikers. One cause of her evolving into a runaway grandmother had been her desire to form her own opinion about such matters.

And now here she was, in position to see with her own eyes; if she needed theories, here were A. F. of L. and I. W. W., socialists, anarchists, syndicalists, right and left wingers, even a few single-taxers and vegetarians. In the strike headquarters she met the young clergyman, Paul Blanshard: a new kind of clergyman, with a religion meant to work here and now. He was barely out of his teens, yet he saw the whole struggle so clearly that Cornelia felt herself his junior. He had got his training through the Intercollegiate Socialist Society; and as she watched the effect of his leadership upon the inert mass, a new vision dawned upon her. The idea of the workers taking over industry and running it for themselves had seemed a fanatic's dream; but now she began to wonder, might it not after all be possible —some day in the far-off future?

To her friend Vanzetti it was a cause of grief that she was seen to be talking with this young clergyman. Vanzetti had taken her for his pupil and favorite, this unusual Yankee lady who was willing to learn from an Italian; and here she was falling into the snares of the "riformistas"! Again and again he explained to her what a waste of time it was to deal with "politeesh". He struggled with long polysyllables, half-way between Italian and English. "Twenty year, t'irty year, worker go politica, elect deputati for parliament—get elect', do notting, traditor', sell out! Sama t'ing wit' union, worka hard, maka bigga union, grande, potente—never do notting—joosta graft! All rispettabilità, onorevole—you onderstanda me? Worker, he work joosta same—all time. Politeesh, he no work, liva good, dressa genteelman! He is like—I no can say Eengleesh, it is somet'ing in ocean, he get on ship, on shell of crab—" and Vanzetti resorted to his dictionary for the word "barnacool" so that he might apply it to the rosy-cheeked young Congregational clergyman. Yes, the Reverend Blanshard would find a place on the

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backs of the workers and stay there like the rest! "You see, Nonna, he joosta sama priest—new kinda talk, but all sama for worker. Riformista is—what you call it—trait'!"

"Traitor," said Cornelia.

"Shoore, trait'."

The State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation took up the grievances of the cordage workers, proposing to adjust them. And here was the trap in action—to lure the workers into the hands of "politeesh" and "offeesh". The more conservative strike leaders insisted upon presenting their case before this board and Vanzetti opposed them with all his energies. He rushed about from one gathering to another, arguing, protesting; when he saw that the proposition was going to carry he became frantic and there was another row between him and Compagno Culla.

The socialist was trying to explain the wishes of the Italians to the English-speaking workers when Vanzetti climbed onto the platform and thrust the speaker away. "Worker, have notting do wit' commeesh! It is trap! It is for breaka strike! It is for maka slave! It is for bringa you, for bringa wife, bambini, for be slave for cordage companee! Why musta worker get politeesh for settle strike? Why musta get go-vérnment for settle strike? Why musta have owtoritee? Always owtoritee for worker! But let worker settle strika for self. Soocha man lika dis—" and Vanzetti pointed an enraged finger at Culla—"soocha man is trait' for worker—he is more bad as capitalista—"

There was a storm of controversy, some shouting on one side, some on the other. But the majority did not want to listen to anarchist propaganda just then; they called for Compagno Culla, and he got the floor again, shook his fist at his rival and demanded: "Why for he talk owtoritee? Anarchista no like owtoritee, he tella you; but I tella you anarchista is heemself owtoritee! He taka da platform, he maka da speech, he musta have hisa way or he maka da vee-ólence! Is it not so, comradda?"

III

The great rich company, the biggest cordage company in the world, which now in the second year of the great war was doing more business and making more money than ever in its history before, sent its officials before the state board to argue that wages of six dollars a week for unskilled women and nine dollars for unskilled men were abundant and generous. It proved that this meant an average wage of twenty-five dollars a week per family, by the simple device of having fathers and mothers and half-grown children all at work—which was the best thing for them, because it kept them from idleness and dissipation. The strikers countered by putting on the witness-stand the head of one of these families, John Corsini, who had a wife and nine children, the oldest fourteen years of age; John was paid nine dollars a week. The interpreter quoted: "He says they sometimes make a meal that would not be fit for a pig to eat. He is heavily in debt. Goes in debt about five dollars a week. Friends bring in food and stockings now and then to help out, otherwise the children couldn't go out in the street".

It was shown that in nineteen years past, the company had raised wages three times, each time only five percent; while in ten years the cost of living had gone up more than fifty percent. This moved the company, out of the generosity of its corporate heart, to risk another five percent increase; more than this would mean inevitable ruin. Its highly paid lawyers argued, and their eloquence was reproduced in the newspapers; smooth-tongued agents came among the workers repeating the arguments and promising many sorts of favors to leaders who would be tractable. The most expensive secret-service agency in the world was at work, with scores of spies to bribe and seduce, to sow dissension and doubt and fear. The company gave out the announcement that unless its terms were accepted at once strike-breakers would be brought in; and to give point to the warning there appeared a number of head-breakers, mounted policemen who rode ruthlessly into the crowds.

Also there came autobuses from Boston and other places, with loads of ordinary policemen; they stood three ranks deep in front of the gates and could have joined hands

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along the three-quarter mile of steel fence. Any time they saw a crowd gather they would come at double-quick. "Move along there now—step lively!" If you tried to argue as to the rights of people to the use of the streets they would not argue back but jab their clubs into your stomach or your back and run you along. If you failed to run fast enough you would get a thump; and next day in the police-court you would be sentenced as a rioter, and newspapers would tell how the mob was getting out of hand and the company was requesting the governor to call out the militia.

But the strikers stood firm; they would not accept the five percent advance. Urged on by the radicals, they requested the state board to withdraw its intervention. The company was worried, because the agents of other cordage concerns were in Plymouth, hiring away their best workers. Something must be done; so one or two hundred "scabs" were got into the plant, around the fence by the seashore, and an effort was made to start one department. The struggle became more tense; the picket-lines drew closer, and the rate of Cornelia Thornwell's education was speeded up.

A picket-line was no place for an old lady —so her Italian friends argued and pleaded; but she had come in search of experience and insisted upon getting it. The first time she saw an unarmed worker struck down by a policeman's club, she gave voice to her indignation: "Oh, you brute! How dare you!" And when he turned and came at her, there was a moment before she realized that she was no longer a lady, able to give orders to a policeman. Only when he thrust his club into the abdomen of a woman in front of her and sent the woman reeling into a snow-bank did Cornelia realize her danger, and turn and run. Yes, she, the widow of an ex-governor of the Commonwealth—she who had lived for forty years in a mansion and been waited upon by servants and honored by all the world—she ran! And as fast as she knew how, because the "brute" had heard her cry and meant to get her if he could. She escaped only because her friend Brini and others crowded in and took the blows. Incidentally they took the club from the policeman, got away with it, and were very proud of the souvenir!

But that did not comfort Cornelia. The ignominy of her experience had brought tears of rage into her eyes; she would never forget it, and for the rest of her life she would be an illustration of the fact, well-known in the labor movement, that members of the leisure class who take an interest in the cause are apt to become more radical than the workers themselves. Of two thousand participants in the Plymouth cordage strike, only one had ever thought of a policeman as a servant to whom she might give orders!

Cornelia had been born in Massachusetts and had lived all her life there. She had really believed about her state, or Commonwealth, as it prefers to call itself, all the fine things its leaders and rulers had told her. She had listened to orations about Pilgrim Fathers and New England town-meetings, the cradle of liberty and the hub of the universe and all the rest. Here she was only forty miles from Boston, for practical purposes in its suburbs; within sight of Plymouth Rock, a shrine so sacred that it had a miniature temple built over it; and to her consternation she found herself with no rights that any policeman or private detective was bound to respect. Unless, of course, she chose to declare herself, to cease to be a cordage worker on strike and become a member of the ruling caste! She went to a police-court and heard workers testify as to unprovoked assaults, and heard a judge give the police a mild rebuke for their conduct; then she went back to the picket-line and saw the same thing going on, precisely as if no judges or courts existed.

And here was the significant thing—out of several thousand people she was the only one who was surprised! The rest, no matter how angry and excited they became, always mentioned that much worse had happened at Lawrence and Lowell and Fall River and Milford and a string of other places! "My gosh, what you t'ink?" asked Alfonsina Brini. "You t'ink dey let worker win strike if can help?" And when Cornelia wanted to know if the police belonged to the cordage company, her landlady's response was "Who else is it for belong?"

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IV

Some time later, when Cornelia was in position to inquire about these matters, she learned the history of the Boston police force. The Irish-Catholics had carried an election and captured the city; whereupon the old New England element had passed a state law taking control of the police away from Boston and vesting it in the governor of the Commonwealth, who was still an Anglo-Saxon gentleman. It was the practice to rent out this force to neighboring towns; and they had developed a strike-breaking department, subject to call by all manufacturers and mill-owners. The state police, a mounted body, were under the same authority; the force worked hand in glove with the private detective agencies, exchanging records and information. So had been evolved a complete technique of labor-smashing; and all in darkness—the newspapers proceeding upon the principle that what the public didn't know wouldn't hurt it.

Cornelia Thornwell, watching this system in operation, found herself crying out in bewilderment. How could the rich, her kind of people, be so blind? How could they overlook the consequences of teaching the workers such contempt for law? What was the use of talking about Americanization, when, in a time of crisis, you denied every right of citizens, and even of human beings? You herded them like cattle, you beat them like dogs—and then you were surprised and shocked if they turned and bit you in the back of the leg! Before this month's strike was over Cornelia had come to feel that she would never blame these working people for anything they might do.

The case of Vanzetti was before her day by day. This dreamer-idealist was so built that he suffered more with other people's pains than with his own. When he half-carried a shuddering body off the picket-line and washed a torn and bloody scalp with a basin of water and a rag, the tears ran down his cheeks and his hands shook. And then, that evening, he turned up at the Brini home with a gun! He, the apostle of brotherhood—the tender-hearted one who had refused to let a sick kitten be killed—he was getting ready to kill policemen! To be sure it was not a very efficient weapon, a five-chambered revolver of an old type, much rusted; and Cornelia could see from the way her friend handled it that he hardly knew which end was which. When she tried to dissuade him from his course Mrs. Brini laughed and told her not to worry, Bart would not shoot anybody; he had once gone hunting with another young fellow who had shot a bird, and Bart had been so affected by the sight of the dying creature that he had been unhappy for days, and had never gone hunting again.

"But if he's not going to use it, why carry it?" protested Cornelia. "If they catch him with it, they'll send him to jail surely."

To which Vanzetti made answer, "When I go jail for worker, I helpa cause". Which seemed to Cornelia a dark and obscure saying. How could it help the cause of the workers for a poor Italian ditch-digger to be sent to jail?

V

The real meaning of the gun was the coming of Galleani. The anarchists were determined that the fallacious arguments of the "riformistas" must be answered and they had summoned their great leader and teacher to state their side. There was opposition to this among the other strike-leaders and at first they refused to have the Galleani meeting in their hall; they were trying to avoid provocation, not wanting the newspapers to portray them as extremists. It was only after Galleani had promised to tone down his utterances and to avoid incitement to violence that they agreed to let him be heard.

He came to the Brini home the afternoon of the meeting, so Cornelia got a good look at him: a benevolent and paternal figure who might have been dressed up for Santa Claus; broad-shouldered and stout, dressed in a long frock coat like a clergyman, with an "alderman" in front and bushy white whiskers spread above it. He was at once hero and grand-daddy to the Italian workers; they would gaze at him in awe and call him "Maestro", and then they would feed him on cakes and wine, and pat him on the sleeve,

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and call him "Nonno". He was their thinker, their great student, who read everything and knew everything and told them about it once a week in their paper, *La Cronaca Sovversiva,* the "Revolutionary Chronicle", which had a circulation of ten thousand, the fighting organ of the Italians of New England. Its elderly editor lived in honorable poverty, supporting a wife and four children upon a salary of eight dollars a week, eked out with gifts from those who had more. His overcoat was frayed, and fastened at the neck with a large safety-pin; but that did not keep him from being a very dignified gentleman.

In his train came a body-guard of a score or so of Italian workers, some of them not yet out of their teens, but all in grim earnest. There were rumors that the police meant to break up the meeting and arrest the orator and these young fellows were here to see about it—every one with a gun in his overcoat pocket; some with two, and a dirk for good measure. Among them was a Jewish lad out of the slums of New York, at that time employed on a Boston newspaper, and later to be known as Michael Gold. He saw a dingy New England town, with dirty snow trodden underfoot and gray clouds overhead, and—so it seemed to the visitor—not less than a million policemen. The little band of rebels came determined to fight rather than let their leader be taken. Fortunately no trouble occurred—else America might have exchanged a proletarian playwright, a very scarce article, for a revolutionary martyr, of whom it has had enough.

Cornelia went with her Italian friends to the meeting. She could not understand what the orator was saying but she enjoyed the powerful vibrant voice and shared the thrill of the audience; afterwards her friends would tell her what had been said. Luigi Galleani advised them to build up their moral forces, opposing to the brutality of the police their iron will to brotherhood and solidarity. He told them that they were the sole creators of wealth and that some day, not so far away, they would take possession of their own. He told them to beware of self-styled leaders, persons who set themselves over the masses and presumed to control them. He told them to free their minds from superstition, reverence for gods and priests and judges and policemen; for they themselves were their own gods, their own judges and the enforcers of their law; that was right which their conscience and sense of brotherhood justified to them. Once as a girl in Boston Cornelia had attended a lecture by a certain Mr. Emerson, and she had heard about a queer New England recluse, Mr. Thoreau, author of a pamphlet entitled "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience". So there was nothing strange to her in these high-sounding ideas; the only trouble was that the higher they sounded the more difficult it was to bring them down to earth. One and all, the leaders in this strike preached solidarity, but they were not able to achieve it among themselves; and so their followers were scattered and their energies wasted.

VI

The state board was pleading with the workers to accept a ten percent raise; some wanted to say yes, and others no. Some said it was a trap, because the company had not offered ten and surely the offer should come before the acceptance! There was more wrangling in the meetings, and Vanzetti would leap upon the table and shout, "Traditore! Trait'!" and others would outshout him and drag him down. He would come home, heartsick, declaring that the spokesman for the Portuguese had sold out to the companee and that all the sufferings of the strikers were going for nought.

The strike had lasted a full month, the workers' money was exhausted, some were sneaking back to work and the rest were desperate with fear. The police had come and broken up their meetings and closed their hall, and what more could they do? The Italians met secretly, here and there, to decide whether they should trust the board. All but a few extremists wanted to give up and it was plain that these few could never get jobs with the cordage company anyhow.

Cornelia, exhausted by the long ordeal, went home and crept into bed. She was just falling asleep when she was disturbed by loud voices in the house. It was Van-

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zetti and Culla, with Brini trying to pacify them. Cornelia was going to sleep in spite of the noise; but suddenly she heard Vanzetti shout, "Spee-a! Spee-a!" Culla yelled something in reply, there was a scuffle and a crash. Cornelia leaped out of bed and rushed into the little parlor to see Vanzetti lying on the floor, making desperate efforts to get up; in vain, because the mighty Brini was on top of him holding him down. All that could be seen of Compagno Culla was a pair of coat-tails disappearing through a doorway.

Vanzetti promised to behave and was let up. He was too angry this time to make apologies to Cornelia. But he told her volubly what that abominevole Culla had done; after voting to deliver the workers back into slavery he had had the insolence to come here to the house to ask for some fifty dollars of relief money which Vanzetti had collected from the anarchistas of a neighboring town, and which Culla, as a member of the strike committee, was supposed to take over. Vanzetti had refused to give the money up; never would he trust anything to gialli socialistas, riformistas and traditori of the working class! He would take the money back to those who had contributed it or he would turn it over for the use of some other strikers. Culla, very angry, had threatened to brand Vanzetti for malversazione, embezzlement of the workers' funds; and thereupon Vanzetti shouted, "Spee-a! Spee-a!"—which is to say, "Spy", the most dreadful of all accusations.

That was the ending of Cornelia's career as a striker. Next morning she got up at a quarter to six, was duly pinned up in her shawl and stumbled through the darkness to her place in the wrapping-room of the cordage plant. The bosses were very polite—good morning, glad to see you—it was almost like a social function, an extraordinary change. The workers had shown that they had some power after all and the lesson would not be soon forgotten. And the State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation set to work and after two months of deliberation it succeeded in finding a formula which would save the face of the company officials, enabling them to do what they had declared was impossible. Cornelia would find more money in her pay-envelope thereafter, and it seemed quite wonderful—until she stopped to figure that it would take nearly half a year for the increase to make up what she had lost during her weeks of idleness!

VII

There was no more work for Vanzetti in or near the cordage plant; his reckless agitation had cost the company a couple of hundred thousand dollars a year in extra wages, and so there were detectives following him everywhere he went and he was stopped when he tried to pass the gates. He went elsewhere and found a job cutting ice: a safe, out-door activity where he was in plain sight and there was no harm he could do. So he remarked to Cornelia, with a twinkle in his eye, "I putta bombe da dinnameet under da ice, he freeze again nexta night queeck!"

Ten hours a day he pushed a long saw on an ice-pond and slid heavy blocks onto wagons. He liked the work because it was picturesque and lively and gave him a chance to look about. He would come home exhausted, but with adventures to tell. He got himself a high pair of rubber-boots; they were expensive and he was proud of them, and so was Trando, who could almost get into one of them and was a comical spectacle staggering about the room in two. But three days later Vanzetti came back without these treasures. At supper-table he said, "I musta get nodder two boot".

"What's the matter?" everybody asked at once. "You lost them?"

"No losta," said Vanzetti, "butta no got. I taka heem off for go wit wagon. I come back, see feller, Pietro, you know heem—Guasti, I t'ink he named."

"I know heem," said Brini. "No gooda feller."

"He poor feller. He got wife, four bambini. No can live soocha familee for what you get cutta da ice. I see he got my boota, putta heem on for work. I t'ink I go heem say, 'You giva me boot, you worka no boot'. But I sento shame for do it. I t'ink, Vanzett', you lonely man, no gotta bambini for buy suppa, you worka little bit more, get nodder boot."

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Later on, towards spring, came another incident that Cornelia never forgot. The ice was gone now, and Vanzetti was back at "picka shov' ", and one day he reported that he had lost his purse on the street. How much did he have in it? Not sure, but he thought maybe thirteen dollars. That was a whole week of hard labor and everybody was concerned. The family discussed it all through supper. Vanzetti said that he was sure there were plenty honest people in Plymouth, maybe one of them had picked up the purse; he would put up signs, the way they did it in Italy. So Cornelia helped him to phrase a notice, "Lost, small purse", with his name and address; he went out that evening with a hammer and some tacks and put up the notices on telegraph poles along his route.

This was while he was still being watched by detectives—in fact they did not entirely let up on him until a year after the strike. So everybody was startled when, next evening after supper, there came a blue-uniformed policeman. "You advertised for a purse?"

"Shoore," said Vanzetti; a little uneasy, as the poor always are in the presence of the law. Might this method of advertising be illegal among these strange Yankees?

"What kind of purse?"

"He is rounda blacka purse, not very moocha beeg."

"What did you have in it?"

"I t'ink I got t'irteen dollar, notta more."

"Is this your purse?" The policeman held it out.

"I t'ink it is heem, looka like heem."

"But it's got eighteen dollars in it."

Vanzetti hesitated. "No t'ink had eighteen dollars. Shoore no got so moocha mon'. Musta be odder purse."

The members of the Brini family had crowded to the door to listen and now broke into protest. Alfonsina cried to the policeman, "He no can tella ah mooch mon' he got! He giva da mon' all time. He giva da mon' to little one, children all time—he buy somet'ing, giva present all time, never t'ink for keepa da mon'. My osband here, he tella you, Mister Polissman. Tella heem, Vincenzo!"

"Shoore," said Brini, "he bigga fool for money. He giva me for keep, forgetta, never know ah mooch he got."

"Me know his purse," persisted the woman. "Me see alla time in room, me fixa room. Could taka half his mon' all da time, he not know it. It is hees purse, Mr. Polissman."

They discussed the time and place where the purse had been found and everything fitted. So the policeman said, "I guess you better take it. Nobody else has claimed it". But Vanzetti was stubborn; he was quite sure he couldn't have had so much as eighteen dollars in his possession. He would not take it and the policeman went off, much puzzled at this singular kind of "wop".

Also there were further developments of the affair Culla, curious and touching to the Yankee observer. Compagno Culla had been blacklisted by the cordage company—despite the fact that he was one of the moderates. He was doing some kind of sedentary work and complained that he was suffering from indigestion. Vanzetti, enthusiast for the back-to-nature way of life, advised him that it was because of sitting still all day. Said Bart, telling Cornelia about it, "Come wit' me, worka picka shov', you maka you self new man". And, sure enough, Compagno Culla gave up his indoor work and went to digging ditches, and after he had got used to it he found that his digestion was better. He mentioned it once at the Brinis and Bart patted him on the shoulder, proud and benevolent.

After the visitor had gone Cornelia said, "You don't want to kill him any more!" And Vanzetti grinned, as he had learned to do when "Nonna" was teasing him. "Wanta kill so long he try for be offeesh', maka union, be secretary da union, maka jobba for self. When he come lika me, worka picka shov', maka fight capitalista, padrone, den he is compagno, comradda, gooda feller, I lika heem."

VIII

Springtime! You dressed by the light of dawn and the good old sun was shining over the sea as you went to your day's work. As if ashamed for the suffering his absence had caused you he gave double measure, and the snows melted, and little rivers ran from every

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hill-side. In sheltered corners you saw green things showing timid heads above the ground. Brini hurried home from the factory and tore off his coat and seized his spade and went to work, a man possessed by the common or garden variety of frenzy. Even Vanzetti after ten hours "picka shov' ", could not escape the disease, and joined in with the rake. So must the Pilgrim Fathers have behaved, after that first long winter, when so many had perished upon inadequate rations, and they dreamed the miracle of green things growing from this strange new soil.

One lovely brown bed after another was levelled and raked smooth and laid out with strings by the eager children. They sat up labels on little stakes—it was a miniature graveyard of seeds, with everybody cherishing the religious hope—"Resurgam!" The children would come hurrying home from school, to find the tiny green threads of onions, and little green points that would be radishes, and pink tinged ones that would be beets! When, a couple of weeks later, there were some big enough to be pulled and washed and made into a baby salad, that was a regular religious ceremony, a Dago Thanksgiving.

Out in the woods you could find tiny flowers of fragile and unearthly beauty such as ravish the souls of children, and of prophets and dreamers and fanatics like Bartolomeo Vanzetti. On Sunday mornings he and Cornelia and Fay and Trando would set out, and if it had been left to the man they would never have stopped wandering the whole day long, and by night time they would have been lost. The woods were his temple, full of infinite mysteries. He would point out signs of Nature's cunning; he would speculate about things he did not understand and ask Cornelia if she knew.

And the sea-shore! So many strange things that you had never seen before! The children would scramble about on slippery rocks at low tide and gather more treasures than their hands could hold. Better leave them where they were, said Bart, and carry off knowledge about them. They would sit on the high rocks to rest, and watch the sail-boats and the ships, and speculate about where they came from and what they brought. Bart was curious as to other parts of the world and how men lived there. When he discovered that Cornelia had read books about such things he would ask here questions, pretending that it was for the education of the children—but it was like the father who enjoys the circus more than the children do!

The mayflowers came, and you could gather bunches of them and turn the humblest worker's home into a bower. The vegetable rows were shining now and the salads on the supper-table were explosions of green; the soups were steaming symphonies in red and green and white and yellow. The rising sun ran you a race in the morning, and the evenings were so bright and lovely that you hated to go to bed. It was what you had been waiting for through the black and bitter winter; Cornelia quoted the one-eyed Kalandar of the Arabian Nights: "This indeed is life! Pity 'tis 'tis fleeting!"

In the house across the street lived Signor Prezzolini who earned his living by teaching the violin. When he gave lessons to his young pupils it was not so pleasant, but sometimes he practiced for himself, and in warm weather he would have his windows open; what could be more wonderful than to sit on your front porch in the twilight, gaze up at far-off mysterious stars, and listen to strains of ravishing beauty? In those hours the little Brini boy's life-destiny was determined; he was only eight and a half years old, but he made up his mind one evening and announced it gravely "I am going to be a violinist".

Cornelia was moved to tell him something out of her own childhood. She had lived next to the home of rich people who gave many balls and parties and would have an orchestra to play. Cornelia's mother would put her to bed and the child would creep to the window and listen. Then a bold idea occurred to her: she took a blanket and stole downstairs, into the neighbor's garden and crawled under a bush, where she was safe from discovery; there she lay for hours, wrapped in the blanket, listening in such ecstasy that even now she would shiver as she remembered it.

Little Trando nestled closer to her and

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put his trembling hand into hers. During pauses in the playing, he begged for more stories about her girlhood. She told him how she had believed in fairies and would run out into the garden in the early dawn, to hunt under the prettiest flowers, trembling with the delicious hope that a fairy might be hiding there. But here Bart, the serious one, intervened; he did not approve of fairy-stories. "No should tella children what is not true, Nonna. Is plenty lovely t'ing what is real, plenty miraculosa—how you say it, wonderfool. When you teacha somet'ing true, is usefool too, but fairy is lika diavolo, like angioli, superstizione, no gooda for teach."

IX

Cornelia had by now got hardened to her job. Her hands were skinny, with whip-cords standing out on the backs; her fingers were knobby at the joints and covered with tough callouses. Her shoulders were bowed to meet the coils of rope upon which she sewed, and one shoulder sagged lower than the other. But they did not ache and she could work peacefully, with time for a bit of gossip with her neighbors and for long thoughts about the life she was living and the people she had come to know.

The circle of her acquaintance had been greatly widened by the strike, which had the effect of bringing the workers together and breaking down barriers of language and creed. Mrs. O'Dowd, Cornelia's pious neighbor, had been on strike, with her husband and several relatives. They had learned that the "wops" next door were also capable of loyalty and that their jabber of sounds might mean something of importance to Irish aristocrats. Cornelia served as go-between and got so well acquainted that she ventured to hint that perhaps the heavenly powers might find some way to accept good works as a partial substitute for good doctrine. That was contrary to Father Murphy, of course, but even so, one might think about it, and one might pray for the lost souls.

There was naturally a great deal of curiosity among the neighbors as to this mysterious Yankee lady who had lost her husband and home under circumstances to which she never referred. They would come and call, or avail themselves of opportunities to gossip over the back fence while hanging out clothes or working at the vegetables. And Cornelia would make use of her social training to divert the conversation, so that presently the neighbors would be talking about their affairs and Cornelia would be learning some of the things for which she had come here.

What struck her most frequently—and always on the funnybone—was the complete identity of spirit between these ladies of the back fence and those of the "Back Bay". If Cornelia had imagined that by evolving into a runaway grandmother she was going to find freedom from conventions, from the petty restrictions of collective femininity, then she had made a great mistake and wasted the sixty-first year of her life. For these working women and wives of working men had their very strict notions of what was proper, and they had the same system of government by gossip. The only difference which Cornelia noticed between them and the "Sewing Circle", the body which had ruled the social destiny of Boston for two generations, was that the ladies of the back fence did not lower their voices when they came to the worst part of their stories; they had not cultivated the use of the shoulders and the eyebrows as substitutes for words in the circulation of slander.

The ladies of the back fence did not have so much money as the ladies of the Back Bay, but they made up for it by having more children and they used these for conversational purposes in the same way. They would tell the charming things the little ones had said, and just as in Boston, it never occurred to them that this might bore the listener. Also they would tell about the children's ailments, and what the doctor said, and whether or not the doctor knew what he was talking about. Apparently the unsatisfactoriness of doctors at the present stage of their development had been discovered by the poor as by the rich. There was the same experimenting with unorthodox remedies and the same talk about results—Cornelia might as well have been back in the nursery with her daughter Clara Scatterbridge.

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And then clothes. There were fashion magazines passed from hand to hand, and when Mrs. O'Dowd's younger sister made herself a party dress she cut it upon a pattern you would have seen at the Friday evening dances of the socially elect. The material here was sleazy, but that did not enter into the conversation.

And then ancestors! Strange as it might seem, the ladies of the back fence talked about family, and who was who, and why. To be sure, they could not go so far back; they had no family-trees and colleges of heraldry, no pages of genealogy in *The Evening Transcript* every Wednesday. But there were so many more families that it made an equal supply of conversational material. There was even the same amount of hostility and the same amount of pride in the family talk. Cornelia never met any woman so low that she could not find some other women to look down on; she never found any woman so high that she was not eager to know a Yankee lady and to repeat to her neighbors what the Yankee lady had said.

X

Also Cornelia got to know Vanzetti with the intimacy inevitable in the crowded homes of the poor. She knew him standing in front of a little cracked mirror, tying his cravat and singing songs of his old home. She knew him teaching songs to the children and learning American songs they brought home from school. She knew him keeping watch in the kitchen to make sure that Alfonsina did not have to carry coal or wood. She knew him sitting up long after the rest had gone to bed, reading by the light of an oil lamp, his brow furrowed in thought. At such times he would be lost to her and to all the world; she, who had always taken comfort for granted, was awed by the spectacle of a man who robbed himself of sleep to get knowledge.

He taught her some Italian and she taught him English. She explained that mystery, so difficult of comprehension to an Italian, that it is possible for certain consonants to follow each other without a vowel between. One said "a great big house"; one did not have to say "a greata bigga house". She explained the simple idioms, one after another. One did not say, "I no can"; one said, "I cannot". Vanzetti wrote this down and presently had made such progress that he would stop in the middle: "I no—cannot". She labored to teach him the mystery of the sound "th"; showing him how the tongue was placed, stuck out a little, and pressed against the lower part of the upper teeth. The children were fascinated by that; they had learned to make the sound, but without knowing how they did it. They would watch Bart's efforts; he got so that he would stick his tongue out but, alas, he could not always time it right; he would stick it out and then pull it in and make the wrong sound! The children laughed merrily—such pleasure it gave them to find themselves superior to the grown-ups! But that was all right with Bart—it was his dream that the children would be superior in all things.

Once or twice a month he would disappear for a day or two. The irregular character of his work made this possible—and anyhow, there was no job that could hold him when it was announced in *La Cronaca Sovversiva* that Galleani was going to lecture on the effects of the war upon the revolutionary movement in Italy, or Carlo Tresca upon syndicalist versus individualist anarchism. Vanzetti would come back brimming over with arguments and news from the "Gruppo Autonomo di East Boston", as the Galleani followers called themselves. He and Brini would have vociferous arguments and later Vanzetti would explain to Cornelia what it was about. Or perhaps there would be a "picanic" in a neighboring town, and Vanzetti would get a bundle of literature to "distriboot". Or there would be a strike in the shoe-factories of Lynn and he would compose an appeal and take it round among the anarchistas, collecting fifty cents from one and a quarter from the next, until in a couple of days he would have twenty dollars to be forwarded by postal order.

Little by little Cornelia was coming to understand his doctrine. He would pick out passages from the paper and explain them to her and answer her questions and objections. It was one of those high perfectionist doc-

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trines which assume in human beings a quantity of virtue which few as yet possess. Those who succeed in living up to this doctrine are sublime; but those who fail may break their necks. Might there not be persons using Vanzetti's lofty phrases as a pretext for evading duties, or as a means of preying upon their fellows? So Cornelia asked, and the other answered that this might happen but there could be no progress without some risk, and neither men nor women could learn to swim unless they entered the water.

He was determined to read English. From one of his trips he brought back a book called "The Conquest of Bread", by P. Kropotkin. Cornelia did not fail to divine that there were two people going to be educated out of that book! Curiously enough, it was not until later that she connected its author with a very famous scientist from Russia, whose visit to Boston had made a great stir in intellectual circles some eight years previously. A nobleman who had suffered exile in Siberia, he had been quite a social lion, and a Harvard professor who was in the next year to become president of the university had introduced him for a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute. How could it have occurred to Cornelia that this learned foreigner with the bushy gray whiskers whom she had met among the most exalted of the Brahmins could be the author of a tract recommending the overthrow of government by mass insurrection of the proletariat? How could she have imagined that Mr. Lowell would have consented to further the propaganda of anarcho-syndicalism? How could she have imagined it—or, for that matter, how could he?

XI

There was a good-sized grape-arbor behind the house; it came slowly into leaf and then into blossom and spread upon the air a marvellous sweet perfume. You could stand and drink it, almost as if it were the reality of autumn instead of the promise of spring. "Divino da vino!" said Vincenzo Brini; it was in the days before prohibition, of course. "Gooda redda wine," he said, pointing to the blossoms. "You calla heem 'Dago Red'." And then with his good-natured grin he pointed to himself. "Nodder kind Dago Red!" He pointed to Vanzetti. "More Dago Red!"

It was a joke to which they were much accustomed. The children would hear it called after them when they went to school: "Dago Red! Dago Red!" Even Father Murphy had taken it up and in one of his sermons had advised his flock to avoid any and all kinds of "Dago Reds". "What you t'ink of dat?" said Alfonsina, outraged; and Cornelia answered, "Tell him what they did to Jesus. He too had a nick-name, 'King of the Jews'. They wrote it on the cross—'I. N. R. I.'—Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews".

"I know," said Vanzetti. "He was not what priest say; he was worker, same like me and you, ribello, rivoluzionario! Da priest in his time want him kill-èd—say he make trouble. I no—cannot say it Eengleesh—"

"'And they were the more fierce, saying, he stirreth up the people'."

"Joosta so! He was gooda man, povero. I sorry when he die. I make tears for heem. I say compagno—Comradda Gesu, die for make joostice for worker."

So it was when you were talking with Bart. You would begin by smelling the grape-blossoms and making jokes about the wine you were going to drink; and you would end by making tears for Comradda Gesu.

"Summer is icumen in!" sang the pair of wrens on top of the grape-arbor; putting in an extra vowel just as if they had been Dagos! It was a time for going outdoors, a time for beauty and joy. But alas, the hideous slaughter in Europe was mounting to frenzy, becoming an extermination of the human race. The exploiters and imperialists whose greed had dragged Italy into the conflict were sending propagandists over here, to lure the Italian youth back into the slaughter-pit. If they did not come now they would never be permitted to come, they would be exiles from la bella Italia forever.

And so there was a bugle-call in the soul of Bartolomeo Vanzetti. He heard it all the time, he could never cease talking about it. He must not spend the warm summer days

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lying on Castle Hill, reading Dante and Manzoni; he must help to organize meetings in one town or another; he must go the day before and distribute handbills from house to house and beg the people to come; he must be on hand to take up a collection and forward it to Galleani so that more papers might be printed, to hold the demon of militarism at bay and expose mistaken piety and patriotism. That was his duty, his martyrdom —his way of following the example of Comradda Gesu!

CHAPTER FOUR

Young America

I

THE days passed; and one of them rang a bell in the soul of Cornelia Thornwell. She had kept her vow. For a whole year she had taken care of herself, asking no advice and no favors from anyone. She had got a job as a manual worker, and lived on her earnings, and had twenty-five dollars put away. Now she might go home, if she wanted to.

Did she want to? It was hard to be sure; at one time she would find herself thinking about this one and that, wondering what had happened to them all this time. But then she would remember the desperate determination of everybody to dominate her life; all those highly disciplined and rigid people who knew what she ought to do at every moment of her life, and would never cease from telling her! Well, she would have a way to escape, a city of refuge!

She had made up her mind to tell no one where she had been; it would be a scandal, a mystery with which they might torment themselves for the rest of her life; a skeleton in the family closet—the bones of a runaway grandmother! The imp of mischief kicked up his heels in the depths of Cornelia's soul; she thought of each person she knew and what that person would make of the problem. The secret would be a club she would hold over their heads, to make them behave. "Let me alone, or I'll disappear again!" Like her daughter Alice's hysterics, which had developed at the age of three in a lovely and much petted child who wanted to have her own way, and which continued in a social queen of forty, who had to have a platonic lover in addition to a husband.

Now Alice's mother would also have a platonic romance! Cornelia, aged sixty-two, would have an adopted son, an Italian ditch-digger, aged twenty-eight—an atheist, anarchist, and "Dago Red"! She might be sure of its being safe and innocent, for she had watched him a year and never seen him look at a woman. Also she had the word of Alfonsina: "He never t'ink woman, he joosta t'ink joostice".

Such was Cornelia's tangle of moods on an evening in July as she was coming home from work with another woman. Down the main street they saw, walking towards them, two girls of the leisure class. There was nothing unusual in this, for the summer-hotels were open, the "season" at Plymouth was in full swing. To be sure, the daughters of the rich did not prefer this part of the town for walking; their part lay to the south, where the shore-road was lined with villas and splendid estates. The workers would see them roaring by in fast motor-cars, radiant, exquisite, with veils floating; snatches of laughter and song would be wafted back, reminding you of the paradise of freedom and happiness you had missed by being born in the wrong half of Plymouth.

The two girls came on; one in pink, one in white, both lovely and gay, chatting, not heeding the swarm of tired laborers, drab and dusty. Cornelia saw them coming and her eyes rested on them carelessly—until suddenly she started and the blood leaped into her face. That one in pink, with the lovely little round face framed in soft brown hair and crowned with a pink flowered hat—that was her grandchild, Betty Alvin! Little Betty, grown two or three inches taller, and blossomed into womanhood.

Cornelia was in a panic. What must she do? Look straight ahead—no, she must turn to the other woman and talk, about anything —the first words that came into her head— "That foreman is too bad-tempered, he's not fit for such a job, there'll be trouble in our wrapping-room if he stays, there ought to be some way we could make a protest—" and

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so on, while the girls came nearer. And suddenly—Cornelia must not look, but out of the corner of her eye she saw Betty stop and stare. The two working-women passed by, Cornelia chattering about anything, anything.

Betty had recognized her grandmother! Would she turn and follow? Cornelia glanced behind and saw that the two girls were going on. It was the Thornwell training; Betty, assuming she were sure of the recognition, would understand that Cornelia might not want to be recognized, might not want the truth to be known to Cornelia's companion or to Betty's. But what a tumult must be in the child's heart! Her long-lost "Grannie", in the shape of a poor old working-woman in a faded calico dress, with a pitiful remnant of a black straw hat on her head.

Betty would come back, Cornelia felt certain. She thought it over and decided to take the child into her secret. Betty was the one for whom she cared most; it would be like a visit home. So next evening Cornelia lingered on the way from work, walking by herself; and presently here came Betty, in the same pink dress, but with no companion. Cornelia turned off the main street up a more or less deserted lane; soon she stopped, and met her grand-daughter face-to-face.

II

"Grannie! It's you!" And then, "Oh, Grannie! How could you?" And then, "Grannie! What on earth have you been doing?"

"I've been taking care of myself, dear."

"Oh, but how?" And then, "Oh, you poor dear! Why, your shoulders are bowed! And your poor hands, your fingers! Who ever saw such things?" Betty became speechless; the tears gushed into her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"Don't worry about me, dear. I've been having a very good time; and I've learned a lot."

"What have you been doing?"

"I've been working for Mr. J. Lawrence Perry. Don't you remember that nice old gentleman who comes to dinner?"

"Does he know it?"

"No, of course not; I'm just a cordage worker."

"But Grannie, what ever put such an idea into your head?"

"I wanted to know that I could take care of myself, and I wanted others to know it, so they would let me alone. I wanted to be independent."

There came a flash of fire behind the rain-clouds in Betty's eyes. "Oh, Grannie, I know exactly how you feel! Sometimes I've thought I'd do the same thing! If I'd known where you were, I think I'd have come to you."

Cornelia dodged that suggestion. "How is everybody at home, dear?"

"Why, they're all right, I guess—the same as they always are. They're very much worried about you, of course."

"Are they really that, or do they just have to pretend it?"

"They have to pretend not to be; because it is supposed to be all right, you know."

"Everything is always supposed to be all right," said Cornelia. "What am I doing?"

"You went to California for the winter; and you've been ordered to a rest-cure."

"I see. The neighbors will take that to mean that I'm in an asylum."

"Well, that wouldn't shock them any more than this. Oh! I never heard of such a thing in my life. How do you *stand* it?"

"Well, it hasn't always been easy, but it's been good for me. I'll be myself from now on, and not what anyone else wants me to be."

"How are you living?"

"I'm boarding with an Italian family, very good kind people. I'm comfortable there, and I've learned all sorts of things. I went through the strike last winter."

"How perfectly thrilling! I never heard anything so romantic!" The girl was aglow with excitement, and Cornelia would have liked to take her in her arms and hug her. But what would the neighbors think, seeing a working-woman on such terms of intimacy with a young lady of fashion? Even in North Plymouth one must remember the neighbors!

"Betty, I'm taking you into my secret and you must keep it for me. I'm not going to tell anybody where I have been."

"Of course, Grannie, whatever you say. But are you going to live here always?"

"No, I shall come back; but I don't think

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I'll live with the family." Then, after a moment: "What did they do about their quarrel?"

"You mean about the cradle and the rug? Well, you see, they forgot it when they found you had gone; they were so shocked, and ashamed of themselves. Now they don't speak about it—in fact, they've persuaded themselves it didn't happen. Aunt Alice took the Mayflower cradle out of the house because she knew that grandfather had left it to her in the will."

"Did he really do that?"

"Yes, and he left the Shah of Persia's rug to Mother; and so they didn't have to have a row, and they didn't; it's the sort of thing that couldn't happen in Boston, so it never did. If anybody mentioned it, they'd deny it—and they'd be very angry about the denial."

Cornelia laughed. "You little monkey! Are they teaching you psychology at Miss Wilson's?"

"No, but naturally I listen and think. They've got another quarrel now, that I'm not supposed to know about; but I can't help hearing—and then Priscilla tells me a lot."

"What is it?"

"Well, it's Aunt Alice; there's a gentleman who admires her very much, and it's all right, of course, only she drove somewhere with this gentleman, and somebody else saw them, and there was a lot of gossip about it. Mother had to lie for Aunt Alice at her Sewing Circle. She vows she will never do it again. Aunt Alice cried and they haven't been to each other's house for several months."

Cornelia thought for a space. "I don't believe I'm ready to go home yet, Betty!"

III

They strolled to the edge of the woods, where they found a seat covered with pine-needles and Betty told more gossip of the Thornwell clan. Aunt Clara had had another baby; that made eight, and Aunt Alice called it a positive indecency—if they were looking for scandals, there was a real one. And Great-uncle Abner had had a bad attack of the gout; his son, Uncle Quincy—you must pronounce it as if it were another disease—had won a chess cup. And Uncle Henry Winters and Uncle James Scatterbridge had made no one could say how many millions buying ships and things and selling them to the Allies. And Betty's father had made a speech at a banquet of the bankers, declaring that the interests of civilization required that America should enter the war. "On which side?" asked Cornelia. The girl looked at first puzzled and then shocked. "Oh, the Allies, of course."

So Cornelia told the decision which had been forming in her mind during her year of independence. She was a pacifist. She believed that the interests of civilization required that men should stop killing one another. When Betty said "Oh, but if the Kaiser should win!" Cornelia answered that it didn't matter who won, the interests of civilization would lose. She quoted one of the founding fathers, Benjamin Franklin, to the effect that there never was a good war or a bad peace.

This was a subject they might have discussed for quite a while; but Betty's conscience began to trouble her. "It is time I was dressing for dinner, and I mustn't be late. Mrs. Walker has to be so careful with me."

"Mrs. Walker?" said Cornelia; and the other explained that she was spending a couple of weeks with the Jerry Walkers. Cornelia could hardly believe her ears. "How does that happen?"

"I know, it sounds funny; but you see Lucile Walker, the oldest daughter, is at Miss Wilson's, and I like her better than any other girl in the school—in fact we just adore each other. She really knows more than six of me, Grannie, and why does one always have to be thinking about family and ancestors? The way it seems to me, we Thornwells have got so much pride and money that we don't really need to amount to anything or to know anything. Honestly, I get bored with it; and Lucile interests me, so why shouldn't we be friends?"

"Certainly; only I'm surprised that Deborah would let you visit them."

"Well, we had a time, of course. Mother says she simply cannot understand my vulgar tastes. She couldn't figure out where I got

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them, but now she's decided that it's from you, Grannie!" And Cornelia spread out her knobby knuckles and said that she had gone back to her ancestors; and Betty caught those knobby knuckles and cried over them, and they had a fine sentimental time.

Betty told more about the people she was visiting; she knew the whole shameful story from her Mother—how Jerry Walker had been employed as an errand boy in St. Andrew's Hospital, of which Cornelia had been one of the supporters; and later he had worked as a felt-salesman and Grandfather Thornwell had helped to put up the money so that he might buy his first plant. Now he owned about all the felt plants there were in New England and was getting to be as rich as anybody. But he could never be forgiven for being a nobody and it was preposterous that his daughter should have been admitted to a fashionable school with the daughters of the Thornwells.

"You can see how it is," said Betty. "If anything were to go wrong with me while I'm at Mrs. Walker's she would never be forgiven; so I mustn't cause her any worry. If I could tell her about you, Grannie—but then I don't know"—and again laughter lighted up the eager face of the girl—"I'm afraid maybe you are not respectable any more!"

Cornelia replied "I'm lost forever. The people I've been living with are far worse than the Walkers. They are called Dago Reds".

"Dago Red," said Betty, puzzled, "I thought was what the college boys call wine."

"Yes, but this is another kind of Red—those who don't believe in religion, or in government; they are anarchists, in short."

This time Miss Betty was really shocked, and all the laughter died out of her eyes. "Oh, Grannie, but you're joking!"

"No. But they're really quite charming people. I'll introduce you to them, maybe, and you can see. One of them is called Bart, and he is a saint."

"A saint?" echoed Betty, still more puzzled. "But you said they didn't believe in religion!"

"It appears that many saints don't any more," was Cornelia's reply. "There are what you might call secular saints."

IV

They walked towards Betty's dinner and on the way discussed the problem of how she was to meet these dangerous and thrilling friends of Grannie's. Betty could not be absent from the Walker's without giving some excuse, and she did not want to tell any fibs to a hostess who carried such a grave responsibility. It would not do to tell Lucile, because secrets didn't last long with her, and anyhow she was not old enough to be a chaperone. Betty bethought herself of Miss Mehitabel Smith, the unmarried sister of Mrs. Walker. Miss Mehitabel was very, very upright; "almost as good as Mother", said Betty. She did a great deal of visiting among the poor, and if Betty were to be seized with a desire to go visiting with her, that would be perfectly proper; Miss Mehitabel could visit her own poor while Betty visited Betty's—and it would be no fib, because anybody had only to look at that frightful get-up that Grannie wore—"How on earth do you stand it?"

It would be necessary to take Miss Mehitabel into the secret; but Betty was sure it would be safe, for no one could be more conscientious. Cornelia said all right but that of course Betty must not give any hint of the reason why Cornelia had left home; family quarrels were family skeletons, never taken out in public; and Betty said, "Oh, of course!" She would say that her grandmother was engaged in sociological research and her secret must be kept because otherwise her conclusions would be invalidated. Miss Mehitabel would be thrilled to death by that, and it would be such a very, very little fib it would hardly count at all. It was agreed that Betty was to pay a call in Suosso's Lane on the following evening.

Meantime, what must Betty do but arrange with Miss Mehitabel to inspect the cordage plant! Miss Mehitabel was a stockholder in the company, so it was easy. At ten o'clock in the morning the two of them suddenly appeared in Cornelia's wrapping-room. They did not speak but stood for a long time and watched the work, and Cornelia stole glances at them out of the corner of her eyes. The other women workers did the

(Continued on page 118)

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JULIEN GREEN

By Edmond Jaloux

THERE is always a particularly warm welcome in France for writers who, though of foreign birth, write in our tongue. Especially is this true when they reveal incomparable powers in doing so. And this is the case today with Mr. Julien Green.

I have some right to speak of him, as I was the critic who first drew the attention of the French press to him and recognized in this still very young man a writer with a great future and a renovator of the novel. Not that Mr. Julien Green can be said to be inaugurating a new art; in an age whose chief quality is its boldness of experiment, his originality lies neither in style nor in unexpected methods of composition. Quite the contrary. It has been his distinction to rediscover the royal road of the classic novel. Each one of us knows that what Julien Green is doing must be done, but no one else has succeeded in doing it as well as he, for he is a born novelist. In these matters we may be familiar with the exact principles, difficult as they are, but to realize them demands an exceptional and whole-souled vocation—which is what the author of *Mont Cinère* and *Adrienne Mesurat* has.

For the knowledge of those inner laws, which alone form great novels, is not all there is to it. Great novels can exist only if they also contain a sort of secret, and that secret is the art of giving body to the atmosphere which surrounds their characters and localities; of giving such density that to read one of these works is to enter into a specialized, intense and closed world. When this has once been achieved, the reader will always thereafter have the impression that he himself has lived the life which was described to him.

Mr. Julien Green's writings today include four works: two novels; *Mont Cinère* and *Adrienne Mesurat;* one novelette; *Le Voyageur sur la terre* ("The Traveller on the Earth"); a collection of four essays: *Suite anglaise* (Samuel Johnson, Lamb, Charlotte Brontë, William Blake). In addition to these there are a few stories, of which one appeared in *Le Roseau d'or* and another in *Les Nouvelles littéraires,* and a full-length portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Let us leave his critical studies aside, and consider the novels. In one, a young man accustomed to a bitter loneliness leaves the uncle and aunt who have brought him up and enters an American university. There he is the victim of a strange psychic disease: his personality becomes doubled and he entrusts all the undeveloped parts of his self to an imaginary being whom he believes to be real and whom he supposes to be his friend. The painful struggle, born of this double personality, eventually leads him to a suicide which is as mysterious as his life. (*Le Voyageur sur la terre.*)

A young girl, Emily Fletcher, lives on a small family estate with her grandmother, who imagines herself an invalid, and her mother, who is a miser. Emily loves their home and dreams of someday becoming the mistress of it in her turn. But her mother, to gratify her miserliness, sells off one by one all the things that should come to the daughter. Ignorant of life and wishing to have a guardian against her mother's greed, Emily marries the only man she knows, a young farmer. But he domineers over her, like the rest. When she realizes that to free herself from her mother she has given everything she owned to an unknown rascal, Emily sets fire to Mont Cinère and dies in the flames. (*Mont Cinère,* translated as "Avarice House".)

In a little town near Paris a simple, middle-class house shelters three beings who are incapable of understanding each other: a consumptive old maid, a father who is unspeakably tyrannical and a young girl of eighteen, whose nature has been formed in the sad mould of introspection and repression. Her life is so empty of events, so bare of interest, so dreary that a chance meeting with the

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doctor of the town becomes an adventure for her and she falls in love with him. A purely platonic love: her only joy is to slip away in the evening and watch the house where he lives. Even this is too much happiness. Her father and sister discover her secret and lock her up, one for the satisfaction of his tyrannical impulses, the other from jealousy. Her life becomes a hell. Eventually her sister, in horror of their father, runs away, aided by Adrienne. In the scene which follows this flight, M. Mesurat strikes his daughter brutally. They are standing at the head of a flight of stairs. Adrienne, in her revolt, hurls herself against her father, and he rolls to the bottom of the steps with such force that he dies of the fall. Henceforth, as with Orestes in Aeschylus, misfortunes accumulate upon Adrienne. She is suspected, and pursued by ill-will. The doctor whom she loves can do nothing for her; he himself is fatally ill. And Adrienne Mesurat goes mad. (*Adrienne Mesurat.*)

In these three works there is a single theme: solitude and the terror it breeds. Daniel O'Donovan, Emily Fletcher, Adrienne Mesurat are doomed to pace up and down without respite in the terrible dungeon of their own inner lives. Suicide, fire and madness are the only escapes from their torture. Here on earth there can be no peace for them. This gives to these books, which at first sight seem to be naturalistic, a tragic echoing and depth. They are great works, and already important. When I first read *Mont Cinère,* I wrote the following lines: "I have spoken above of Emily Brontë and Nathaniel Hawthorne, of George Eliot and Thomas Hardy. It is of their art that Mr. Julien Green makes me think". The reading of *Le Voyageur sur la terre* and *Adrienne Mesurat* have merely strengthened that first impression. Mr. Julien Green is on his way to becoming the finest novelist of his generation and one of the five or six great novelists of contemporary France.

After such a picture, one expects to find him already a matured man, in full possession of his powers and prematurely aged by experience. But when one meets him, it is difficult to believe that he is the author of these three magnificent books, weighted with thought. He is a slender young man, less than thirty years old, with the bearing, the grace and the reserve of a young girl—and a young girl of former days. His regular features are delicately modelled, and lighted by handsome eyes. He has an extreme modesty and a high integrity to his art. Born in Paris and reared in Paris, Mr. Julien Green is a Virginian by blood. The formation of his spirit has been Anglo-Saxon, though the formation of his mind has been French. And while he uses our language with great purity, he has remained none the less an American. He belongs to the race of Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne, with whom he shares a sense of the inner life, an intensity of narrative tone and a leaning toward the fantastic regions of the mind. The true style of the novelist comes to him naturally, that unified and sober style in which episodes, characters and the movement of life must stand in the foreground, and not the delights of style, however charming they may be. It is a happy omen that Mr. Julien Green should have come back to the best traditions of the novel, but let us repeat that he owes this, in large measure, to his American origin. At least we may be glad that he has chosen our language in which to express sentiments we express only seldom and then with difficulty. When one thinks how close Joseph Conrad came to being a great French novelist—!

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PROMOTERS I HAVE KNOWN

By O. A. Owen

THE greatest promoter I was ever privileged to see in action was J. Pierpont Morgan. At the time Morgan was putting the United States Steel Corporation together I was private secretary to John W. Gates, who has been credited by some writers with being the first man who thought of and worked at this consolidation. I really don't know whether he was or not, though long before the enterprise was ever mentioned in the press and long before Morgan's name was associated with it I had a private file of my own labelled "The Whale". In it I was placing various mysterious odds and ends of papers that Gates passed over to me which indicated that he was stirring up some stupendous project as yet unnamed and regarding which he favored me with no confidences. The whimsical label I placed upon my envelope sufficed me but would tell no tales to the inquisitive. Later, suddenly, the whole world was agog over the rumors of the new great steel merger and presently Morgan's name leaked out.

Morgan was in constant touch with Gates, who was the king-pin in the wire industry that was one of the largest units in the consolidation. I watched Morgan's deft hand at each succeeding stage of the job and admired his skill. He was blocking out the contours of a design, hewing to a vision, using mills, men and money as so much raw material and serenely confident that the finished thing would function as it ought. So confident, indeed, that apparently he cared very little about its future when loosed from his shaping. He did care, of course, but his hands were full of the creative work. A proof that not even he could control the whole future was that when the corporation was launched and a going concern its common stock, to his intense chagrin, sold once as low as eight dollars a share. That sounds funny, these days.

When I have been asked what I noticed about Morgan's methods I have answered that his ways were those of an artist. This does not mean anything until it is explained. Whatever material an artist works in, he has the peculiarity that he treats it with contempt. His care and anxiety are reserved for the idea. A sculptor will sink the chisel in snowy marble so casually that the on-looker shudders; a painter daubs his thumb with umber and seems to smear it on as a beginning; a Parisian master-milliner snips costly silk as he would jute and twists an aigrette brutally. But their hands slow up and every touch is fastidious when the design commences to emerge. They respect their stuffs from the point where they cease to be substance and become idea.

Morgan was ruthless with his raw material —the sprawling mills, the reservoirs of money, the distinguished captains of industry. These were all the newspapers saw. They did not see the pattern Morgan was working to, or at least it took fearsome and grotesque shapes in their eyes—it looked like an octopus or very like a camel—until at last the job left his hands, complete and ticking, as the United States Steel Corporation.

The mills, the money, the men, meanwhile, he handled as wet clay. Gates himself did not fit into the pattern and went into the bucket with other slicings and parings. He was left off the board of directors, to the astonishment of everyone except Morgan.

While the general shape and size of the corporation were being determined in Morgan's office, and at a time when it was clear the total capitalization would run well over the billion mark, some question arose as to whether enough capital stock had been planned to take care of investment odds and ends. In an offhand way Morgan told the helpers to increase the total by one hundred million dollars and it was done. Does anyone suppose he stopped and asked himself what this sum meant? Did he think how

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much toil and time and sacrifice it stood for? Not at all, any more than a bridge engineer, turning in his bed at night, suddenly sees that his cables must be thicker and next day by a stroke of the pen adds train-loads to the metal in the span.

The real basis of the whole flotation of course was the physical—mills, mines and so on. Morgan slighted these perhaps more than anything else, as a curious piece of evidence showed. In a bunch of papers that reached us one day from him was a blueprint evidently not meant for us. It was something made up for Morgan's private behoof. It showed that section of the United States, bounded by the Mississippi on the west and the Ohio river on the south, in which lay nearly all the mines, steel works, coke ovens, blast furnaces, wire factories and other properties to be consolidated. The draftsman had drawn a circle around the Chicago-Joliet group of mills, the Mesaba and other mines, the Pittsburgh bunch of plants and the eastern Pennsylvania holdings. No detail. Just an impressionistic or bird's-eye view of the whole situation such as any steel clerk could sketch blindfold.

Simple as it was, Morgan needed this diagram. The fact that he did need it and could make it do for his purposes showed vividly how unimportant from his standpoint the details of the physical equipment were. He knew the plants existed and that at the moment they represented the bulk of the country's metallurgical workshops. He knew roughly their appraised value. He wanted to have some notion of what and where they were so that he could talk about them intelligently. But beyond that they were only his marble and umber and aigrettes.

In preparing the subsidiary companies to enter the big tent, naturally everything was done under his general supervision and by his methods.

It will be remembered that a favorite way of promoting in those happy days was to take the book value of a going company's assets and just double them in stock. Each dollar's worth became one dollar of preferred stock and one dollar of common; total, two dollars par. First, however, there would be made an itemized list of assets, as Plant and Machinery, Realty, Patents, Good-Will, Accounts Receivable and so on. Every item carried its twin load of preferred and common stock.

One subsidiary's list of assets carried the items "Working Fund" and "Cash on Hand". It was pointed out that both meant the same thing. The order came "Oh, just put some other form of words in place of Cash on Hand but leave the figures as they are". Which was done. It seemed a good deal like watering water, as an unawed bookkeeper said.

Another subsidiary's list of assets had to hold up a particularly inflated capitalization. There were not items enough. Twenty millions were left over with no assets to match. In this case the order from above was "Increase the Plant Account twenty million". Plant was much the largest item and could stand the addition better. The figure representing the account looked very business-like, being expressed in so many millions, thousands, hundreds, down to the final 39 cents. I had a little laugh with myself when the final balance sheet was handed round to see how respectfully the item, with its illicit twenty million tucked in, was gazed at by all and sundry.

These doings might be looked on as jugglery or worse. To inflate the valuation of property knowingly to balance a predetermined quantity of stock seems on its face to be crooked. And when I speak of such methods in general as like an artist's work you might suppose me to be talking ironically, or to be blind to the ethical side. Neither. In those days the modern "stock of no par value" was unknown and unused. A share of common was invariably $100 par. On paper the appraisals had to correspond to this, but in practice such new common was not expected to sell at $100 a share or anything like it.

Public opinion at that time made it necessary to show intrinsic values equal to stock issue, whereas Morgan was valuing his stock by its earning power, a very different but actually more honest scale. Nowadays it is not necessary to stretch appraisals in this way. The promoter may be frank, as in a case lately pointed out by Professor William

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Z. Ripley. He quotes a recent prospectus in which a block of almost three million shares of no par value is stated by the promoters to have been "issued almost entirely against the established earning power, which is not assigned a value in the balance sheet".[1]

There is no such thing as intrinsic value in these matters, aside from what the real estate will fetch at auction and a few items like that. Gates always used to say that a manufacturing company and its properties are worth "no more and no less than their capitalized earning power". This view is behind the major ups and downs of stock prices in Wall Street. A railroad, whose assets have not diminished by a single handcar or keg of bolts over night, may sell off five million dollars between bedtime and breakfast because a news item foreshadows a drop in its ability to take in money.

Morgan saw not only the "established" but the future earning power of the organizations he was blending. He foresaw the economies to result from unified control, dearth of competition, rise in value of the mines and real estate, easier financing, the greater sales to come in a fast-growing country and the larger profits to ensue when only the finest minds in the industry were at the helm. The almost comic inflations I have mentioned were really his clairvoyance of the decades to come, unflinchingly expressed in 1900. If he were alive today he would look at the stock exchange quotations on steel and say, "Yes, as I expected". He worked as one inspired in those days. Confidence and buoyant faith were in the air. The Spanish war was just over. The United States had "licked" a European power. Like a schoolboy after a scrap we thought highly of ourselves. The public mind was in the right state to tackle a billion-dollar flotation. Morgan was the right leader. The thrill of that time remains yet.

Another matter that required tact was the rewards to the promoters who had contributed skill, diplomacy, sleepless nights and hard work and had risked their private fortunes to bring about the consolidation. Promoters take their pay in common stock, which is ultimately sold as the market will absorb it. How they are to come into possession of this stock is usually a problem. In theory, all new stock issued should go either to owners of the companies merged or to persons who put in the additional capital called for. But in such case the promoters would get none. Elaborately roundabout methods were devised by which the promotion shares were acquired by intermediaries and then by the promoters. One intermediary was an obscure lawyer in New Jersey who, if judged by the transactions in which he figured, might be considered a veritable plutocrat, yet he was as poor afterward as before. Gates and his friend Isaac L. Ellwood formed a temporary firm called Gates & Ellwood for somewhat similar purposes. I remember at one time we in Chicago received a sight draft for something like three hundred thousand dollars, against Gates & Ellwood and simply remailed it to them at New York, where they were for the moment. Supposing it to be *pro forma* only, we did not bother to notify them it was coming. But it happened to call for real money, though, under the system, they would be reimbursed in a few days. "We were broke when that draft came—why didn't you fellows wire us it was on the way?" raged Gates afterward. He and Ellwood, both enormously wealthy, had every dollar of their available cash out when the draft was presented. They wriggled out somehow.

Though I have spoken of the doubling of stock issues as a usual practice it must not be thought that each company entering the big combine came in at "doubles". By no means. The new corporation—or rather Mr. Morgan—bought each separately and as cheaply as possible. The purchase price at which a company was willing to come in depended on a majority vote of its stockholders.

Gates was worried by the fact that his wire company's stockholders were numerous and scattered. Whether he and his associates could locate and control fifty-one percent of the stock was a puzzle. He tried to get his intimates to meet the situation but they were apathetic. Perhaps stupefied would be a

[1] The Dodge flotation is referred to, and the quotation was given by Ripley in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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more exact term. Events were too big and moving too fast for some of them. They did nothing.

One day Gates asked me to run through the daily reports of our stock sales as reported by the registrars and give him a summary. I found large blocks of wire stock bought in the names of Wall Street brokerage firms. The more I delved the longer grew the list. It was clear that somebody was quietly acquiring a controlling interest through these brokers. I listed the largest holdings on a card small enough to hold in the hand and these few alone almost represented control.

When I gave the figures to Gates a glance told him the story. His expression said, "I thought so".

As a result our ratio was only twelve new shares for nine old. We had been out-generalled. So while Gates made a good deal of money as a promoter he made less as a stockholder.

Harriman was another with whom I had some contact. He was in France at the time I was representing our company abroad and I was drawn by him, through a request from the American office, into a purchase of automobiles for the motor caravan in which he and his entourage travelled through Europe about that time. I saw only enough of him to realize that he was very arrogant and impatient. Possibly ill-health had something to do with this.

Though he was supposed to be travelling for rest and pleasure he soon turned his motors to experimental purposes. He had conceived the idea that passenger-cars on branches of some of his American railroads could be run economically by gasoline. The idea was new then but has since been realized to some extent, I believe. He measured and gauged ton-miles and so on, to the discomfort of his servants and secretaries. Perhaps it was recreation to Harriman.

His arrogance and masterfulness served him more than once, as they did Morgan and Gates, in pushing promotions through when figures would not do the trick. When logic and persuasion failed, these men in their way acted as Oliver Goldsmith said Dr. Samuel Johnson did—"If the pistol of his wit misses fire he knocks you down with the butt!"

But Harriman did not have to rely so much as Morgan did on personal prestige in convincing others that they should buy a new security. He was able to marshal the kind of proof that lesser minds think they want. He often needed large sums for cutting down grades and (as in the case of the Lucin cut-off) shortening hauls on his railroads. In either case he would have his engineers show the cost of carrying freight over the existing grade or existing track-length, then the cost over the proposed better roadway. The difference measured the expected saving, which, it was easy to show, would pay interest on bonds or dividends on stock such as he wanted and show a profit in addition. In these cases the anticipated return was demonstrable to the fourth decimal, as it were. But it was characteristic of E. H. Harriman to go through the drudgery of getting these statistics together to prove to less nimble minds what was already plain to him.

An operation like his purchase of the Chicago & Alton was even more markedly straight-line financing. It was a good deal like an expert horseman detecting and buying a natural-born purse-winner from between the shafts of a greengrocer's cart. He looked over the Alton and saw that its real possibilities were not appreciated by its owners. He bought it at their price, effected some reforms, developed its true value as a carrier, and immediately the stock went up in value.

There is another sort of promoter—the little fellow, pushing a minor enterprise and asking small sums. Such a one is not to be despised. Was not Henry Ford a small promoter in the 'nineties? Even investments of a few hundred dollars were acceptable to him.

The small man's job ought to be easier, theoretically, at least, because he has so much less to raise. But it is harder in many cases because so often he is trying to start a brand-new business where they merely extend an existing one. He seldom has the persuasiveness and the dominating personality that they have. He lacks, too, their grip on realities.

But I have always thought the little man

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and the big are, in their promoting moments, brothers under the skin. The indifference to and unacquaintance with physical details that Morgan showed are familiar traits with the brotherhood in all its grades. They even have mannerisms in common. I have seen piker promoters pull out an old envelope and figure profits on the back of it with a stub pencil and I often saw John W. Gates do the same thing. It is the gesture of the fraternity.

The word "promoter" has gathered a shade of sinister meaning from its associations in stories of "blue sky" financing, but I am writing only of the honest kind, large and small. I never had the opportunity to study any Wallingfords. I have seen many an investor lose his money but only where the promoter lost his, too.

There came into my office in Chicago one day a middle-aged man, respectably dressed but not a business type. Standing at the railing, he told me without preamble that he had an invention for making nails and needed capital. I suppose I was the dozenth or two dozenth person upon whom he had called in this peddler fashion. He struck luck with me, because I knew something about nails and could see his idea was promising. It was a return to the old-style cut nail, with a difference. His nails could be chopped off the end of a narrow steel plate, head to point, point to head, without a particle of waste. Chisel-pointed, they should hold in wood better than the old square pointed cut nail or the round pointed wire nail—a claim that later tests confirmed. Still better, his principle was so new that existing nail patents could not block it.

A wealthy friend of mine on the Chicago board of trade furnished money. We got our patent and built a full-sized machine which made the new nails in quantity. Here crept in a difficulty. We should have cut them from red-hot plates but did not, not being able to afford a heating furnace. Cutting them cold somehow introduced a twist into them not visible to the eye but having the result that when driven the nails revolved one-quarter turn. Setback number one.

Setback number two was the inventor's conceit. Every time we had people there to see the machine he pushed to the front and bragged about "the men behind me" in a way that did not set well with the capitalist, a different type of man altogether. He quit, after putting in twice as much money as he had agreed. Here ended our promotion. The machine was sold for junk and the vainglorious inventor departed.

The patent has long since run out. Its idea is still good. Anybody can use it. The files of the patent office are full of expired patents, many good ones forgotten merely because small promoters like my friend failed to get them going. It is a wonder that some are not resurrected and used.

Small promotions fail for all sorts of reasons; some can be foreseen, some can not. A plan for embellishing the screens in motion picture theaters was to have been the foundation of a studio-business devoted to manufacturing this ornamentation. After time and money had been put into the scheme a discovery was made. Movie theaters themselves are often lavishly decorated. It might be supposed that the owners would gladly ornament the screen too, which generally is bleak and bare. But it seems the screen is "up to" the lessee, not the owner. The lessee finds plenty of use for his not-ample funds in paying rent, salaries, light, advertising and film hire. He has little left for embellishments. All this should have been discovered before, not after, but small promoters are slack in such prior study.

I knew of a case where a daily newspaper was projected for saloons in the pre-Volstead days. The promoter made up a dummy issue, talked glowingly of profits to be made from advertising and not only put in his own money but induced friends to do the same. If ten times the cash had been put in, under certain circumstances then existing that made advertising easy to obtain, it apparently would have survived. It died in one month from lack of capital—an ailment common in small promotions.

A case that turned out well: Two brothers decided to sell a small drug-store specialty. They had no money, and they were not experienced in this particular field. Seven hundred dollars was placed in their

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hands. They manufactured the material themselves, sold it themselves, it was good and took with the public, and they ultimately built up a large business which extended even into Europe. I ran into one of the brothers entering a French drug-store in Pau when I was abroad. Strict economy and hard work turned the trick in this case.

A Russian came to this country with a wood-working device of high merit from both the artistic and practical point of view. An American realtor, with friends, backed him with money. Machinery, raw materials, marketing, working funds—all were provided for. But human nature was not. The Russian wanted a lion's share of the profits. His backers wanted the same. He spoke little English, they spoke no Russian. Misunderstanding helped to foment the quarreling. Law-suits followed. The whole enterprise went on the rocks.

Punch's advice, "Don't!" might be given to most people thinking of putting money into new, small, untried schemes; this quite aside from any question of fraud. The misguided but honest small promoter is as much of a menace as the fellow who sells stock in dry oil-wells and machines to extract gold from sea-water.

However, if the urge to put money into a promotion is irresistible, one rule applies to small and large schemes indiscriminately: Investigate before investing. Profound, elaborate research is not possible to the average man, but quite a lot of facts can be garnered with slight effort. There are books nowadays on almost every kind of business. Trade journals have the late news in various industrial fields. Letters may be written to experts. Frequently tests of the process or of the salability of the goods can be made on a small scale. When Hetty Green was offered a block of bonds not familiar to her she sometimes bought one bond and re-sold it in open market, thus finding out whether it was salable and at what price—a quaint and amusing habit, but canny.

A slight preliminary investigation often turns up facts fatal to investment. Perhaps no deeper study would yield all the data. Many business possibilities can only be tested by actual operation. Woolworth started his first five-and-ten-cent store after successful experiment with the idea in his employers' shop. Nevertheless, that initial experiment failed. Even today the Woolworth company, with all its lore, occasionally opens a five-and-ten that does not pay and is abandoned after full trial.

If one's total fortune is but a thousand dollars or two or three, safe investment at five or six percent yields no income worth while. The temptation to put it into something that will return one hundred percent is great. It is the little capitalist who yields to the little promoter. Still, "Don't!" remains a wise rule to follow, and the second best rule is "Investigate!"

A third rule would be: Prefer a business along beaten paths rather than a highly original one. Remember that the only scheme Colonel Mulberry Sellers ever made money at was buying and selling mules. His more imaginative ventures failed.

A fourth and final counsel to the one bent on risking his money on another man's game would be: Pick out the promoter who has the ear-marks of common sense, respectability and industry. The most alluring enterprise is bound to run into rough going somewhere. That is the place where character counts. My chief impression of the famous promoters I saw at close range was not so much that they were brilliant as that they had horse-sense and never spared hard work when it was necessary.

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STARS

By Robinson Jeffers

I

I know Alaskan beaches where the sand
Is all crushed garnet, on its blood-red gloom
The emerald ocean racers shatter astrand
Under the dawn with manes of milky foam.
The cliff-top woods reverberate to their roar,
Those pyramid-shaped pines as black as night
Through which wild creeks tumble to the red shore
From the deep hill, streaking the dark cliff white.
Above them white and black the eastward peaks
Hold up their glaciers at the milkwhite sky
Like gifts for the great morning. White snows, white creeks,
Foam on green waves, black pines, red clouds on high,
Green seas, red sands, barbarous reverberances
Of red and white and black over green seas.

II

Highest, with its one waked eagle, the deep white sky,
But far beyond that the dawn-drowned army of stars,
Invisible now, incalculably high,
Incredible watchers of the loves and wars
We wage and live by, they are moved so little,
We skirmish through the world and skip to our ends,
The body is a struck spark, the whole breed is brittle,
He is well friended who has the stars for friends,
For the earth too will dissolve while they endure,
And if in some ridiculous dream one's ghost
Were set beyond time in a calm heaven, be sure
The same stars little moved and with few lost
Would light the old smile for that vestigial head,
Vain dreamer, bloodless, useless, empty and dead.

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"PHILOSOPHY"

An Outline of the Wonders of the Invisible World

By Helen E. Haines

IN the Decimal Classification of Melvil Dewey, which has established an inner structure for American public libraries even more uniform than the outer structure established by reinforced concrete, Philosophy is the first of the nine major divisions. It is the "100 class". Within its fold is shepherded an amazing flock of books of psychic vagary, cultism and sortilegerdementia. Most of them congregate in the "120's", that subsidiary division of the 100's to which Dewey assigns "Other Metaphysical Topics", or the "130's", which is the Dewey haven for "Mind and Body". To them is drawn a reading public curious to contemplate and enlightening to consider as a by-product of modern educational processes.

Librarians know only too well this multitude of "130 addicts", who clamor for works of numerology, keep a perennial waiting list of reserve requests for Butler's "Solar Biology", and stampede the bibliothecal aisles for Evangeline Adams's autobiography. Among them social gradations are sometimes discernible. Shabby old men, very bald or very shaggy, favor John Uri Lloyd's "Etidorpha"; there is a flavor of aloof gentility about the thin ladies lured by Yarmo Vedra's "Heliocentric Astrology"; Butler's "Solar Biology" draws a brisk and outwardly prosperous clientèle, male and female; youth and chewing-gum are salient characteristics of the patrons of numerology.

But there are no certain signs to indicate which among the thousands of apparently competent and intelligent citizens presumably engaged in improving their minds through that great national agency for adult education, the American Public Library, are atrophying their brain cells with the essence of human credulity distilled and diffused from the "100's". Any earnest librarian in a small city finds it soothing and comforting to record a circulation of 5,000 volumes of Philosophy from her institution during a twelvemonth; it proves the high intellectual status of the community; it offsets the irritating and insistent demand for novels—always the thorn in the librarian's crown of service. Better for the library's reputation as an educational institution are ten readers of "Philosophy" exemplified in Butler's "Solar Biology" than fifty readers of such worthless and pernicious fiction as "Elmer Gantry" and "An American Tragedy".

Few who have not followed it in some detail realize the steady increase in the literature devoted to so-called psychic phenomena, to fantasy and delusion, the recrudescence of astrological lore and every kind of esoteric charlatanry that has gone side by side with the march of modern scientific research and achievement. One would suppose that compulsory exposure to our public school system might instil a sufficient primary understanding of the solar universe to extinguish belief in the influence of the zodiac upon human life. Or that elementary instruction in physiology and biology might discredit ectoplasm.

But the devotees of delusion are drawn from the ranks of scientists, novelists, psychologists, writers, lawyers, editors and well known figures in almost every field of public life—all equally distinguished and authoritative to the average layman—and so perhaps it is not surprising that "psychic structures", discarnate intelligences, fairies, ethereal bodies and cosmic influences, are a part of the mental furniture of so large a proportion of apparently intelligent Americans. "I always pay attention to what the astrologers say; they know a lot more than the rest of us," remarked a hard-headed banker, discussing the business prospects of the year. And it may be remembered that old Cornelius Vanderbilt, the illiterate and irascible commodore, was a firm spiritualist

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and regularly consulted mediums for guidance in his financial ventures. The folk-lore type of belief, the superstition that invoked the spirits of corn and wind in primitive rites, still flourishes undisturbed by physics and biology, by radio and aviation.

In our survey of the materials of public education stored on public library shelves in the 100 class we are not without official guidance: this field has not been neglected in the rush to diagram and dissect knowledge by means of outlines, anthologies, lists, and charts. "The Best Books of Spirit Phenomena, 1847-1925", published in Boston, is a manual in which Henrietta Lovi, "library worker and student of spirit survival", offers a selection of psychic books that every public library should know and provide for its readers. This little volume itself as an exemplification of befogged mentality is almost as significant as the literature it deals with.

Ostensibly open-minded and non-controversial, Miss Lovi numbly accepts everything from fairies to trumpet voices, and has even developed an ectoplasmic syntax. On the massive tome of a Spiritualist lecturer, Emma H. Britten, entitled "Nineteenth Century Miracles; or, Spirits and their Work in every Country of the Earth", she comments: "A mine of informative reading of a brisk lively character, this work stands as the most important volume constructed by this author". W. T. Stead's "Letters from Julia" rouses more animation. "These writings," says Miss Lovi, "are of an intellectual and moral order to bring chagrin to no one. They form vivacious reading, telling of conditions to be expected in the world to come, laying stress upon the duties of earth life, and so on. The notes of Mr. Stead run brightly throughout in explanatory comment."

All the vagaries of what M. Charles Richet has essayed to establish as the science of metaphysics are represented in this bibliographical guide. It opens with "Pioneer Writers", leading off with Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, who in 1854 compiled the portentous narrative of their seance experiences, and including the spiritualistic treatise written in 1856 by Robert Hare, the inventor of the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, the works of Robert Dale Owen, son of England's transcendental communist, and "The Night Side of Nature", those ghostly tales by Mrs. Crowe that gave gooseflesh to our grandmothers. Among later spiritualists the record ranges from the writings of Gerald Massey, the poet, to "Psychosophy, Soul Teachings", "given by the spirit helpers of Cora L. V. Richmond". Barrett's "On the Threshold of the Unseen" and Hyslop's "Life After Death" are regarded as foundation stones for any library collection: "their substance should form a part of the information of every adult of ordinary education. They should be available in every English or American public library or branch library having 5,000 or more volumes".

Here are automatic writings, spirit letters, planchette and ouija board messages. Trumpet mediumship is set forth in "Voices" by W. Usborne Moore. Says Miss Lovi: "When mention is made that W. Usborne Moore carried the title of Vice-Admiral of the British Navy, some conception is reached of the type of man—no gullible weakling indeed —who has through these two volumes given acknowledgment of his convictions". Dr. Funk's mysterious tale of "The Widow's Mite" is here, and that latest record of psychic obscuration, the story of "Margery the Medium". Last of all "a trio of tremendous works" marshals forth F. W. H. Myers, Henry Holt and Camille Flammarion.

There have been two high-water marks in the tidal records of spiritualistic, psychical and occult literature, which began its rise in 1848 with mysterious rappings in the weather-beaten Fox farmhouse in Hydesville, New York. Nine-year-old Kate Fox, her sister and mother were the producers and actors in this *première* of the spiritualistic drama. Success and widespread notoriety attended their performances, and the movement launched in this country village spread like a contagion through America and England. Many of those who attended the Fox seances became mediums, and the furore of seances, investigations and manifestations brought an outpouring of books and pamphlets of faith and controversy which mounted in 1854-5 to a flood-mark that in spite of the steady rise through the succeeding half-century was not approached again until 1917.

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In England the rise of the movement, fed from the American flood-waters, is generally reckoned as dating from 1855 and reaching its highest mark in the early '70's. In England the original American dispensation of Spiritualism was reborn and rebaptized as Psychical Research. The organization of the Society for Psychical Research in 1882 gave the movement greater dignity; it enlisted some men of high intellectual attainments, like F. W. H. Myers, and others of wide public or professional reputation.

There was a lively public interest in this movement for the first few years, but gradually its popularity ebbed, and it was not until the '90's that it began to revive, chiefly through the hypodermic injections administered by the mediums Mrs. Piper and Eusapia Paladino. Charles Richet, Camille Flammarion and Sir Oliver Lodge were among the famous Paladino converts, as Professor Hyslop was the star among the Piper disciples; and the literature of the "130's" has been greatly enlarged and its appeal strengthened by their writings. With Paladino's exposure in 1910, public interest again waned. But in 1917 began the latest great revival, which mounted steadily to a second high-water mark in 1920.

From 1917 to 1920 the bulk of this literature of psychic phenomena was undoubtedly the expression of grief-stricken souls seeking assurance that sons lost in the war lived on in some spirit world. Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond", devoted to the record of spirit communication with a son killed in the war, was the most popular exemplar, selling through edition after edition here and in England. Many American public libraries provided forty or fifty copies of this book, but could not begin to meet the clamorous demands of readers, and although this demand has stilled, "Raymond" is even now one of the books in steady library circulation. Typical also, though less individual and personal, were the immensely popular volumes of the Reverend Vale Owen, vicar of an English parish church.

These were years of a general outpouring of mediumistic communications, of spirit messages and spirit authorship through planchette and ouija board. "Ectoplasm" brought a trend toward the elaborate formulation of human potencies transcending physiology and physics. Then, too, the Einstein theory in astronomical science was seized upon by psychic philosophizers and expanded into fourth-dimensional realms of "cosmic consciousness". Conan Doyle released fairies upon the prosaic earth in 1922 through photographs taken by two young English girls and through notes of clairvoyant observation. Not only fairies, but gnomes, elves, goblins and brownies are included in this revelation, which at least establishes the correctness of the historic fairy fashion of crowns, wings and gauze skirts, and the familiar sartorial equipment of brownies in conical caps, knee-breeches and pointed shoes.

It is interesting to observe how large a contribution to this literature has been made by spirit authors. Consistently and steadily they operate, undiscouraged by terrestrial rebuff or indifference. Only once apparently has a spirit author withdrawn, defeated by mortal hostility. That was the spirit of Mark Twain, which in 1918 produced a novel through the agency of the ouija board, manipulated by a lady from St. Louis. It was called "Jap Herron", and was published by Mitchell Kennerley; but Harper and Brothers, as Mark Twain's authorized earthly publishers, heartlessly brought a suit for an injunction and won their case. They included a claim for damages, on the ground that "Jap Herron" was mediocre in literary quality and "wholly foreign to Mark Twain's style of thought or expression". Since then Twain's spirit has remained silent. Shakespeare, however, now and then indulges in astral authorship, but nowadays seems disposed toward the composition of scenarios. Indeed, readers for the large film studios receive a regular inflow of spirit scenarios; one of the most interesting of recent examples recorded was when the spirit of Washington Irving chose a psychic barber in Wisconsin to transmit a dramatization of O. Henry's "Gift of the Magi".

Among the most prolific astral authors is Patience Worth, who has produced some half-dozen volumes through the ouija board of Mrs. John Curran of St. Louis. Patience

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was sponsored by Casper S. Yost, editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat,* and her earlier works were received with respect by nearly all reviewers. Her best known book was her first, "Patience Worth, a Psychic Mystery"—a portentous rambling tale of sixteenth century England, couched in curious, involved "antique" phrasing, ostensibly the life-story of Patience herself. Later she evolved a mid-Victorian narrative, a tale of Christ, and a volume of Oriental meditations.

The letters of "A Living Dead Man", conveyed through automatic writing to Elsa Barker, have been among the most popular works of spirit origin. On earth the Living Dead Man was Judge David P. Hatch, of Los Angeles. His psychic correspondence with Mrs. Barker is presented in three volumes: "Letters of a Living Dead Man", "War Letters", and "Last Letters". From the Living Dead Man we learn the reason for the rise of radical opinion in present-day America. Our Bolshevist apologists and labor agitators are the reincarnated souls of North American aborigines, who, disinherited from their free ownership in this land, are now inhabiting white bodies, preferably of the European immigrant species, and are impelled by their past wrongs to rebel against restraining influences.

Spirit communications have enlisted some of the most familiar names among American writers. Booth Tarkington furnished the introduction to May Wright Sewall's volume, "Neither Dead nor Sleeping". Margaret Cameron turned from the writing of gay fiction to the portentous psychic record of "The Seven Purposes", transmitted by friends and counsellors on the spirit plane. Mrs. Reginald De Koven, under the title "A Cloud of Witnesses", set down messages received from a departed sister. It is of this volume that Miss Lovi in her bibliographical guide sagaciously observes, "No communications are given from the distinguished husband of the author, the volume having been constructed before his decease".

No one who has read many spirit communications received from persons who on earth were of decent literary repute can have failed to observe the strange decadence in intelligence that accompanies transition to the other world. Even Miss Lovi sadly remarks: "Most of these productions would add nothing to the reputation of these departed people, and the indication is that either the celebrated authors themselves were not the spirit operators, or the process of transmitting their ideas has destroyed the effectiveness of the writings, however honest may have been the efforts of the mortal recipients". Consider the message of Taine, recorded by Dr. Albert Durrant Watson, of the Royal Astronomical Association of Canada, in his volume of "psychic revelation", "The Twentieth Plane". "What is the highest aim of the art of literature?" was the question Dr. Watson (how suitable the cognomen!) addressed to the author of "The History of English Literature", who answered: "The building to reality of the subject in hand. The writer gets through inspiration the skeleton of his theme. Now, if he is a great writer, he dovetails together exactly those bricks of fact which the nature of truth requires to be perfectly clothed in order to express the inspiration as no other details could".

The continuous circulation of Hiram Erastus Butler's "Solar Biology" furnishes, from the librarian's point of view, statistical evidence of the public's creditable interest in "serious" literature. This compendium propounds a "scientific method of delineating character, determining mental, physical and business qualifications, conjugal adaptability, etc., from the date of birth". It is probably the most popular of the many volumes that witness to the recrudescence of astrology as a gospel. After basking in the invigorating influence of solar biology, the "serious" reader turns to the acquisition of solar mentality through Yarmo Vedra's treatise on "Heliocentric Astrology; or, Essentials of Astronomy and Solar Mentality, with Tables of Ephemeris". The steadily increasing audience that respectfully absorbs these and similar publications justifies the optimism displayed by the National Association of American Astrologers at its first annual convention, appropriately assembled in Hollywood. Encouraged and inspired by the public awakening to "the ancient wisdom", they sent forth a pronunciamento of their

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purpose "to restore astrology to its original position as a branch of scientific knowledge and to acquaint the public with its value as an educational factor". National and state associations, they announced, are to be built up throughout the country, with state boards of examiners to pass upon and license accredited astrological practitioners.

Numerology is the most recent manifestation of the popular preoccupation with abracadabra. Its addicts rival in numbers the crossword-puzzle devotees of three years ago; its "literature" is in continuous demand; and it may be added that public libraries report more books of numerology stolen from their shelves than of any other kind. The great achievement of numerology is its blending of astrology and occultism in a reverberation of oracular patter. Says Mr. Clifford Cheasley, numerologist of parts, in his little manual, "What's in Your Name?"—"Life and vibration are synonymous terms—to interpret the latter is to comprehend the former. . . . To study the practical interpretation of vibration is to know the way of life, to unfold completely the mystery of the Self, and to recognize how inter-related we humans are with every other plane of life that exists". Numerology protects us from evil and misfortune and inducts us into virtue and success by the application of nine numerals to "our cosmic record, our baptismal name". Your name is no mere designatory accessory; it is "an exact record of your place in the cosmic plan; it is not an accident, but a vibratory structure".

Perhaps it is the jugglery with the words "vibration" and "cosmic" that gives numerology its allure. These are wonder-working vocables, quick to rouse a vague awe in any unactivated cortex. At any rate, numerology is the secret force that has wrought many curious changes of name among persons of impressionable, "intuitive" temperament, as well as among vast numbers of the "mentally deaf", to use Pirandello's phrase. At least two well known American painters owe to numerology the bizarre names that give a Zoroastrian or Gaelic flavor to their signatures. After all, why remain Mary Jane, when the mysterious euphony of Zerpha is rightly yours by cosmic design?

This invisible world of wonder builds up its prodigies and extends its sway over the credulous virtually unchallenged by reason. The current literature of delusion advances *pari passu* with the literature of science. On the public library shelf, the educational value of a volume of spirit messages or a numerological handbook stands on equal footing with the educational value of Santayana's "Life of Reason" or Robinson's "Mind in the Making". Publishers and reviewers alike are blandly acceptant of subjects that enlist popular interest. In an expensive and ostensibly authoritative series devoted to the history of civilization and bearing the imprint of one of the most sophisticated American publishers there appeared last year a volume on the history of witchcraft, whose pious author lives in the firm belief than an actual, existent Satan still wields malefic power over his minions. This amazing work received a respectful "press" from most of the reviews; as did the fairy lore of Doyle and the spirit communications of the Living Dead Man. College professors contemplate ectoplasm with serenity. Philosophers and psychologists fall readily from their intellectual perch into the maelstrom of fourth-dimensional fantasies.

One doughty champion of reason there is, the veteran Joseph Jastrow, who ever since the second great revival has directed a steady fire of scientific knowledge, logic and common sense upon the psychic bulwarks of fraud and delusion. But Dr. Jastrow's reviews represent almost the only sustained effort toward an intelligent modern diagnosis and analysis of these prevailing mental infections. Perhaps no effort can avail much against human credulity.

As Dr. Jastrow says: "What the revival of belief in occultism proves is the weak hold which principle and logic have gained upon minds otherwise of fine quality and more than average culture". And if minds of superior texture accept, in this age of science, the puerilities and vagaries of psychic phenomena, who can wonder that American mass mentality, weltering in the surges of superficial public education, comes more and more under the dominion of superstition and necromancy?

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THE GRASSHOPPER

By Gerald Bullett

And the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail . . .

TO walk from one side of the room to another was now as hazardous an undertaking for Paul Stevenage as it had been ninety years before when first he had stood erect upon this whirling globe; and he regretted the queer impulse that had prompted him to bolt his cottage door last night, when, on the eve of his birthday, he had been visited by an intimation, the first of its kind, that the weakness as well as the pride of age was descended upon him. Bodily weakness he had been long familiar with; but this misgiving, this pang of loneliness, presented a strange face. Chewing a long cud of memories, living in a past more real to him than the sunshine that was urgent at his window, more real than the beardless generation passing his door, what should be know of loneliness? Yet now a kind of fear whispered in his mind. That's gone, that's past, ran the message, and I'm left here alone.

He was more than ever alone, now that the common delights were failing him. For years past he had sat in his doorway, every fine day, and watched the comings and goings in the little lane; but increasingly, of late, he had found the air too cool, even in summer, or the sun too strident in its brightness. Sunlight quivering on the chalky road was like a loud noise; the patter of raindrops on the window-pain made him wince; and the village children seemed rowdier every day. The outer world, indeed, was at once more clamorous and less significant, less intelligible, than it had been in former times. It was always knocking at his door, and to no good purpose. It was knocking now, with an iteration that seemed hostile and induced in him, as he made the slow difficult journey across the room, an answering hostility.

A voice outside announced, somewhat impatiently: "Postman!"

Breathless from bending to unfasten the bolt, he had no greeting for the postman, but received without a word the packet thrust into his hands. He let the door remain open, and returned to his chair to think things over. It was his birthday. Yesterday, until the moment of that tremor in the soul, he had conceived it as a day of triumph, had in fancy received over and over again the congratulations of his neighbors. He knew himself to be a prodigy, being, in spite of his feebleness, still able to see and hear as well as any youngster of sixty. He knew himself for a wonderful old man; but, greatly as he had enjoyed the part in the past, he was now a little tired of it. The day was begun; in a short while the curtain would go up on what had promised to be the finest scene in the play; but there would be no performance. Paul, his courage at the ebb, felt in his bones that he would never be a wonderful old man again.

There were so many difficult things to do. There was, for example, when he remembered it, this packet to open. It was tied with string and sealed with red wax. The prospect of opening his jack-knife, cutting the string, unfolding the brown paper, and examining the contents of the packet: this in anticipation so cruelly fretted him that he wished he had stayed in bed and slept through the postman's knocking. From time to time he would forget the thing altogether and lose himself agreeably in reverie, but always, in the end, he came back to it, lying there in his lap, demanding attention. Finally, by a prodigious effort of the will, he set to work. The knife was in his trousers' pocket, to reach which he had to uncross his legs and straighten his body from the hips downwards—a tedious business. Then the knife must be opened and the string cut. He went over the process three times in fancy before he achieved it in fact: three several times, divided by intervals of dreaming and of wishing it were over and

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done with. At last, with the sense of having got through a day's work and more than a day's worry, he came to the heart of the matter. From the piece of cardboard that his tired fingers held, a pretty girl of about seventeen looked pertly up at him. He returned her gaze, at first dully, without interest, and then, as recognition half-dawned, with a faint wonder stirring at his heart. Some chord in him was touched but not awakened, and he vaguely felt, rather than thought, that somewhere in the remote past this face had been known to him. There was a letter accompanying the photograph:

"Just a lines to wish you hapy reterns and a liknis of our grandorter daisy who you of never seen our dear son George quit a scolard as writen this letter i shall soon be 81 of age dear Paul from dear Dot."

He was greatly puzzled by this letter, which gave hints of a story to which he had somehow lost the key. Dot he remembered, because he had seen her as recently as fifteen years ago, in her native village ten miles distant from his own, and it was of her, he supposed, that the young woman in the photograph had reminded him. But the phrase "our dear son George" was meaningless to the old man; and, fatigued by the brief effort to understand it, he allowed the letter to fall unheeded to the floor, and his mind drifted on to other thoughts.

He was roused by the entry of young Mrs. Haycock, the brisk and comfortable woman of fifty who occupied the adjoining cottage and came in each day to get his meals for him. This morning she was radiant with consciousness of the great occasion.

"Well, there you are!" she cried, rubbing her hands on her apron. "Ninety-two today. Many 'appy returns, I'm sure, Granfer!"

Paul mumbled an acknowledgment; then, pointing accusingly at the letter, which he happened at that moment to catch sight of on the floor, he said accusingly: "'Our dear son George', she says. What can she mean be that, eh?"

Mrs. Haycock, having picked up the letter and mastered its contents, began laying the breakfast table in silence, as though she had quite lost interest in the subject. But presently she remarked, in the tone one uses to a child: "George? Why that must be George Robins, your own son if all accounts be true. You know your son George, him that come to see you a year or two back. You must know 'im. Old George Robins. Why, everybody knows George".

She did not appear to expect any reply, but presently, having slowly digested her information, he remarked: "My son George Robins? Yes, I mind 'im". After a silence he added pettishly: "But what's George to do with Dot?"

Mrs. Haycock approached with a steaming cup of tea. "She's 'is mother by the look of things, though it's none of my business. And this pretty gel's 'is daughter." She bent over the photograph, and, having gazed her fill, summed up her admiration of it in one long sigh.

"Ah," said Paul, sipping his tea reflectively, "Dot were young George's mother, so she were. I'd got 'im mixed up with another gel." He creased up his face in a strange show of mirth, and a chuckle that was all but silent shook his frail frame. "Eh, but that'll be sixty year ago, I'll lay."

Paying little or no heed to this remark Mrs. Haycock said, with loud, sickroom cheerfulness: "If you eat your breakfast nicely, Granfer, I've got a little surprise for you". She paused at the door to repeat: "A little surprise I'm fetching for you".

"I ain't deaf," answered Paul, bending over his plate. "What makes gels so bloody noisy?" he inquired of the world at large. But when Mrs. Haycock reappeared, a moment later, carrying her "little surprise" with her, the old man remembered his manners in time to say: "Thank ye kindly, me dear. Very thoughtful and nice". He did not as yet know what form the gift was taking, but he was eager to get his thanks said without delay, lest subsequent events should put them out of his mind. He watched, with a curiosity that threatened to become irritation, while Mrs. Haycock, mysteriously smiling, placed a large square parcel on the brick floor. "Now you'll see!" she promised him. With these words she spat a long nail into her hand, whipped a hammer from her apron

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pocket, and, with these preparations made, eyed appraisingly the oak beam that ran across the ceiling. "That's the place for it," said Mrs. Haycock, after due deliberation. "But you'll have to mind not to knock your head on it, Granfer."

Her assault, with hammer and nail, upon his home was more than Paul could bear without protest; but he was appeased when her intention became clear; and when at last the bird in its cage was safely suspended from the ceiling he was moved to say, in all sincerity: "That's a martal pretty bird, me dear". It was indeed the prettiest creature that Paul had ever seen: sleek, plump, bright-eyed, in form the embodiment of grace, in color the most delicate satin green. "And do he sing?" asked Paul.

Mrs. Haycock was eloquent in its praise, but it was the bird itself, after she had gone, that—in a burst of golden song—answered Paul's question. He was startled with joy by the suddenness with which the room filled with passion and beauty. Sunlight and green fields and running water were in that bird's voice, so that Paul, listening, felt springtime quicken in his veins and the heart lifted out of him in ardor and aspiration. When silence fell he cried: "Sweet, sweet!", trying by conventional bird language to coax from the lovely creature another song. And so it sang again and again, recreating in a shimmer of intricate melody the paradise from which it was exiled and of which the sunshine, entering the open doorway, brought thrilling intimations. The old man listened, first in delight, then sadly. Sadness gave place to the realization that he was weary of this incessant noise; it was too loud, it was shouting words inside his head, and if he could not get relief from it he must cry with vexation. "It's nesting time, don't you see," Mrs. Haycock had complacently said, "so of course the lil thing be full of song."

He recalled this saying, muttering it to himself without being quite aware of its meaning, while he laboriously rose from his chair and faltered across the room to where the caged bird hung. He approached the bird with intention, but forgot the intention before it could be fulfilled, its place in his mind being smoothly stealthily appropriated by moments of the past: of himself as a child catching and killing the flies on a cow's back; chance glimpses of meadow and sky; boys in a brook splashing and fighting; a strange summer night spent in Venner's Wood with a girl whose face he had long forgotten; and of ploughing, ploughing, with the broad equine buttocks swaying in front of him, and the tail twitching, and the furrows multiplying, and heat beating tangibly from the sky and rising visibly in a quivering glaze from the ground, and the soft thud of hooves, the gliding furrow, the smell of the newly sliced earth all mingling in his senses.

These things came to him neither vivid nor dim; they were clear and bright, but they lacked the sharpness that made so troublesome the actual and present world, their light being veiled as by silk, their sounds muffled, their outlines softened by distance and uncertainty. The little rivers of this country soundlessly enamelled their pebbly beds; its sun did not scorch, nor its cold winds bite; kisses kindled no fire, and the mingling of limbs meant neither pleasure nor regret. Everything was subdued to the quality of quiet day-dreaming, particular memories being rare and few in a stream made up for the most part of images without form and echoes without sound. The outer world intruded but little into this reverie, so quick was the mind to translate the intruder into terms of the subtler medium; the breath of honeysuckle that entered the room set stirring in Paul's heart a symphony of springtime to which numerous vanished and unremembered seasons contributed; and this very bird, even while he gazed at it, was lost for a while in the anonymous multitude of sensations that its singing evoked.

But now the green bird, with shrill cries, began beating itself against the wires of its cage, and Paul's dreams scattered suddenly under this assault of reality. The noise and violence hurt him; every nerve in his frail body was unendurably jarred; his head filled with screaming and mirthless laughter. Into this pandemonium there flashed the thought, beautiful as the promise of salvation, that if he could not silence the creature in any other way he could at least twist its damned neck; and at once his fingers quivered to be at their

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murderous work. Dizzy with the effort to stand up straight, dangerously swaying on his feet like a little child, he yet maintained his precarious balance long enough to be able to touch the cage with fumbling hands. But the cage-door so cunningly resisted his attempts to open it that a feeble fury shook him; tears of vexation rose in his throat, shooting pains darted in and out of his eyes, and it was as if a band of hot steel had been clamped about his throbbing temples. Had he had but the power he would have torn the cage from the ceiling and trampled it madly under foot. In imagination he saw himself doing so, and this picture of his former strength distracted him a little from his present anger; for, whatever he was now become, he had been a tidy enough chap in his day, as the village girls, in terror and delight, freely admitted when a mad dog came snapping and snarling down the street to be neatly strangled by fingers that were now too weak to open a bird-cage.

Having lost himself again in memories, he woke with surprise to the knowledge that the cage-door was open and the bird gone. But the sound of its singing still vibrated in the sunlit room, and he looked round in time to see a green light circle once around the room, with agitated wings, before finding its way to freedom through the open door. After seeing the bird vanish, the old man stood motionless for a moment, as though bathing his spirit in the pool of this supervening silence, his eyes staring at the sunlit picture of spring which the doorway framed for him. Then, with a sigh, he struggled back to his chair and sank down, wondering where the green bird would have led him if he had followed it. Perhaps into a singing forest and over the green hills that lay beyond; perhaps, indeed, to Venner's Wood itself, or along the grass-grown Roman road that ran round the bases of the three hills, down Cuffield way.

The better to picture such adventuring, Paul closed his eyes; and the sun streamed down upon him, and the white road was solid under his feet. His sight was keen and clear, his step was elastic, and he smiled with satisfaction to feel the vigor that pulsed in his veins. The light streaming up from the road delighted his eyes without dazzling them; he felt confident, equal to anything; and, as he ran his fingers through the noble white beard that now stretched as far as the lowest button of his waistcoat, he chuckled and cried aloud: "I be a wonderful old man, there's no denying!" He became aware, then, of a powerful thirst raging within him, and at the same moment, by a happy chance, he reached the summit of the hill and found himself staring at an old tavern sign, which he spelled out to himself letter by letter: "The King of Heaven". It was a heartening sight, this tavern, beautiful and ancient in design, mellow in coloring, fragrant with the suggestion of harvest and sunset and that quiet good fellowship which the heart desires after a long and lonely journey; a heartening sight, and to a thirsty man like Paul more than heartening. In a trice he had lifted the latch of the door and stepped in.

The interior of the tavern warmed his heart with sudden pleasure; he felt intensely at home; yet he was aware that to all the old familiar things that his eyes now gratefully encountered, in their slow wondering scrutiny of the place, there was added a something at once very beautiful and a little strange that he had not expected to find there. A curious light, as of an eternal morning, filled this tavern; and it was perhaps the quality of this light that made him forget for a moment that he must quench that fine thirst of his. At his entry a comely and kindly young woman rose to greet him with a smile of old friendship. An aureole of light encircled her dark head, and her eyes were bluer than a fair sky in June, so that Paul, meeting their glance, lost himself for a while in those heavenly distances. But at last, scratching his head in bewilderment, he asked respectfully:

"Can I get a drop o' mild here, ma'am?"

"Surely," said the girl, with a laugh. She reached down a tankard, saying: "A quart?" It was wonderful the way she understood him. He began going through his pockets in search of coins, but she, observing the movement, remarked quietly: "There's nothing to pay here, you know. Like a bit of cheese with it?"

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With his tankard in one hand and his plate of bread and cheese in the other, Paul made his way to the black, high-backed settle, and sat down. Over the pewter brim, as he emerged from his first draught, so deep and cool and satisfying, he saw the face of Dan Thatcher smiling at him. The two men nodded to each other, and, without need of words, everything was as it had been three score years before.

"Warm today," mumbled Paul, through a mouthful of cheese.

"Ay," said Dan. "But a smart little bit of wind on the 'ill 'ere."

There followed a long and comfortable silence, at the end of which Dan Thatcher rose, saying: "Well, cricket saternoon, spose?" Without waiting for an answer he stamped his way out of the room.

Paul, remembering his age, grinned ruefully, and stroked his beard in protest. For the first time in this blessed place the wings of melancholy brushed him, but at that moment his attention was attracted by the sound of a lifted latch, and, turning in his seat, he saw the inner door of the taproom open, and heard the girl's voice saying: "Paul's come to see us at last".

There came into view, round the door's edge, the head and shoulders of an ancient, white-bearded man, whose radiant face lit up with a new pleasure at sight of Paul. As the stranger came into the room, carrying a newspaper in his hand, Paul knew him at once for what he was, and stood up humbly, with bowed head. After a moment of anguish and exultation he felt his two arms seized in a friendly grip; and, looking upon the face of God the Father, he saw such age as made himself the veriest child, such youth as he had never known, a power that terrified him, and a charity that made him weep.

"Well, old friend," said God the Father. "Sit down again and let's take a drink together."

Paul, obeying, could only stammer out: "Where am I, Lord? Am I in heaven?"

"Where else?" said God the Father. He smiled at Paul; he smiled at the girl; and Paul became suddenly aware of a picture that hung on the wall at her back, a picture, glowing with green fields and sparkling water, in which moved all the beloved figures of his past. Springing up to examine it more closely he saw that it was indeed no picture: it was a window that looked out upon the veritable kingdom of happiness. But while he stood, with held breath, and gazed, peace like an everlasting anthem flooding his heart, he heard a discordant screaming, and the walls of his cottage grew up darkly about him. Mrs. Haycock was stroking his temples, saying cheerfully: "That's better now! Why, you give me quite a turn!" Looking past her, Paul could see the green bird standing pertly in the doorway; and, filled with old alarm, he cried out in a cracked quavering voice: "Don't let the lil bird come back, missus. He do sing so loud, I can't bear un".

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OLD MATINEE IDOLS

By John Walker Harrington

WITH stage gods it used to be as with kings—the king is dead, long live the king. Now that "Our John" is gone—John Drew, who set femininity aflutter for fifty years—who will succeed him in the hearts of Mary, Jane and Clementine? Are there any more matinée idols? Great lovers of the speaking stage who made rosebud gardens of girls rustle at their approach have nearly vanished. John Drew was counted as the last of a line which is no more. Let us recall it.

Did you ever ask a belle of other days about Monty? No, not Monte Blue of the reels, but that first of American idols, Henry J. Montague, better known as "Harry" and born Mann. Whisper his name some day to grandma, grouching about the frivolity of flappers, or saying she cannot imagine what girls see in Richard Barthelmess, or Tom Mix, or Eugene O'Brien.

"Monty" once set Victorian boudoirs in a buzz. Women sent flowers back stage to the Marquis Manuel, the part Monty played so heart-meltingly in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man". Not even Jack Barrymore in "When a Man Loves" or Conway Tearle pursuing Irene Rich stir the movie fans these days more than Monty did his following in the 'Seventies, when he appeared at Wallack's Theater in the red coat and the gold lace of Captain Molyneux of "The Shaughraun". He was so tender, so true, so charming; even when he stuttered—as he often did when swept by emotion—crinolined beauties loved him for it, and imitated him between gurgles.

An Englishman of fine family, Harry Montague, with his drawl and his monocle, was welcome in the real society of old New York. When Monty took his constitutional on Fifth Avenue he ran a visual gauntlet of flattery. His rooms in West Twenty-eighth Street, "me chambers" as he called them in his best Oxford accent, were jammed with gifts—embroidered scarfs, knitted contraptions called antimacassars, made to keep the oil of his ambrosial locks from soiling the haircloth upholstery, flowers, and books in gilt-tooled Morocco bindings were everywhere. Notes from Monty, thanking the lovely senders of such gifts, are treasured heirlooms to this day.

Monty accepted homage with a languid indifference. Beloved and admired by both men and women, he was always the high-souled and chivalrous gentleman, and no breath of scandal tarnished his name. His death in 1878 at thirty-five, at the very height of his success, cast a pall over the Bohemia of the day. One writer expressed how everybody felt by quoting the lines from Milton:

"Young Lycidas is dead—dead in his prime;
And hath not left his peer."

In his memory a stained glass window was placed in a dim alcove of "The Little Church Around the Corner", where venerable vestals in black mitts and with their white hair acurl often go to muse over their first flame.

Who has not heard of the Tearles—Conway Tearle, of the American movies, and his half-brother, Godfrey, who in England has honors almost divine? Their father was Osmond Tearle, whom critics described as manly, self-reliant, with a fine eye and an attractive presence. In New York he was in demand socially, especially at receptions at the Lotos Club, and "at the Arion Ball-Masque he was simply besieged all the while by the fair sex". Osmond Tearle married the beautiful Minnie Conway, of an old Brooklyn theatrical family, bringing the two younger Tearles a rich heritage.

"The stage's most classic face" was that of Kyrle Bellew. The son of a distinguished English clergyman, he was born in Calcutta. His father, whose regular features, impressive bearing and melodious voice made him the perfect preacher, was chaplain to Queen Victoria. The elder Bellew became a Catholic, thus losing living and preferment. To

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support himself the unfrocked minister became a dramatic reader and coached actors in diction. The son, after several years in the British Navy, turned gold-prospector in Australia. Finally he became an actor. In voice, in feature, in every grace, Kyrle Bellew was accounted flawless. An expert fencer, a yachtsman who could sail his own boat, he was a man's man as well as a woman's ideal. As Romeo he was irresistible; as Brigadier Gerard, dashing French officer, he was fascinating. His romantic attachment to Mrs. James Brown Potter, who gave up New York society for the stage, did not detract from the admiration with which all women regarded him. As her leading man, Bellew accompanied her on a four years' tour of the world. One of his last stage successes was in "The Thief", where he played opposite Margaret Illington. His was the polished presence and dignified mien which made him worshipped still when his hair was white.

Who does not know of the idol Henry E. Dixey? His finely-turned legs made their début as hind members of a synthetic stage heifer, Richard Golden playing front quarters. The piece was "Evangeline", one of the colorful and tuneful extravaganzas with which E. E. Rice beguiled the dollars from matinée worshippers. Dixey's shapely and nimble supports, incased in breeches into which he used to wriggle with the aid of a step-ladder, came to a new fame in "Adonis". His graceful dancing, his singing, his uncanny gift for imitating celebrities were the show. His five-hundredth appearance in the Adonis rôle was celebrated by a gala performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. Those who bought tickets got two slips of pasteboard, one an admission card and one a souvenir only, which bore upon it the figure of the idol himself. These souvenirs are still kept as precious possessions. "Adonis" was the "Abie's Irish Rose" of a generation gone, Dixey the pet of the people of all classes.

Of all the great theatrical clan of the Drews and the Barrymores, none was on a higher pedestal than Maurice Barrymore. As Herbert Blythe, he studied at Cambridge and became a lawyer, assuming his stage name in deference to his aristocratic relatives. A trained athlete, a champion amateur boxer, with muscles rippling under a smooth skin, he was one of the world's greatest romantic actors, the favorite of orchestra and gallery. As Orlando, lover of Rosalind, in "As You Like It", Barrymore was as a god come down to earth to sport in hose and doublet. Such was this paragon who married Georgie Drew, sister of John. He was the father of the present Barrymores—Ethel, whose worshippers are of the stage; and Lionel and John, whose devotees are of the movies.

Their uncle, John Drew, although his was not the charm of the "beautiful Barrymores", was none the less a cherished matinée deity. He possessed the polish, the ease of pose, which marked Harry Montague; and he was a better actor. Even when beyond three score and ten, he had his tributes from a younger generation. Only a few months ago I saw him pause for a few moments near the Empire Theater and heard a group of finishing-school girls exclaim in passing, "Why, it *is* John Drew!"

Of all the matinée idols none had a greater vogue than did Harry Woodruff. Like Dixey and Bellew he made his début with one of the "Pinafore" companies which swept over the world during the Gilbert and Sullivan craze. He was only nine years old then. His clear-cut features, his curly blonde hair, his blue eyes, made him a favorite juvenile actor for years. Of all the matinée idols none was more lovable and companionable than Harry Woodruff. With so many chances for being spoiled and petty, Woodruff was courteous and considerate to every one with whom he came in contact. In the summer he lived at Siasconset, on the Island of Nantucket, where he was the gracious host to many of his profession. Every year he gave a party there, which was attended by the whole population—actors, butchers, grocers, the plumber and the iceman. His boyishness, his abounding sunniness of disposition got over the footlights, and there was so much of the good fellow in his composition that he had still more in reserve for his friends.

Woodruff's stage career was interrupted when he fell in love with Miss Anna Gould, daughter of Jay Gould, the financier, whom

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it was generally understood he was to marry. Owing to the influence of her family he went to Harvard, where he was graduated after a four years course, whereupon it was given out he was to study law. The sudden marriage of Miss Gould to the Count Boni de Castellane was followed by his return to the stage. His most successful play was "Brown of Harvard", in which he made good use of his university experience, and which enshrined him as the college hero of the sculls in the hearts of matinée maids. He also charmed thousands as Ben Hur. The fact that he cared not a whit for all the adulation and the bushels of notes he received made him even more attractive.

In their younger days such stars as E. H. Sothern, William Faversham, Richard Mansfield, Henry Miller, were worshipped from afar by impressionable adolescents, but they became so immersed in management that they ceased to have that romantic appeal. James K. Hackett, as the robust, sword-swinging hero of Anthony Hope kingdoms in "The Prisoner of Zenda", was observed by an admiring train as he left stage doors. Chauncey Olcott, the Irish minstrel, charmed thousands.

Although there are many actors of the speaking stage today who have risen to great popularity, conditions in the theaters have much changed. Plays these days are so many and actors so numerous that the element of personal admiration is less marked. The people of the stage have their meed of praise and appreciation, of course, but the worship of the individual has shifted to the cinema. Maurice Costello, romantic actor and pioneer of movie heroes, was probably the first of the screen stars to whom the public sent notes and asked for pictures. Then came Francis X. Bushman and a troupe of others, such as the irrepressible Douglas Fairbanks. The people of the screen are so much *en rapport* with the public that they have corps of secretaries to distribute their autographs and their signed pictures, and to answer their avalanches of letters.

New favorites and new faces come and go on the silver sheet and many of these are descendants of veteran theatrical folk. Maurice Barrymore lives again in his son John of the "Don Juan" film, and in the romantic reels of Lionel. The spirit of Osmond Tearle abides in the films. And beside these are legions of actors who have come up into the higher ranks without theatrical antecedents, without much of the training of the old-time stage, and on whom also have fallen the cloaks of the matinée idols of other days.

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FORD MADOX FORD

A Portrait in Impressions

By Herbert Gorman

I

THE taxi, its impertinent little horn squeaking blithely, slurs about the corner on two wheels. Behind it the Panthéon—where Jean-Jacques Rousseau lies in his sepulchre and where Voltaire does *not*—looms in a cloudy mist. It is dark in the rue du Cardinal Lemoine except for the tiny flashes of light from the few *brasseries,* dark until the taxi—its engine heaving breathlessly—draws up before the narrow entrance to the *bal musette.*

Then, as the door opens, a thin shaft of light spurts across the pavement. We enter to the high whining moan of an accordion and the measured thump of a drum. The music resolves itself to the eternal tune of Parisian *bal musettes* this season as we press by the tiny zinc bar.

Valencia!
Terre exquise
Où la brise
Effeuille les fleurs d'orange!

We dispose ourselves at a long wooden table, call for champagne, and turn our attention to the small square of dancing-floor in the rear, a square that is now crowded with figures hopping up and down in a peculiar rhythmic fashion. Above these syncopating puppets is a small balcony fastened like a bird's nest to the wall and in it are seated two perspiring nonchalant musicians, one of them pressing an accordion and the other pounding on a drum.

These musicians are the last word in ennui. Their eyes are partially closed and their hands move like hands in a trance. José Padilla's bastard Spanish music flows down through the smoke and dust from their automatic hands and curls about the feet of the dancers but it means nothing to these blasé figures in striped shirts and unabashed galluses. They will come to life presently when the music stops and two large glasses of atrocious French beer are hoisted to them by the tiny bar-maid. Then, with moustaches snowy with froth, they will discourse learnedly with one another. What do *bal musette* musicians talk about between dances? If we knew that we could possibly throw more light on the perplexed problem of the French franc.

We drop our eyes from the two-man orchestra, sip our champagne, and observe the hopping figures. At first these men and women, these boys and girls, crowded on the small square of dancing-floor are a kaleidoscopic medley. We recognize the young French laborers in highly colored shirts and with caps clutched in their hands. We recognize the young women and wonder if it would be literary pomposity to call them *grisettes.* Then, as our eyes become accustomed to the smoke and dust and lights we begin to perceive individuals, to fasten our eyes upon them, to conjecture about their personalities. It is while we are indulging in this purposeless and impossible pastime that we notice what at a first glance appears to be a behemoth in gray tweeds. He turns in the dance and we recognize him immediately. The blue eyes, the blond hair, the bland cherubic expression, the open mouth—we rise up from our champagne and shout, "Hey, Ford!"

It is the Leviathan of the Quartier Montparnasse, the gentle Gargantua of Lavigne's, the sophisticated Doctor Johnson of Notre Dame des Champs, Ford Madox Ford. He plods happily and with a child-like complacency through the dance, his partner swaying like a watch-fob before him. After the music stops he will amble over breathing a trifle heavily in memory of the poisonous gas during the Great War and sit down and invite us to join his party. And then, at another table much nearer the dancing-floor, we see Stella and Olga and Jean

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and Ernest and Bill and realize that this is Ford's Night at the *bal musette*.

So we change our places and there is dance after dance, bottle after bottle, laughter, bursts of song, and, finally, a string of taxis bearing us back to the Quartier where there will be more liquor and more music and much conversation. The stars will shine down on the Luxembourg Gardens and the quietude of Montparnasse cemetery and Saint-Sulpice and the deserted street-crossing before the Café du Dôme but we will continue to sit and talk of the right word in the right place and dear Ezra—now in Rapallo—and Joyce and Ernest's new novel and the winding roads of Provence and expatriatism and what is the best brand of cognac and all those immeasurably important things that make life on the Left Bank worth living. And through our conversation we hear faint echoes of an accordion and a drum.

Valencia!
Fleur perverse
Qui nous verse
Tous les parfums tour à tour—
Je t'aime
Car j'eus le bonheur suprême
Dans ton paradis d'amour!

II

Ford occupies a curious place in the life of the Quartier and to understand it we must differentiate between surfaces and depths. The casual visitor will observe no more than a glancing surface, a series of social forays, a flow of conversation liquidated with Biscuit and stabilized with *pain français*. Around that notorious street-corner, which, after all, sees so little of Ford, the purposeless expatriates swirl, repose in wicker chairs before tiny tables, gulp endless *aperitifs* and *bocks* and *liqueurs*.

These people are the people of Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises", Gertrude Stein's "lost generation". Where they are going and what disastrous culmination of circumstances set them in motion is a theme that has no place here. It is enough to point out that these *enfants perdus* do not entirely possess the Quartier Montparnasse; they are but a small whirlpool in the great and placid river of life in that section of Paris. Their antics have become a topic of conversation in two countries but they are not representative of the sixth *arrondissement*. They are the noise of the Quartier, the idle, drinking, lost regiment of careless fatalists.

Montparnasse has its depths, however. Ford, himself, suggests them in "A Mirror to France", where he writes: "In a post-war world I have come to believe that the indigent alone are the only persons worthy of respect—or at any rate those who are frugal and undispendious, and it seems to me that the young men who work their passages from Cardiff or Indiana and, arriving in Paris without knowledge of the language or money for taxis, at dead of night make somehow their way to the Luxembourg Gardens round which they wander seeking an entrance, till dawn—these Young are the salt of the Anglo-Saxon. (They do this because of Remy de Gourmont's 'Night in the Luxembourg', which makes them imagine that you can sleep on a bench beneath the statue of Verlaine.) And there are enough young men like these to make the Montparnasse district almost worthwhile of themselves. So, if one adds the several distinguished practitioners of all the arts who work there (I *can't* work there myself), it really does assume a very marked aspect of worthwhileness. I should imagine (again I remark that I don't work there myself) that the most vital work in the Arts that is now being produced is the work of artists living somewhere in the square of territory included between the Luxembourg Palace, the Lion de Belfort, the place du Maine and the bottom of the rue de Rennes —or at any rate by workers very familiar with those *parages*. I am of course talking of non-French artists who are there in the immense majority".

The reader, therefore, must remember that for every man lolling in a chair before the Café du Dôme, Le Select, or La Rotonde there are five working in high studios. These workers do drop into the cafés at times, some of them every day, but they loaf with the pleasant realization that they have accomplished something or are, at least, in the heat of some creative labor.

It is from the hordes of these ambitious

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and serious young men that Ford draws his entourage. His *Transatlantic Review* (now unhappily defunct) was a rallying point for them. Many of them were (and are) "Ford's boys". There are reasons for the paternal place which Ford occupies in their midst. He is, after all, "the good soldier" of literature, the understanding officer who encourages, suggests, and pushes his men forward. He is a man of sensibility, if the word may be used, and he is, in himself, a living example of the literary tradition.

It would be gratuitous to point out again Ford's literary antecedents and life-long contacts. Specifically it means nothing that he is related to the Rossettis or that he was a collaborator with Joseph Conrad. These things, again, are unimportant. But they predicate a something in Ford, a flowering of the mind, an immersion in the "right" river, a being "in" and a partaking "of" that makes the born and fully-developed literary man. He emanates an atmosphere of authenticity in letters that influences those about him. Whether he is sitting quietly and talking of literature, telling tales out of school, as it were, about movements and men whose names are now a portion of the English heritage, or whether he is plunging with a delightful wholeness of mind and being into his beloved French life, he always suggests the intellectual life.

There is no way of precisely putting it. One can but suggest his sanity of purpose and his literary self-assurance. Younger men, therefore, feel that in touching hands with him they are touching hands with the vital force of literature and when they converse with him they are dipping their minds into the expansive stream of quickened and alert impulse. This is provocative and it sends the young man back to his manuscript with renewed perception and confidence in himself. He is "set right", as it were, because of the indefinable aroma of the born writer that emanates from Ford.

Ford has never hurried himself. He decided that he could not write a really fine novel until he was forty years old and therefore it was not until he was forty that "The Good Soldier" appeared. And it was not until nearly a decade after that "Some Do Not" saw the light, to be followed in due course by "No More Parades", "A Man Could Stand Up" and "The Last Post". He had been in the thick of the mêlée long before "The Good Soldier" was published, however, and the row of his early books is long and impressive. A deal of this work was *pastiche*, the ebullitions of an inordinately clever young man, and it comprehended novels (an admirable story like "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes", for instance), reminiscence (witness "Revolving Lights"), poetry (half a dozen excellent little books, the cream of which may be found in the "Collected Poems"), and monographs, nature essays, critical commentaries (his "Henry James" is a sensitively understanding introduction), travel (there is "New York is Not America" for a recent example), and political discussion.

In other words, he has touched the intellectual life of his times at all angles, has been intrigued by all facets, has been an inveterate foe of narrow specialization. Most of this, at least until we reach "The Good Soldier", may be regarded as a brilliant preparation for what was to follow. He was achieving that high state of comprehension and intuitive artistry that flowered so finely in "Some Do Not".

III

This, however, is not a biographical account of Ford. Neither is it a critical study. It is impression merely and to delve too deeply into his specific works would defeat the object of these paragraphs, which is to suggest the nature of the man. If he has done so much he has not failed to play agreeably when the opportunities to do so presented themselves. So we have the varying pictures of Ford wandering through Toulon, of Ford swimming in the Rhone where the Palace of the Popes looms in the distance, Ford dancing at the *bal musette* or in his capacious studio, Ford brewing a hot Regency punch in the supposed Sahara of New York, Ford descanting on the vagaries of Welsh soldiers in the back dining-room of Lavigne's, Ford advising a gloomy friend to have a nice hot cup of *tilleul* in the Closerie des Lilas, Ford meandering up the Boulevard de Montparnasse with a string of friends pursuing

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him, and Ford meticulously ordering the best dinner that ever was at the Grille St. Michel.

He is unhurried in all of his actions and this tranquillity of being immediately sets him apart from those young men with whom he enjoys tasting the various bits of life. They, with years to spare, are still rushing about, ruffled in demeanor, uncertain of purpose, and exasperated with trifles; Ford, having passed the mid-point of his career, moves more sedately, contained and poised, quite certain as to his objective, and unannoyed by peccadilloes.

He comprehends the younger generation (a generation which he preceded in maturity but which he has made peculiarly his own) with a singular astuteness and humor. In his hours of slippered ease he may imagine himself a Tory but if he is that almost extinct species he yet whiles his Tory hours away with Ezra Pound's latest poem. He is a Roman Catholic, too, and yet he was one of the first to recognize the genius of James Joyce and the greatness of "Ulysses".

He is, first of all and always, a champion, a stout St. Paul for such enthusiasms as Henry James, Stephen Crane, Ezra Pound, or Ernest Hemingway. Wherever distinguished individuality in letters appears we may be sure of finding him, a ready fighter in a good cause, an unenvious ally. New forms do not displease him and neither do new thoughts; but he insists on the purity of the literary instinct, the absolute sincerity behind the experiment.

He admires a distinguished precision of utterance. Was he not, for years, concerned with *le mot juste?* In his own later work, in "Some Do Not", in "No More Parades", in "A Man Could Stand Up", in "The Last Post", he has given ample evidence of his love of precision, of his love for an essentially modern approach, of his love of the fastidious capture of nuances. His gods are obvious—pure thought and the Arts.

Although no one can be more English than Ford (there are even times when he looks and talks like a very epitome of all English squires) it is impossible to dissociate him from France. He has been accused of having written the finest French novel in the English language and this kindly accusation gives a hint of the Gallic lucidity and precision in his mentality. France has influenced his literary personality almost as much as England. The two countries stand for those things for which alone he considers life worth living. He delivers his dictum on this matter straight from the shoulder in "A Mirror to France".

"And what stands out in our world of Thought and the Arts is this: It is only England and France that matter to our European civilization of today—England for all the finenesses that she has produced and ignored; France for all the glories that would have been forever hers had she not owned Provence. On the fate of England, trembling in the balance, and on the destinies of France, hang the hopes of all the European world.

"*Let* us, for heaven's sake, be insular and —as long as we include France—bold, bad, remorselessly exclusive. We are not now in a world that concerns itself with international commerce, sham diplomacies, politico-economics; hardly even with military good-fellowship. These are not the concerns of Thought or of the Arts; they are the games of savages who out of ham-bones, skins, beef-tins and dyed potato sacks make gods for themselves. Did you ever talk to a diplomat? I have talked with one, almost omnipotent, about international affairs when he happened to be rather drunk and I was very angry. If you had heard that conversation you would know why the world of great industries is staggering to its ruin amidst imprecations.

"So let us, for heaven's sake, say that it is only these two countries that matter. Imagine the bottom of the sea falling out and, into the cavity, England going down. There would be a considerable whirlpool. Imagine France to follow; there would be no more world—not any world of Thought and the Arts. Not anywhere. Its backbone would be gone."

This is possibly thin comfort for the embattled young American who perceives in the Republic a vast future for both Thought and the Arts. It must be remembered, however, that Ford is moulded and shaped by England and France, that—immersed in that European civilization—he draws all his vitality from British and French springs. For him the bottom *would* be out of the world if

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his two nations were to disappear. And, perhaps, there would be very little pure Thought and unalloyed Art for any of us left if France and England were to fail us.

The white dusty road overlooks the Rhone and where I stand I can see the old ruined bridge thrusting forward like a finger in the calm current. Behind me that great desolate heap of masonry that once was the Palace of the Popes rears itself on the height. It is very quiet in Avignon, very hot, and the sunlight burns upon the white battlements. Far away, in one direction, lies Paris where in the rue du Cardinal Lemoine a blasé accordion-player starts feet dancing in a tiny *bal musette;* and not so far away, in another direction, lies the breathlessly blue Mediterranean Sea under a cloudless sky. That ancient water laps softly against tawny shores. It is full of mingled voices, faint cries, and ancient objurgations. Disconnected vocables seem to whisper on the shingle, Phoenician, Roman, Spanish, French. This, too, is the land of Ford, perhaps the dearest of his lands. He, himself, has said: " . . . From the very beginning of life—and no doubt in my ante-natal blood, I have always been subject to the feeling of a pressure towards that Southern magnetic Pole which lies in the region between Avignon, Arles and Nimes". He knows that civilizations are born of gaieties, paganisms, riches and lazinesses and he knows that Provence was the home and cradle of all these things. Therefore he goes back every summer and steeps himself in an old magic that is fashioned from sunlight, laughter, memories, ruins, and leisure.

If our first meeting with him was in the *bal musette* where he was dancing to the strains of an accordion and the thumping of a drum our last glimpse, perhaps, should be one of him swimming in the Rhone with the hot sun hovering over him like a golden hawk. For there he is merged in the contentment of an impalpable atmosphere formed of historical memories and forgotten urges. And after he comes out of the glittering water he will make a nice hot cup of English tea for us while the gracious Stella will put us at ease and we will talk of Bertran de Born and the Courts of Love and the Fair of Beaucaire and—oh, yes!—pure Thought and the Arts.

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News Story Contest

PRIZE STORY FOR DECEMBER

Mine Owners Balk at U. S. Strike Parley

By Philip Kinsley

(From the Chicago Tribune of Dec. 11, 1927)

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 10—(Special)—Secretary of Labor Davis in calling a conference of coal operators and mine union chiefs in Washington for next Tuesday with the expressed hope of bringing peace in the bituminous field by Christmas faces what appears to be an impossible task.

The Pittsburgh Coal company, largest producers of soft coal in the world, and the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal corporation, second largest coal company in this district, have already indicated that they will not send representatives to the conference. They lead the way for the other big operators in this field who have broken the power of the United Mine Workers and who feel that they have nothing to discuss with the union. Several operators, however, will attend the conference out of courtesy to the government.

Fear Compulsory Arbitration

The action of the Secretary of Labor, following conferences with the President and union leaders, is taken as an attempt by the unions to force governmental, possibly congressional, action to save their cause. Neither side wants compulsory arbitration, although this is feared. The coal companies without the most powerful pressure will simply refuse to pay the Jacksonville union wage scale and the union will not recede from its scale one cent.

This is the situation on the eve of the conference, which is only half of a conference so far as the central competitive field is concerned.

Sees No Point in Conferring

"We will respectfully decline the invitation of Secretary Davis," said C. E. Lesher, executive vice president of the Pittsburgh Coal company. "There is no point in this company meeting with officials of the government and the united mine workers to discuss labor matters. This company today is giving steady employment to 9,000 men. We have pledged them our word that they will be able to work in our mines free of any control by the union. These men now are producing more coal than we can market readily.

"The changes that have taken place in the economic status of the coal business in this district, we believe, are in the public interest and there is no public necessity for interference by the government with these fundamental readjustments."

In order to make this conference a success, according to the view of the operators of Pennsylvania and Ohio, the government will have to compel the Kentucky and West Virginia operators to pay the union scale and these have not even been summoned to Washington.

Plenty of Coal Mined

The outstanding fact in the situation in the Pittsburgh district is that the big operators are getting out all the coal they have a market for, on a wage scale that is from 20 to 33 1/3 per cent under the Jacksonville scale, for which the miners went on strike on April 1 last.

Labor regards this as a vital blow at unionism, engineered by organized capital in the interlocking directorates of coal, steel, banks and railroads in this workshop of the country. The power of the American Federation of Labor has been thrown into the fight, with prospects of political consequences that will reverberate in the presidential campaign.

Here sit the heads of the greatest coal companies in America. On their glass topped tables in the polished, quiet offices of their skyscrapers, the maps of strategy are drawn out. Here is the country, dotted with mines, the coal-bearing mother of industry. The brown is untapped. The green is idle. The yellow is working.

Guerilla War Goes On

Around the yellow patch a guerilla war is going on. Nonunion workers are housed by the company, protected by company and state police, watched and harassed by union pickets who call them "yellow dogs." But the coal is coming out at a price at which the companies can do business.

There is no danger of a shortage. On the contrary, it is hard to find a market for the coal that is above ground, and for that which thousands of nonunion men, mostly Negroes, stand ready to deliver any day. The third party to all strikes, the public, has not been touched. Perhaps that is one reason the strike has failed.

For failed it has in the western Pennsylvania field as things stand today, and the United Mine Workers, formerly one of the greatest labor unions finds itself restricted in the central competitive field to the strongholds of Illinois and Indiana and to the anthracite region of eastern Pennsylvania.

Chief Reason For Failure

The chief reason for the failure of the miners to impose their scale on the owners is that the union has failed to organize the Virginia and West Virginia and Kentucky fields. The minute Pennsylvania and Indiana and Illinois stopped work the southern operators stepped in and took the market.

There was no answer to this except complete unionization or a scale under which competition could be met. So today the operators, rich, able

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men, buttressed by lawyers, in the atmosphere of keen business, make this flat statement:

"We will never sit down at table again with the unions; we are through."

Other Side of Picture

Out on a windy hillside along the Allegheny, where the snow flurries drift and the cold wave bites hard, is the other side of this picture of triumphant American industry. The book of wonder, as a recent writer on economics calls America, has a picture of labor, smiling, going over maps with smiling capital in a silk hat, co-operation is the keynote.

There is no co-operation here and the soil is being made ready for the organizers of the I. W. W. Once the union is thoroughly crushed here, as it was in Colorado, this spirit of revolution will arise. This, however, is another day for the men at the sky-scraper desks, and they will meet that when it comes with low voiced orders and suave efficiency.

Back to this windswept hillside again. A score of men, union miners who have been out since April, are at work with hammer and saw, putting up board shacks which look like a row of bath houses, almost as simple and flimsy. Here, in the bitter winter that is at hand, 123 families of the strikers will live on doles and charity.

Forced Out of Homes

Their money has long been gone. They must leave their homes in the town by the mine, where many have lived for years, where babies were born and memories gathered, because they can no longer pay rent, and the companies demand the houses for those who will work.

"We have until Dec. 16 to get out," said the captain, the leader of the miners, removing his carpenter's apron and warming his blue hands before a little stove in one of the finished shacks. "They may sell our furniture and throw us out—and they will—but they cannot kill that which is in our hearts. We will never take a backward step in this fight.

"We are here to fight for years, if necessary. We made concessions to the operator, and he kept driving us down and won until we had to take a stand. This is to be an armed camp. Let one of those 'yellow dogs' come in here and we will kill him. The companies have cheated us and driven us long enough."

Two Rooms to a Family

The frost was on the one sliding window in the shack and the wind shook it with rattling vigor. Just 2 rooms to a family—about 10x12—with no wall covering, no furniture in sight—nothing but thin pine boards to keep out the cold.

"We are entering this Christmas season with sad and bitter hearts," the captain continued, as miner after miner told stories of harsh treatment from the bosses up the hill and their hired police. "We need help—food, Christmas things—O, I don't know what all. It looks bad for us all around."

These places are called barracks and the miners' union has already housed 1,500 families in this way in the Pittsburgh district, according to Philip Murray, vice president of the United Mine Workers. He said that the majority of 28,000 families would be affected by the eviction process.

Eviction Has Been Delayed

There have been no wholesale evictions of miners and their families by the companies. Most of the mines are surrounded by camps where the miners live in company houses at a rate of about $2 a month for each room. When the union men struck they continued to live in the homes, and as time went on could not pay rent. The companies had to build new homes for nonunion men or get the miners out of the old houses.

Under the leases there was a clear legal right on the side of the companies. They have hesitated, however, to evoke this right even under a court decision, for the bad effect such a move might have on public sentiment. There have been delays and the unions have promised to build these barracks and remove the families, but have put it off until cold weather.

In the meantime, Gov. John S. Fisher has been appealed to by the families of some of the miners and has asked a further eviction delay, which has been granted.

Pickets Have Little to Say

"Here are men who will not work for us and will not pay rent—we cannot be expected to house them indefinitely when we have workers of our own who need quarters," is the argument of the employers.

In the 100 yard dead line around the working mines, the unions maintain pickets—professional picketing it has become. In little shacks along the public road the pickets sit and eye venomously the workers going into the mines or coming home.

In the early days of the strike there was a good deal of violence and many men who wanted to work in the mines were beaten. The police have stopped this, and now the pickets have little to

THE STORY FOR DECEMBER, 1927

By Clarke Salmon

(*Managing Editor, New Orleans Item*)

I have selected Philip Kinsley's story about the Mine War in Pennsylvania as the best example of reporting and news writing for the month of December.

Mr. Kinsley has covered a difficult and complicated situation in a thorough manner. He has used "sight and insight" in gathering his information and setting it before his readers. The story speaks for itself.

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say, but a flag and a sign above their posts indicate their object. In one picket post stood a girl of the type who might have led the I. W. W. attack on the Columbine mine in Colorado.

At the cross roads a dozen or more pickets gather and watch the new workers silently. In front of one mine they have been ordered to keep moving, so they march in a circle through which the workers have to pass.

This whole struggle is over a difference of about $1.50 a day in wage. The Pittsburgh Coal company, which employs now about 7,000 nonunion men, pays on a wage basis of $6 a day. The other operators pay $5, the 1917 scale. Sixty-one operators in the state have signed up for the Jacksonville scale of $7.50, but they only employ on an average of 10 men each.

The situation seems to be driving the coal into the control of the big operators. The Pittsburgh Coal company is the largest in America. It has a goal of 18 million tons a year. It is the backbone of the nonunion movement, as in 1925, two years before the present strike, it shut down its mines, unable to run at a profit under the union scale, and reopened on a nonunion basis.

Move Proves Successful

How successful this has been is shown by the report of the company employment bureau in Pittsburgh for the last two weeks. Of 835 men who applied for work there, only 27 were taken. They can pick their men. They are producing coal as fast as they have orders to fill and now operate 18 mines. The vice president of this concern in charge of personnel says that the overall efficiency of the workers today is just as good as it was in the union days.

This company has embarked on an extensive welfare program for its men, maintaining neat homes, a sanitary engineer, health service, and has put on a new safety drive. The officials take the attitude that the strike is over—they have all the men they need and can get more if they want them, at their terms, not union terms, so there is no use in talking union wages.

Criticise Union Leaders

During the period of high coal prices brought about by the British strike this company raised wages to $7.75 a day, about the union scale. When the market went down they cut wages. This is the kind of a sliding scale agreement that might have been made with the unions, but the union leaders would not listen to this proposition.

While much sympathy is felt for the union miners left out in the cold by the pressure of economic forces, there is much criticism of the leadership that led them up this hill of desolation.

There is another element in this situation—the nonunion workers. The union psychology is narrow and regards all outside its lines as "scabs" and "yellow dogs," and unworthy of the sentiments of humanity which they invoke.

Nonunion Men Get Along

The miners on strike talk of starvation wages offered them. The nonunion workers appear to be getting along pretty well on these wages. Many of them observed by this correspondent were traveling to their jobs in automobiles which they own. Many are Negroes, but they are a husky, well fed, cheerful lot, proud of their work.

At the mine shaft one afternoon a group of these men were looking over the tally sheet of their work. The miners each carry a pocketful of brass checks and put one to each car which they load. This car is weighed and the amount placed against each man's number. The union miners complain they were cheated out of weights by the company weighman as much as 500 pounds a day. No complaint was heard in this nonunion group.

They looked for the high man and found one who had shoveled 22 tons in two days. His rate of pay was 65 cents a ton, or $14.30 for the two days' work. The company encourages its men to make as much money as they can. This young Negro, with the electric light on his cap, dynamite box at his back, was just going down with the night shift into the black hole to make more money. Over the hill he had a house and a wife and babies.

Fight Costly to Owners

It takes money, big money, to run a nonunion mine. Some idea of the cost of this fight to the companies is given in the bill filed in the U. S. District court by the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal corporation. It was under this bill that Judge F. P. Schoonmaker entered the injunction decree which has seriously crippled the strikers' activities.

The company has an investment of $20,000,000 in its properties and is now running six mines on a nonunion basis. The federal action was based on conspiracy under the Clayton and Sherman acts and set forth the following situation:

"For a number of years the United Mine Workers of America have engaged in a continuing conspiracy to prevent the operation of nonunion mines, within or near the so-called central competitive field, composed of western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

"During said period the said national body has planned by the use of organized methods, supplemented and reinforced in many instances by acts of intimidation, coercion, violence, lawlessness and even by armed defiance of civil authority, to compel mine operators to deal exclusively with the national body on a closed union shop basis, to pay a higher scale of wages, and to submit to more burdensome working conditions than those prevailing in the nonunion mines.

Capital Return Jeopardized

"In many cases when such mine operators have yielded to the demands of said union defendants, the cost of operation has increased to such extent that the ever present competition of nonunion mines, so located as to compete in the same markets, has jeopardized the return upon capital investment in such unionized mines or even the capital itself.

"When any such coal operator or group of coal operators would endeavor to lower the cost of operation so as to meet the competition of nonunion production, and to attain such purpose would seek to reduce the cost of labor, the union defendants steadfastly set themselves against such reduction and invariably visualized their antagonism thereto by the use of the strike, boycott, intimidation and violence and persistent interference in the operation of said mines, to enforce conformity with the fixed and inflexible scale of wages and codes of conduct which said union defendants prescribed.

(Continued on page XLI)

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Sights and Sounds

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN FLEA

By Robert Benchley

I DON'T want to be a defeatist, but from now on until the summer shows begin charging in, it is going to be increasingly difficult to find entertainment in New York.

Not that there won't be plenty of things to do to have fun. You can always have fun so long as you have your wind left. But for those jaded souls who don't feel that they are being entertained unless they are paying too much money for it, things are going to be a little drab during the early spring. The plays usually begin to thin out and get peaked along about the end of February and those that do come into town look as if they had been lying around on some manager's desk for several years and were being produced now to get them out of the way. The night-club business begins to drag (and when *this* year's night-club business begins to drag it won't be moving at all) and the boys and girls in evening clothes who spend their time in what our Mr. Winchell calls "making whoopee" begin to get cross and snarly and make their whoopee with a grimness which indicates that they would much rather be at home and in bed. And then, of course, the skating-rinks close, leaving a gap in my own life the size of a nickel-slot.

As we still have a great deal of winter weather coming to us which December and January omitted from their schedules, there may be during March and April plenty of outdoor sports, such as falling down in snow and punting through slush, but indoors (unless 1928 is to be an exception) a lot of people are going to be left looking vacantly at one another and trying to think up new ways of mixing gin and orange juice so that it won't taste so terrible.

I myself usually plan to go abroad about now. That is, I stop and look in at the windows of Thomas Cook and Sons or the Wagon-Lits office and pick out my favorite poster. Then I go home and try to find my passport and enough money for passage, both of which seem to have been mislaid during the winter. So I stay in New York. But, as I said before, about now I usually plan to go abroad.

* * *

The theater, then, is about the only haven for those who get nervous sitting at home of an evening. There are, of course, a lot of the old plays which have been running all season which are good, even if the new ones don't shape up very well and, for the benefit of those readers of this department who through illness or other incapacity haven't been able to follow these pages every month, I will recapitulate and list those plays which ought to be seen before any new ones are tried.

If you like to cry or think or worry in the theater there are: "Coquette", "Escape", "Interference", "Porgy", "The Racket", "Strange Interlude" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan". For laughing, sneering or mild meditation, "The Baby Cyclone", "Broadway", "Burlesque", "The Doctor's Dilemma", "Marco Millions", "Cock Robin", "Paris Bound", "The Queen's Husband", "The Royal Family" and "The Shannons". And for the foot-tappers and hummers, together with those who look gladly at bright colors and beautiful women, "A Connecticut Yankee", "Funny Face", "Golden Dawn", "Good News", "The Five O'Clock Girl", "Manhattan Mary", "She's My Baby" and "Show Boat".

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Of the new ones which have broken through since our last meeting, we have one murder-mystery, "Cock Robin", one elaborate satire, "Marco Millions", one melodramatic comedy, "The Queen's Husband", and one musical show, "Rosalie". None of these, not even Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions", will set anything afire, much less the North River, but they will serve.

"Cock Robin" is the combined work of Philip Barry who wrote "White Wings" and "Paris Bound" and of Elmer Rice who wrote "On Trial" and "The Adding Machine". It tells of a killing which took place during the performance of an amateur show and while there are times when you almost don't care who did kill Cock Robin (which literary reference the authors have fortified by naming the victim *Hancock Robinson*) there are so many other moments when you are highly amused that the thing more than evens up. At least five of these minutes come when Beatrice Herford appears before the curtain as the amateur performance is about to start and explains that there has been a slight change on the program (Mr. Clarke Torrence playing the role of *Jemmy* and Mr. Richard Lane playing *Dick Tuttle, His Friend,* instead of, as on the program Mr. Lane playing *Jemmy* and Mr. Torrence playing *Dick Tor*—or rather *Dick Tuttle*). Miss Herford also goes into the financial returns of the performance, which seem to assure attention to the trees in front of the Nurses' Home by the Davey Tree Specialists in the future. It is one of the most delectable bits of comedy in town and is, alone, worth seeing "Cock Robin" for.

There is one point on which we wish to scold the director of "Cock Robin" for cheating. We saw the show twice, and the second time we watched the person who was supposed to commit the murder. It wasn't committed at all.

In the matter of O'Neill's "Marco Millions" we feel a little waspish picking flaws with such a splendid production and such an obviously sincere piece of dramatic writing. But the fact remains that, as satire, "Marco Millions" is pretty conventional stuff by now, although it probably wasn't quite so banal when O'Neill wrote it. Kidding the Go-Getter has become a favorite pastime now with every writer who has read at all, and it is even getting to be the thing to do among the Go-Getters themselves. It is true that O'Neill has tried to do more than just show up the Babbitt, but during his poetic passages designed to set off the idealism and aesthetic superiority of the East over the fierce commercialism and blindness of the West there still runs the debatable thesis that money and numbers and luxury are in themselves ignoble things and that, if a man prefers the sensuous charms of good food, a buxom wife and bags of gold to speculating on Truth and the Idea and consorting with a lyric and love-sick princess, he is in a way a bounder and fit only to be crushed on the wheel. The argument for the non-combatant in the war for power and gold would have been a little more forceful if it had been propounded by someone a little less powerful and rich than the *Great Kaan* himself or someone sitting a little less pretty than his court-philosopher.

But this does not alter the fact that "Marco Millions" is something to be seen, as is the acting of Alfred Lunt, Margalo Gillmore, Dudley Digges and Baliol Holloway. It is too bad that it couldn't have been produced when it was written.

In "The Queen's Husband", Robert Sherwood has shifted entirely from the pseudo-classical satire of his "The Road to Rome" and goes in frankly for high-class hokum, with the rôle of *King Eric* as played by Roland Young making it something else again. We have here many familiar ingredients of the old royal melodrama with its revolutionists, its bullying militarists, its princess who is betrothed to a hateful prince while still in love with a handsome commoner —and lots of off-stage cannonading. But all through it runs the charming character of the mild little king who hates his job and collects penguins and through whose sly machinations everything turns out just dandy in the end. Mr. Young has his first chance for a long time to show what a fine comedian he is and he takes it to his heart. As the thinly-disguised Queen who makes a publicity visit to America to raise money Gladys Hanson justifies the casting-director's judg-

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ment and Katharine Alexander even gives an illusion of possibly being a real princess. "The Queen's Husband" is not a great play but it is a swell show.

We are putting "Rosalie" on the list, not so much because of "Rosalie" as because of Jack Donahue. Here is a comic who has, in the last few seasons, become one of the leading laugh-getters on the legitimate stage after years of convulsing vaudeville audiences. He is a wonderful dancer as well, and it is a safe bet, whenever you see his name in an advertisement, that there will be almost five dollars and fifty cents worth of good kidding in the evening. No show is worth five-fifty, but a show with Mr. Donahue comes as near to it as you will get.

The fact that Marilyn Miller is in "Rosalie" as well will also make the evening worth while for most people, although something seems to have happened to Miss Miller this year, something almost intangible and yet very apparent. She just doesn't dominate as she used to. Perhaps it is because she hasn't been given much to dominate with. The story, which also deals with the visit of a not-so-mythical Queen to America and the romance of the Princess with a West Point cadet (to think that John J. Pershing should have lived to see the day when the corps of cadets of his Alma Mater should be represented by Ziegfeld "mediums"!) is just one of those stories, but it gives Mr. Donahue a chance to take part in some of the most flagrant insubordination ever witnessed on the Reservation and Mr. Gershwin a chance to indulge in one or two of his pleasantest rhythms, and so "Rosalie" may safely be included in any list which contains only items for pleasurable diversion.

And this just about cleans up the theatrical fare for the month. By the time this appears in print (of which, according to the editors, there is some doubt unless I get it in by three o'clock—it now being five-thirty) the Theater Guild will have unveiled Eugene O'Neill's bas-relief on Stone Mountain, "Strange Interlude", which, it is promised —or threatened—will begin at five in the afternoon, with time out for dinner and a quick rub-down. It shows how firm is Mr. O'Neill's reputation as a dramatist and the Guild's as a producing organization that, even before it opens, one is able to predict that it will be worth seeing.

There will also have been a play called "Salvation", of which almost the same confident prediction can be made, involving as it does Sydney Howard and Charles MacArthur as authors, Pauline Lord as star and Arthur Hopkins as producer. I may be wrong on this, so it would be wise to check up on the general sentiment around town before ordering seats in my name. But the line-up looks pretty good from a week in advance.

* * *

Although I am a little late in covering the Flea Circus at Heber's Museum on Forty-Second Street, I am only lining up with the other critics when I offer it as a pastime for those who happen to be passing by. The difficulty comes in passing by at just the time when the flea-circus is beginning. There are many other features in the Museum, all of which may be seen for the price of admission, but they change often and are of varying values. Sometimes you will strike a charming lady who writes with her feet and another who comes perilously close to swallowing a sword or two. There are machines which will tell your fortune and others which impart an exotic, oriental scent to your handkerchief if it is held in the proper place.

But the real attraction is the flea-circus, in which dozens of these little fellows perform under the microscope for your delectation, dressed in ballet-skirts, hussars' uniforms and even full evening-dress. They push gigantic balls about and jump barriers and, in general, behave in an expert manner with practically no display at all of artistic temperament. Although I am refraining from the gag about taking the leading-lady out to supper, I will say that one of the ballet-dancers appealed pretty strongly to me physically and I have made known to her my willingness to put a certain amount of money into any show in which she may be starred. I really feel that here is a little girl who has something. In case you do drop in, she is the second from the left in the big "Vampires of History" number.

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"BALLADS, SONGS AND SNATCHES"

By Abbe Niles

THEY caught Hickman in Pendleton, Oregon, and he laid the child-murder to his friend Cramer. But when the latter, having been in jail for the last six months, returned this tribute unopened, the Fox (as he is known by the affectionate tabloids) threw up his hands and issued his Statement to the Youth of America:

". . . Young men, when crime has once overcome your will-power to be honest and straight you are a menace to society. Take my example to illustrate this. . . . I hope I can do some good by giving this warning. Think it over, see my mistake, be honest and upright, respect the law. If you do these things you'll be happier in the end and will have gained more from life."

Exploits such as Hickman's are not celebrated in song and story, yet his statement is in the best tradition of the bad-man ballads, where more and meatier moral counsel may be found by those who need it than in the nearest Sunday-school. And if Hickman's story should yet be rhymed and set to sweet, sad music, explicit directions for its rendering are at hand:

"In singing this, the mood should be that of a simple and tender murderer anxious to awaken sympathy and affection, so a sort of gentle melancholy must possess the singer. [Hickman], you must understand, is supposed to be a penitent, very desirous that he should not be permanently misunderstood. If he desires one thing more than another, it is to be able to exercise influence by setting himself up as an awful example. . . . Let the singer imagine himself . . . making his last dying speech and confession, the gist of which is to seem to be an alert and intelligent advocate of holy living. Thus may come an artistic success."

The above is quoted from Charles J. Finger's "Frontier Ballads" (Doubleday, Page, $3.50), and I have ventured therein to substitute "Hickman" for "Kidd". Finger's book, which contains many good songs and much wise and understanding discourse on their ways, also presents perhaps the only existing piece of advice from a moribund blackleg that is Sincere:

"I have a word to speak, boys, only another to say:
Don't never be no cow-thief, don't never run no stray.
Be careful of your rope, boys, and keep it on a tree—
Just suit yourselves about it, for it's nothing at all to me."

There is a momentary lack of new song-lyrics for reproduction in this department. "Constant Reader", in *The New Yorker* of December 10th, 1927, has anticipated me with that of Ira Gershwin's "The Babbitt and the Bromide" (from "Funny Face"), which says more on its subjects in three verses and a chorus than did Sinclair Lewis in "The Man Who Knew Coolidge". Lorenz Hart's mock counsels of good cheer in "Whoopsie" (from "She's My Baby") reach a pinnacle of unreason, but apart from Rodgers's bounding tune they wilt; one can mention only the glad surprise of such lines as

"Chance gone—Pants gone—Shut up!
Cut up!"

and

"Whoopsie! When cats and dogs go pitter-patter
Just let them rain from the sky—
So look for the silver Whoopsie
And watch the clouds roll by!"

Finally, the publishers of "Show Boat", who have denied its music to the radio, the dance orchestras and the phonographs, consistently withhold the privilege of reprinting Oscar Hammerstein's lyric for "Old Man River".

That is a song with more than an ingenious or pretty melody; there are thought and suffering bound up in its words and in the rise and fall of its long melodic sentences. And I, who have expressed disappointment with recent Jerome Kern scores, am glad to record that in "Show Boat" he achieves more than a recovery, with a score for which the practice of binding in book form is to be

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revived and which will be worth having for its incidental music alone. As a Negro folk-song addict I take a disproportionate interest in Kern's experiments—I believe, his first—in jazz and thorough-going ragtime, and a special pleasure in his introduction to "Can't Help Lovin' That Man", which is very possibly the first genuine blues written by any white musical-comedy writer. This is a *pastiche,* evidently inspired by Spencer Williams rather than Handy, but it is not a plagiarism, and like the rest of this music it will stand on its own merits.

There has been an uncalled-for "anachronism" war over the old tunes interpolated in "Show Boat's" 1904 episode. "After the Ball" was twelve years old at the time, but had just been very successfully revived. "Washington Post" was used; it may have been new or old, but good Sousa marches, like Handy blues, do not age. "Georgia Campmeeting" was seven years old, but was used as a standard cakewalk, which it still is. "Good Bye, My Lady Love", on information and belief, was practically contemporaneous with the scene. "Good Morning, Carrie" was introduced by George Walker in 1900 and published the same year. Its composer, the Negro Chris Smith, wrote "Ballin' the Jack" (1915), and will shortly publish "The Rabbit-Foot Man", which runs in part:

"I've got a tub full of lizards, mosquitoes and fleas,
My back yard is full of goopher-dust trees,
I make love-powders from a slippery-ellum limb,
An' when my roots starts a-workin', it's too bad, Jim!
. . . I can fix him so he can't quit, 'deed I can—
But you gotta grease the mitt of the Rabbit-Foot Man."

But I digress. "Good Morning, Carrie" was commercially dead in 1904, but in the mouth of the colored housemaid in "Show Boat" it was perfectly appropriate. Had the writers of the show come to this department, it would for a trifling percentage of the gross have cheerfully supplied an adequate list of actual 1904 copyrights: "Alexander", "All Aboard for Dreamland", "Good Bye, My Blue Bell", "Good Bye, Little Girl, Good Bye", "Just for the Sake of Society", "Pepita Maguire", "Teasing"—but then they would have missed all the controversy and the publicity. As it is, their position seems impregnable, save for the question whether or not the blues had reached any developed or even recognizable stage by the time (the late 'Eighties) of the first act.

A book of new non-Broadway music reaches the department: "Songs from 'Now We Are Six'" (Dutton, $2.50). Omitting any introduction of Milne's children's verse, I may say that these tunes and accompaniments, light as the "trifle" they serve at English desserts, fit perfectly—but are unlikely to be remembered for their own sakes. There is less whimsicality but considerably more melodic value in a related song, Ida Bostelmann's setting to F. P. A.'s little satire ("When Nancy Greenall Was Very Young") on the Royal Bonnet of Britain.

Any who follow me farther are to park their high hats, for there are arrears of popular songs to be dealt with; more than this month's space will accommodate. . . . Announcement: I shall not attempt to keep up with "semi-classical ballads" of the Ernest Ball school: "A Little Bit of Heaven", etc. But as it lies before me I mention one of Ball's last, "Watching the World Go By", and those who sing heart-songs may be interested in "Sweet Little Lady of Mine", the darkey melody "Honey, Dat's All", and "We'll Understand".

"Ballads" that can be danced to are another matter: three fox-trot hits, all by the De Sylva, Brown & Henderson team, are "Among My Souvenirs" (an excellent tune with an echo from the Rubinstein E-flat Romance, also known in the business as "Valse Illusion"), "Broken Hearted", and "Just a Memory".

Some good songs from musical comedies, all in 4-4 time: Rodgers's "You're What I Need" and "A Little House in Soho Square" (in "She's My Baby"); Gershwin's "Say So", "Oh Gee, Oh Joy", and "How Long Has This Been Going On?" (in "Rosalie"); Friml's "Regimental March" and "The Man I Love" (from the lamented "Strike Up the Band" in "The White Eagle"); "'Sno Use Talking" (in "Sunny Days").

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Waltzes: a graceful Poor-Butterfly affair, "Japansy"; "Charmaine" and "Diane", twin sisters of which I choose the latter; "Molly Malone" (from "The Merry Malones")—no matter where Cohan got the tune to his verse; Romberg's "Kingdom of Dreams" (from "Rosalie"). In playing Irving Berlin's "The Song Is Ended", one gets along better by shifting fingers, or thumbs, on the thrice-repeated B-flat; see also "Where in the World", "Bury Me Out on the Prairie" (a highly misogynistic version of the old cowboy song); "Little Log Cabin O' Dreams", which can afford to bear comparison with "Little Grey Home in the West", and "Together", Ray Henderson's latest up to noon today.

He who trots with all these foxes will need new shoes: I said there wasn't enough space; I mean some fox-trots must wait till April, though it's not their fault. *Agile fox-trots:* "Dancing Tambourine", as individual a piece as you will hear today or tomorrow; "Doll Dance" (wordless), light cavortings of the "Nola" type; "Nola" itself, *redivivus.* . . . *Smooth, fast and free-running fox-trots:* Berlin's "Together, We Two"; "Miss Anabelle Lee"; "Without You, Sweetheart"; "Where the Wild, Wild Flowers Grow"; "Dawning"; the appealing little "Every Time I Pick a Sweetie"; "The Way He Loves is Just Too Bad" (*cf.* "My Sweetie Went Away"); "We Ain't Got Nothin' to Lose" (*cf.* "The Girl Friend"); "I'm Coming, Virginia"; "A Little Bit of Sunshine" (by Vaughn De Leath, the Radio Girl when there wasn't but one); "Didn't I Tell You?" (smooth to glossiness); and "Blue Ridge Mountain Home", which recalls a bit of "Pack Up Your Troubles" and another of "I Want a Girl, Just Like the Girl, That Married Dear Old Dad". . . . *Bursting-with-enthusiasm fox-trots:* "Tin Pan Parade", which pleasantly suggests the verse to "Hold Me In Your Loving Arms" and the swing of "Pullman Porters on Parade"; "Here Comes the Show Boat" (not from that show); "Henry's Made a Lady out of Lizzie" (a full line of New Ford jokes, e.g.: "She's like all the other vamps, Pretty shape and lovely lamps"); and "I Scream —You Scream—We All Scream for Ice Cream", which has Hebrew verses, verses Italian, Greek, English, Flapper, Shiver, Rube, and six miscellaneous—altogether the most determined and sustained comic effort since the Cox presidential campaign.

. . . But here there falls on the departmental neck the editorial axe. Next month, début-dance fox-trots, Negroid fox-trots, revivals and some piano ragtime.

Best Sellers in Popular Music

A baker's dozen, in order of popularity as of February 10th, kindly furnished by R. H. Macy & Co., New York. "W" indicates waltzes; the rest are fox-trots.

1. Blue Heaven (Donaldson)
2. Among My Souvenirs (Henderson)
3. My Heart Stood Still (Rodgers)
4. The Song Is Ended (Berlin) W
5. Varsity Drag (Henderson)
6. Head Over Heels in Love (Thayer)
7. Is She My Girl Friend? (Ager)
8. A Shady Tree (Donaldson) W
9. Did You Mean It? (Baker, Silvers and Lyman)
10. Beggar (Snyder)
11. Up in the Clouds (Ruby)
12. Can't Help Lovin' That Man (Kern)
13. 'sWonderful (Gershwin)

In our last best-seller list "Blue Heaven" was credited to Henderson instead of to Donaldson.

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Anonymously—John Farrar

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
AND BROUN'S ON THE WORLD!
(Probably not at seven in the morning;
but then!)

BREAKFAST is again the good old meal it used to be. For a long time after "It Seems to Me" had vanished from the pages of the alma mater sheet, I didn't know what was the matter. I tried taking up breakfast food again. That produced an immediate change in weight which called forth no enthusiasm. Then, I tried two cups of coffee. Added to a naturally optimistic temperament, this produced a gaiety which almost landed me in the divorce-courts. Then I discovered that it was lack of my daily Broun that was upsetting the even schedule of life. Not that I always read Broun; but there was something comforting in the form of the paragraphs, something stimulating in the mere shape of the words. A friend offered to buy me one of Broun's paintings to hang facing the morning egg; but my physician advised against this. My hero-worship had betrayed me again. Broun was apparently My Breakfast-Time Hero (Song cue), and he was gone. I tried *The Nation;* but acute indigestion followed. Then the New Year dawned, and with it my Hero returned. Now, my slogan is, "If bromides fail you, try Broun for breakfast".

In spite of the gentleman who writes from Kansas that he enjoys these pages, but that they seem to him rather light, and that something must have happened to me because in the old days I used to write about worth while things, I must, of necessity, spend much space this month in a discussion of Heroes and Hero-Worship, and of that little heroine versed in piquancy, Dorothy Parker.

This is the lady whom I praised, perhaps immoderately, in these pages during the month of January. Apparently embarrassed, she honored me by a paragraph in *The New Yorker*. It is she who writes poetry like an angel and criticism like a fiend. It is she who has apparently replaced with her editorials the page left vacant in *McCall's* magazine by the death of Gene Stratton-Porter. It is she who, with a noble gesture, sold the friendship of Chris Morley for a mess of words. Yes, it is she, who, in no time at all, and tiny though she is, has become the giantess of American letters, secure at the top of her beanstalk and ready to eat up any poor Jack who shows his head bearing signs of enthusiasm, sentimentality, or quaintness.

At this point, perhaps it would be wiser to run away from Mrs. Parker; but, as Philip Barry would put it, I mustn't forget that I'm a Yale man. She writes, "Mr. Farrar was formerly editor of THE BOOKMAN, and now contributes regularly to its newer, more lavish pages. He is, I think, the most enviable of men. We all of us meet our heroes face to face, and that is our tragedy (My God, an epigram!), but Mr. Farrar's gods remain his gods. He is still in a state of high hysteria about meeting a writer. His hand trembles, his pen bubbles, as he writes of attending this or that literary gathering".

Considering the fact that she was writing of a book called "The Spirit of St. Louis", I think she let me off pretty easy; but that's another matter. The worst of that paragraph is that I wish it were true. To be sure I approach hysteria and my hand certainly does tremble at the thought of meeting my little heroine, Mrs. Parker, again, and I hope that she will not deny that she's a writer. However, if I could recapture for one day the first fine careless rapture with which I met my first author (Heaven help me, it was in the Burlington High School auditorium [Vermont, not New Jersey] and it was Alfred Noyes and I thought his reading of "The Highwayman" was pretty swell), I'd give a good deal. I'd even give O. O. McIntyre permission to say anything he wanted to about me without regard for

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the libel laws. (By the way, watch for a serious discussion of the life and works of this gentleman in an early issue. Advt.) Moreover, if I ever lose my joy at reading a book I like, or completely lose my willingness to meet its author, provided he doesn't want to discuss a royalty statement, I will, as Mrs. Parker herself would put it, murder my favorite author and ask Warden Lawes to do his duty.

Good writing is not a trick. It is a result of genius or talent plus hard work. The sort of writing Dorothy Parker does in her poetry, in some of her prose, is certainly not tricky. Good journalism, however, even good journalistic reviewing, is likely to be pretty tricky most of the time. The public at the moment, perhaps always and forever, is most impressed by *personality*, in writing, on the stage, in an airplane, in the movies, in the prize-ring, in the pulpit. Consciously or subconsciously, every person who has a success with the public is playing on his or her special appeal to that public. To escape from a personality which has been created by you, or for you, is the most difficult thing in the world to do. When William Lyon Phelps turns ironist it is very hard to follow him. Similarly, when Dorothy Parker indulges in enthusiasm she writes a piece like "Poor, Immortal Isadora", her recent review of "My Life", by Isadora Duncan. There are flashes of the real Dorothy Parker, even in this review; for sentences like the following do not bubble from the pen of a mere Farrar: "There was never a place for her in the ranks of the terrible, slow army of the cautious. She ran ahead, where there were no paths".

Yet, in her enthusiasm, she must apologize. She uses the word "glamour", and, as if trembling before her own daring in using a word that has been often misused, she spends a paragraph in self-extenuation. Twice she uses a mannerism which high school teachers bewail: "She never recovered from their deaths", she writes, then, "Oh, she tried". And again, "Mrs. Duncan must have been so tired. Oh, so very tired". And she ends the piece quoting a poem of sentiment, and the two lines of prose, "They were lucky men, they were. But she was not a lucky lady". Please, Mrs. Parker, stick to your humor, your satire, your irony. If you like, I'll send you lots of books to treat with your own special and unloving touch. I'll ask Mr. Morley and Mr. Milne to come to your rescue with a couple, or even Mrs. Post, and, if you're very, very good, oh, very! I'll write a story-book for children, with a quaint saying on every page, a whimsy at the end of every paragraph, a poem to Lindbergh at the beginning, an essay on good manners at the end, high hysteria all the way, and a love story that will put Ethel M. Dell in the shade. It will probably sell a hundred thousand, and then, my heroine, you can say what you will, and afterwards, we will launch a lovely pink canoe from the Battery, and seek oblivion together.

So far as literary teas are concerned, I missed a perfectly good one the day *The New Yorker* came out because I was so self-conscious about it, and was afraid everyone would expect me to bubble—and, as all the world knows, it's hard to bubble when every one expects you to bubble. Two teas, as a matter of record, Louis Bromfield's and Frances Noyes Hart's. By the way, a gentleman named Haggin, who, I seem to remember, used to write reviews for me, wrote me a vivid letter anent my defence of Louis Bromfield. He seems to have confused the reviews of Mr. Bromfield's plays, which were certainly not nice, with those of his books, which have been pretty nice. I've lost the letter. Perhaps he'll write me another so that I can print it. He tells me there's something wrong with my aesthetic. I've known it for a long time; but I've been trying to keep it from my friends and family. Ever since I got the letter I've been trying to write a poem to run something like this,

"I have a little aesthetic,
It follows me all day,
Mr. Haggin
Thinks its waggin'
It's always in my way.

It's frightfully peripatetic
It refuses to obey,
Mr. Haggin
Quit your raggin'
My pathetic, peripatetic, little aesthetic.

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The poem is far from perfect, but I'm sure you'll understand. Now, if you haven't read "The Bellamy Trial", you must do so at once. Charlie Taft came on to New York the day after the Remus trial was ended, and I asked him if he'd read it. He said he hadn't had a chance yet, but it ought to be legally correct, because "Look at her husband!" I suppose that means Mrs. Hart's husband is a good lawyer, as I haven't ever looked at him. Anyhow, "The Bellamy Trial" is much better than that. It is superb in its character-drawing, tight in its construction, and proves what must have been long ago evident to readers of her short stories, that Mrs. Hart promises to be one of our best *and* most successful novelists.

Three books I have enjoyed this month are "The Portrait Invisible" by Joseph Gollomb, "Claire Ambler" by Booth Tarkington and "Southern Charm" by Isa Glenn.

"The Portrait Invisible" contains the best detective figure I can remember since Sherlock Holmes. He is called "The Goldfish" and he sprang from the William James class at Harvard. Mr. Gollomb brings intelligence to the detective-murder-mystery yarn, and I look for a distinguished success for him equal to that of S. S. Van Dine. Mr. Tarkington has fooled the youngsters in "Claire Ambler". They think he has written a light and frivolous book. I defy any woman to come away from "Claire Ambler" without feeling a little as though someone had been prying open the small corners of her soul, at least according to the information its women readers have given me. Isa Glenn's other novels were excellent; but in "Southern Charm" it becomes apparent that we have another writer of the caliber of a Willa Cather or a May Sinclair among us. This novel has annoyed certain professional Southerners, and so far as the sectional aspect of the book is concerned, I have nothing to say. I have never known any Southerners like those Miss Glenn pictures, and possibly they don't exist; but the point is she makes her reader believe that they do. The technical feat she essays is a difficult one and she triumphs over it. Then, quite apart from its literary excellence, the story is absorbing. My one quarrel with it is on the score of its length. It could be a much fuller book and suffer not at all. On the other hand, to gain so splendid an effect in so small a compass is in itself an achievement.

The motion-picture world this month may have presented some excellent pictures. So far as we are concerned, the amount of entertainment offered by Cullen Landis in a film about the Finnigans and the Flannigans was small but the theater we saw it in was immense. Within two blocks of our house it is possible to hear all the noises that I associate with a motion-picture show back in Burlington, Vt. The smacks and hoots which greet the close-up embraces are a marvel to hear. At another neighborhood theater we saw Laura La Plante in "Silk Stockings". The film is slight; but it occurs to me that this young lady, in spite of a plumpness which may ultimately overcome her, is about as clever a screen comédienne as it is possible these days to behold. Messmore Kendall kindly sent us passes to the Capitol Theater, so we shall be seeing and writing of that playhouse *de luxe* often. Clark and McCullough on the stage there last week I thought far funnier than Karl Dana, George Arthur and Charlotte Greenwood in "Baby Mine". I should admit, however, that I laughed immoderately at what seemed on after-thought a vulgar and silly film. Roxy's, however, was another matter last week. The film, featuring a somewhat febrile and constantly active young woman, named Dolores Del Rio, was negligible. The dancing-girls were excellent. *But,* a musical pageant concerning the life and death of Joan of Arc was probably the stupidest and most unfortunate episode that this veteran theater-goer ever witnessed. Moreover, if Mr. Rothapfel should write me himself and express his surprise that Mrs. Snyder's execution had seemed to have any bearing on that morbid and vulgar display which I had the misfortune to witness the evening after the unfortunately publicized Sing-Sing episode I should not believe him. Such coincidences do not occur. If, by any millionth chance, it was a coincidence it was a harrowing and a dismaying one.

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Robert Frost was in town recently. No, I did not meet him at a tea-party. He was on his way to Amherst for his winter teaching session. He promised to come to the Bread Loaf Conferences in creative writing next summer and told me that he is beginning to think seriously about the possibilities of a new book of poems. Mathilde Eiker, whose "Over the Boatside" has left me in hysteria, also arrived in town. Yes, I met her at tea. At two teas, to be perfectly frank with you. She is tall, modest, dark; quite able to put anyone in his place. I should have known from her novel that she was stage-struck, and she is. No more so than I, so we had an afternoon of complete joy, forgetting publishing and novels and just talking about the plays she is going to write, has written, and the plays I have written, alas! and am not going to write.

The night before the opening of "Show Boat" I telephoned Miss Ferber to wish her joy, and she said "Both plays will probably fail". That's exactly the proper state of mind for an author on the eve of two of the greatest successes in theatrical history. The opening of "Show Boat" was an occasion to send this hysterical hero-worshipper into an insane asylum. Think of seeing Fanny Ward, Mayor Walker, Marc Connelly and Neysa McMein all in the same instant! And Otto Kahn. I almost forgot Otto Kahn. Anyhow, "Show Boat" is a gorgeous evening's entertainment. Yet, in spite of the fanfare of Ziegfeld trumpets, it fades from my mind when I come to consider "The Royal Family", by Miss Ferber and George Kaufman. A rich, impudent, gay play, with enough pathos to send you home gulping between smiles. With "Porgy", "The Trial of Mary Dugan", and now, Philip Barry's "Paris Bound", it makes a rich harvest for the theater-goer.

One great trouble with "Paris Bound" is that it makes any publisher living in the East Eighties a trifle self-conscious. However, it is a thoroughly good light comedy. Mr. Barry writes better than ever about the same thing, and why not? He has always attempted to show the struggles of someone in the throes of spiritual, mental or physical infidelity. He is much absorbed with the compromises of life; but who is not? His lines sparkle and you remember them. Moreover he is one of the few playwrights who know how to make a "gag line" appear in character.

The following letter from a young lady at Wellesley, Miss Helen Douglas Benton, deserves consideration:

"My dear Mr. Farrar,

This has probably been brought to your attention several times already, but it would be such a shame for you to miss your own unconscious humor, that I run the risk of repetition. I refer to the last page of your column in the December BOOKMAN, where you wrote, ". . . read the introduction to 'The Romantick Lady', Vivian Burnett's autobiography of his mother". And to make it more delightful the next sentence is "I can think of no better example of unconscious humor". Neither can we.

Quite sincerely and appreciatively,
Helen Douglas Benton"

Miss Benton, will you do me a favor? Will you read "The Romantick Lady"? Then, will you answer me, humor, perhaps not; but, dear lady, unconscious?

For those who read French, as anyone should who reads the advertisements, I reprint from *L'Intransigéant* André Maurois's comments on us upon his return to his native shores. I can remember no interview from a returned visiting author so kindly, so wise, so thoroughly graceful:

SE MIEUX CONNAITRE

Retour d'Amérique

M. André Maurois nous dit...

M. André Maurois est l'auteur aujourd'hui célèbre de livres clairs, nets, vigoureux et passionnés: *La Vie de Disraëli, Dialogues sur le Commandement, Meïpe ou la Délivrance.* Il avait projeté d'écrire un nouvel ouvrage sur l'Amérique et les Américains. Il a donc été se documenter sur place. Invité par l'Alliance française, il a parcouru tout l'Est américain: Etats-Unis et Canada.

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Durant deux mois il a été de ville en ville, d'Université en Université, faisant des conférences, déjeunant avec des écrivains, dinant avec des directeurs de journaux. Entre temps, il regardait le pays, prenait des notes, visitait des musées... André Maurois est rentré il y a quelques jours par le paquebot *Ile-de-France*. Nous avons été l'interviewer à Neuilly, où il habite un rez-de-chaussée dans une rue tranquille. Les fenêtres donnent sur quelques carrés de gazon.

* * *

Voici les premiers mots d'André Maurois:

— Je n'écrirai pas ce livre que je m'étais promis d'écrire...

— Pourquoi?

— C'est que l'Amérique est plus diverse qu'on ne pense. Pour en avoir une idée approximative il faut y faire au moins quatre voyages visiter successivement l'Est, l'Ouest, le Centre et le Sud.

— Vous y retournerez donc?

— Oui, avec d'autant plus de plaisir que j'ai été accueilli en Amérique avec la plus vive sympathie, par une élite intellectuelle, nombreuse, des mieux averties et dont l'hospitalité, je vous assure, est la plus charmante qui soit. Les Américains ont le goût de la civilisation française, tout ce qui touche la France les intéresse, nos meilleurs amis d'aujourd'hui et de demain sont là-bas.

— Quelle impression générale rapportez-vous de votre voyage?

— De jeunesse, d'optimisme, de contentement. L'Amérique est jeune, les Américains sont jeunes. L'esprit américain c'est encore l'esprit pionnier. Il y a encore tant de choses à découvrir. Esprit de pionnier, vous disais-je. Ainsi, tenez, à l'Université de Dartmouth le cri de ralliement est un cri indien: "Oua, oua!" Dartmouth est aux abords d'une forêt. Le soir, les étudiants emportent leur dîner et leurs livres et s'en vont en plein bois. A la belle saison ils y passent la nuit et le plus loin pour eux est le mieux...

— Vous avez eu des auditoires surtout composés d'étudiants?

— Et de femmes. En Amérique ce sont les femmes surtout qui lisent, qui s'occupent d'art, de musique. Les hommes sont pris complètement par leurs affaires, la grande course des affaires au sens sportif du mot. Les hommes et les femmes vivent complètement séparés. Le soir seulement on se raconte la journée. Il y a ainsi, si je puis dire, un filtrage par les femmes de tout ce qui vient de l'étranger et même de la production artistique et littéraire de l'intérieur.

— Ne croyez-vous pas qu'il y aurait là une bien curieuse étude à tenter: celle de notre civilisation, précisément, "filtré" par les Américaines avant de parvenir aux Américains?

* * *

— Il existe en Amérique un désir de connaissance étonnant. Il m'est souvent arrivé de donner des conférences à 11 heures du matin, les salles etaient combles. Mais la curiosité des Américains se tourne désormais vers eux-mêmes. Ils s'étudient, se cherchent et cette curiosité d'eux-mêmes se manifeste surtout au théâtre. Le jeune mouvement théâtral est surprenant. A ce propos, on devrait faire beaucoup plus attention chez nous aux "tournées" qu'on envoie làbas. Les Américains sont très difficiles et sont bien souvent déçus. Mais les Guitry les ont enchantés et ils aimeraient connaître un homme tel que Jouvet dont ils m'ont beaucoup parlé.

A ce moment de notre conversation, Mme. André Maurois entre avec un papier à la main: c'est l'emploi du temps de son mari, ou plutôt, c'est une liste de demandes de rendez-vous, d'interviews, de déjeuners... si longue que le visiteur se lève et songe à partir, à regret, car un voyageur, tel que M. André Maurois, qui revient d'Amérique est aujourd'hui pour nous un peu comme un oncle d'Amérique, riche de tant de souvenirs, d'impressions et d'aperçus qu'on voudrait connaître... — Marcel Sauvage.

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A Bookman's Notes

AN AGRICULTURAL ECONOMIST

IN that trilogy of superb malice and almost flawless art, "Ave", "Salve", "Vale", at least one man escaped ridicule and, more than being let off, was sainted by a chap who was worthy to officiate only because he writes so well. After many years in Paris and London, George Moore had returned to a Dublin that quite patently did not want him. When he proposed to honor the *Claidheam Soulis* with some writings, the assistant editors told him that the next few numbers of the magazine were full up and if he had any notions, to work them into an article and take his chances with the caprice of the editor. And he had got no encouragement from renting-agents in his search for a place to live.

"I followed the pavement along Trinity College Gardens," wrote Moore, "my feet instinctively taking me to Æ, who settles everybody's difficulties and consoles the afflicted." And in three days Æ had found him a house, a capacious eighteenth century house, in the center of Dublin, within a few minutes' walk of Stephen's Green, and with a convent garden adjoining it, in which Moore noted with characteristic indelicacy that the nuns' underthings were hung out to dry. . . . And again: "It is a great good fortune to have a friend whose eyes light up always when they see one, and whose mind stoops or lifts itself instinctively to one's trouble, divining it, whether it be spiritual or material". That friend was Æ.

"I wish you would tell me why I am coming to Dublin. . . . Nobody wants me here, Æ. . . . All I hoped for was a welcome and some enthusiasm; no bonfires, torchlight processions, banners, bands, *Cead mille failte's*, nothing of that kind, only a welcome. It may be that I did expect some appreciation of the sacrifice I was making, for you see I am throwing everything into the flames. . . . Isn't it strange, Æ? You understand, but the others don't."

Æ, who was always taking out his watch and saying he had to get back to his office, took out his watch at this point and said he had to get back to his office. But he had divined, meanwhile, that God (or whatever is the equivalent of God in Æ's metaphysics) had sent Moore to Dublin as an affliction for certain sins of the Celtic Renaissance—though Moore never knew he was an instrument of correction—and so Æ accepted the ordainment and aided Moore in the accomplishment of his mission. "There is other work to do here," said Æ, "beside the Gaelic league." Moore's job, although Moore did not know it, was to provide comedy relief in a drama that was in danger of becoming altogether too tense and serious. Æ knew that; but then Æ knew everything.

I had asked James Stephens when he was over here what Æ looked like. "He is an enormous man," answered Stephens, "inconCEIVably covered with whiskers." And as I looked at Stephens, who is like a leprechaun out of "The Crock of Gold", five feet three about, I had a picture of that anomalous boon companionship—that of the giant Æ walking along the streets of Dublin, deep in conversation with the gnome-like Stephens, who comes no higher than Æ's elbow.

Everybody speaks of Æ with a sort of reverence. Even Boyd, Ernest Boyd, a mocking cynic who views his fellow-men with an eye to their absurdities, becomes grave and mellow and deferential on the subject of Æ. "There is nobody in the world like him," says Boyd. "He wins the heart of everybody. He knows how to inspire people to do things. Talk with him for a few minutes and he knows exactly what you are capable of doing and supplies the ideas for you to work with. When I went down to the boat to meet him he had not got on the dock before he shouted, 'Boyd, I have got an idea of a book for you'. And with customs inspectors shoving him around and Irish compatriots bawling in his ear, he told me the whole scheme of the book then and there. He has a thousand ideas a day."

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Nathaniel Peffer, author of The White Man's Dilemma

We were riding up Fifth Avenue in a taxicab to Judge Richard Campbell's house, after the P. E. N. Club dinner. Æ was to join us there later. "Ernest," I said, "as I listened to him tonight I found myself wishing that it could be possible for my son when he gets to be seventeen or eighteen to come under the influence of Æ. I wish he could see him and talk to him now and then. I am sure that Æ would bring out every potentiality he has. I have never seen any one with such serenity, naturalness and simplicity." And I thought of Moore's phrase about Æ's "hope-inspiring eyes", but did not voice it.

"That charm of his," said Boyd, "affects everybody. At a dinner of great financiers and high moguls of politics and diplomacy the other night they were all dwarfed by his personality and rendered speechless by his superior knowledge of the very things they are supposed to know."

At the P. E. N. Club dinner Æ had told us that the Irish Literary Renaissance had developed out of the facts that they were poor, they were ignorant, they were unorganized, and they were behind the times. Since they were poor, he said, the writing profession was so great a hazard that only a few could go in for it as a means of livelihood and only those few about whom there could be no mistake concerning their literary talent. It was a case of the survival of the fittest. Since they were ignorant, he said, they were not handicapped in the flowering of their talent by that sense of the futility of writing that overcomes people who have read a great many books and have contemplated the enormous stream of literature of all ages. Since they were unorganized, he said, each man developed his individuality to the fullest.

"There is no such thing as a 100 percent Irishman," said Æ. "An Irishman is never standardized; he never conforms to any rule. On account of this, Dublin is full of characters. And Irish literature is full of individualities. You would never mistake the writing of one Irishman for that of another. If you saw an unsigned page by James Stephens you would immediately know that it was Stephens's and so also with a page by Synge or Yeats or any other Irish writer."

And since they were behind the times, he said, they were not affected by the accelerated tempo of modern industrial life, but were leisured, lazy, primitive and at peace.

Later at Judge Campbell's I noticed that same trait in Æ that James Stephens has—an alertness of interest which permits his mind to travel from the sublime to the ridiculous and from the profound to the absurd

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with no mark of transition. Civilization has left no mark on either of them: they are untamed, uninhibited, and without fear. Stephens would recite some lofty lines from Yeats and in the next breath recite a ribald limerick by Oliver Gogarty with the same relish and gusto in each performance. And Æ's mind would move lightly from problems of grave concern to humorous anecdote and back again without any effect of incongruity. There is this difference: Æ is a spiritual leader and his rôle has been to instruct, inspire, console and reassure, whereas Stephens's mission has been to enliven and to entertain.

Moore tells that when Sir Horace Plunkett was trying to awaken Ireland to the advantages of co-operation, Yeats had told him that Ireland was deaf to his economics because he did not know her folk-tales and could not croon them by the firesides. What Plunkett needed was a poet and Yeats had in mind the right man, a poet at the time earning his living as an accountant at Pim's. "His personal influence," said Yeats, "pervades the whole shop, from the smallest clerk up to the manager, and all eyes go to him when he passes." And Yeats went on to tell a story, how a young man, a ne'er-do-well, had once seen Æ crossing from one desk to another with some papers in his hand and had gone to him saying, "Something tells me you are the man who may redeem me". And Æ had saved this young man, not by preaching to him, but by inspiring him with hope. And so Plunkett called upon Æ at Pim's and drafted him into the work of bicycling about the countryside, establishing creameries and preaching the message of co-operative marketing of farm products to the husbandmen. That was how George Russell came by his pseudonym "Æ": Plunkett had turned a mystic poet into an Agricultural Economist. And Æ, a poet, painter and philosopher, accepted his destiny and, as always, did his job well.

Æ was not satisfied with Moore's portrait of him in "Ave" and "Salve" and complained that Moore had represented him as the blameless hero of a young girl's novel. "Why have you found no fault with me?" asked Æ. "If you wish to create human beings you must discover their faults." And so Moore meditated upon the possible flaws in Æ's character. He recalled that Æ was indifferent to money and had often said "I came into the world without money or possessions, and I have done very well without either. Why shouldn't my children do the same?" And Moore thought for a moment that Mrs. Russell might not feel the same way about it and might be nagging her husband into "making more of himself", for it is "the common belief that a man's life is not his exclusive possession to dispose of as pleases his goodwill, but a sort of family banking account on which his wife and children may draw cheques". But Moore remembered Æ's wife and remembered that Æ chose her for her intelligence and that in Mrs. Russell's eyes there is no blemish in Æ's character. And so the portrait in the trilogy remained a "silhouette", for Moore could find no fault to make it human, except a tiny one: John Eglington had recalled to Moore, when they were trying to rake up something against Æ, that Æ had not known that Athenian society was founded on slavery. Moore began to speculate upon Æ's private life along lines that would occur to Moore and to no one else, but before he got very far he gave up his imaginings as too inappropriate even for his indelicate mind.

Part of Æ's beautiful serenity may come from his belief in reincarnation, with its corollary that our bodies are lent to us for a brief space of time to accomplish some definite mission in a long education and shriving of the soul. But Æ has a chuckling mind even in gravity and he would never be positive about any belief that rests upon undemonstrable theory.

* * *

TRIVIA AND MOMENTA

THE late Thomas Hardy once took a wild-strawberry vine from the grave of Sir Walter Scott and planted it in his garden. Unfortunately he neglected to tell the gardener of this little act of literary piety and the gardener dug up the plant and threw it away.

Æ (George Russell) pronounces Yeats to rhyme with Keats. He is the only Dubliner

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Vicente Blasco Ibañez, author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", "Blood and Sand", "The Mad Virgins", etc., who died in his home at Mentone, January, 1928.

I know who does. Yeats himself pronounces his name to rhyme with Gates.

Thornton Wilder pronounces the title of his first novel, "The Cabala", with the accent on the first syllable. And that, by the way, is the pronunciation given by the Oxford Concise Dictionary, except that the O. C. D. spells it "cabbala".

H. L. Mencken at the moment this is written is in Havana and Joseph Hergesheimer writes me: "I have just written twenty short stories in a row and I am going away and probably will call myself Smith. I am going to Bermuda and there hire an ancient *barouche,* a nigger driver with a rusty high hat and a broad A, and drive here and there on that island, on those islands, until some slight benefit from my actual name is perceptible once more".

A large part of Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" was written in Mary Austin's hospitable home in Santa Fé, New Mexico.

Marcel Proust was a very successful follower of the stock market. His trading operations on the *Bourse* kept him plentifully supplied with money. He had been left a small competence by his father, and by trading in shares he built up a tidy fortune. Even in his later years when he was confined to his bed in a sound-proof room, he maintained a private telephone-wire to his broker.

A number of authors whose manuscripts and signatures are sought by collectors are very cagey about glutting the market. Bernard Shaw signs no letters that might fall into the hands of dealers, but types his name out or has his secretary sign the letter, with the royal formula: "Mr. Shaw instructs me to say, etc." George Moore imposes as a condition in his contract with his publishers that all proof sheets with corrections in his own handwriting are to be returned to him, as well as all corrected manuscript. Kipling is similarly loath to permit anyone to traffic in his handwriting.

* * *

HOW TO WARM UP A MEETING

Jean-Jacques Brousson, for many years Anatole France's secretary, is also the master's most talented and conscientious Boswell. Robert M. McBride & Company are shortly to issue a translation of Brousson's "Anatole France Abroad", which is the second volume of Brousson's delightful records of France's private conversation. The following is France in a characteristic mood:

"Ah, if only Briand were here!" he (Anatole France) sighs. "He is a past master in the crafty art of warming up a meeting. I was dragged once, on a summer Sunday afternoon, to the Trocadero, to take the chair of some meeting or other of protest, soon after the Dreyfus case—one of the last explosions of the cracker. Pressensé was to speak too, and Comrade Briand, who was

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then a communist. There I was, hoisted up on the platform, at three o'clock on a baking afternoon. A meeting of protest on a Sunday—what a mistake!

"On Sunday the proletariat, the workmen, put on their clean shirt and their go-to-meeting clothes—generally we have the soul of our clothes—tie, collar and straw hat. Being got up like the middle classes, they were no longer revolutionaries, but a true middle class public. They came in late, in bunches, and took their seats disgustedly, having hoped for music. I read my manuscript. I am no orator. An orator is someone who talks without knowing what he is talking about. Jaurès is a great orator. I'm no good at all at it: my critical sense never leaves me. Plodding through my address, I could see, above the leaves, the revolutionaries snugly seated in the stalls, with their wives fanning themselves and the little boys in sailor suits. From time to time a brutal hand would fall on the innocent little sailors' faces. Why? They had been shuffling about, or picking their noses, or otherwise offending the laws of morality or politeness. I went on spiritlessly. A sudden miauling from an infant greedy, not of eloquence, but of milk. Good mother thereupon undid her bodice and offered her beauteous breast to the youngster who, little booby, shut his eyes. As for me, I was lost in admiration. I have always been fascinated by beauty in spheric form: it is the most divine that exists. But I was getting mixed up in my sheets. Briand, in his trombone voice, prompted me: 'Cut it short. We might be in a refrigerator. Cut it short'.

"I skipped three or four sheets without anybody noticing—even myself. But it was so much ballast wasted. From time to time the bang of a seat going up spoke of a spectator deserting his post. 'G-d d-mn it all, cut it short!' growled Briand, his moustaches drooping more than ever half mast. I leap from sheet to sheet: in vain, for each second the temperature becomes more like the north pole. 'I've had enough of this,' says Aristide. 'I'm getting chilblains. It's time to warm up the meeting.'

"At the word, in came the Ass. You know, the typical ninny, the nincompoop, who has an air of having dropped straight out of the moon. He lives somewhere round the Place Maubert, and is a vague commercial traveller, or counterjumper. He has had lunch, shaved; he has all his Sunday before him. As he is going out he greets his concierge:

" 'Good morning, Madame Mignolet.'

" 'Ah, it's you, Monsieur Chenivesse. I know you thought once or twice of going to the Trocadero: I have a whole pile of tickets for to-day.'

" 'Tickets for what, Madame Mignolet?'

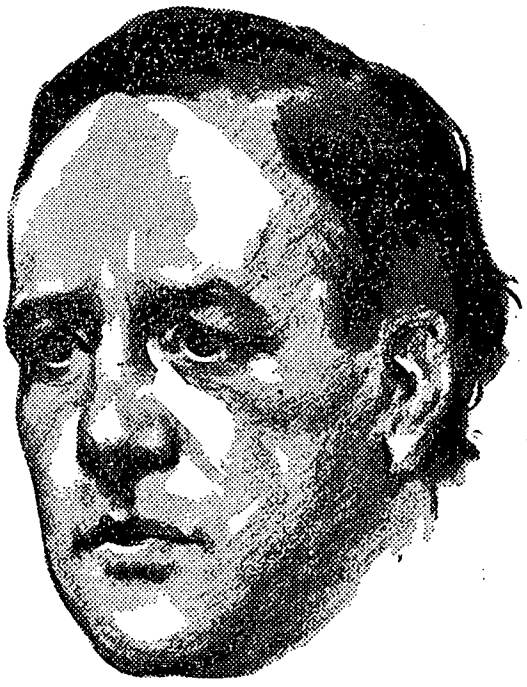
" 'For a concert to be sure. Anatole France is singing.'

" 'Does he sing well, old Anatole?'

" 'I should just think so! He's from the Opera, or the Institute, something grand of that sort anyway. The tickets are gratis.'

" 'Thank you kindly, Madame Mignolet.'

"So off goes the Ass by underground and arrives at the Trocadero at the precise minute when Briand decides to warm up the icy audience. It was Providence who sent him. Pushing open the padded door, with uneasy nose he sniffed the sunny, half empty hall; then, driven on by his evil genius, prepared to make use of Mme. Mignolet's ticket. Down the gang way he came a-tiptoe, making



Emil Ludwig, author of Bismarck: The Trilogy of a Fighter

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a noise that only Asses a-tiptoe can make. Briand shoved me out of the way with his elbow, and leaped in front of me, a second Mirabeau confronting de Brézé.

"'I call on you to explain yourself,' he shouted at the Ass.

"'Me?' stammered the poor creature, lost in a forest of tip-up seats.

"'Yes! you! Daré to repeat out loud what you have been whispering in the background!'

"'I! whispering in the—'

"'No pretense! I know your name!'

"'My name is Casimir Desiré Chenivesse. I am an employee at the Bon Petit Diable and I was going out without any special idea when Mme. Mignolet, my concierge, said: "If you want a ticket for the Trocadero—"'

"'Enough lies! You are an infamous reactionary. You are he whom Molière tried to crush, and who crushed Molière—Tartuffe! In the name of the noble citizens who fill this hall, I call on you to explain yourself in the light of day. We have had enough of being stabbed in the back by the minions of Loyola! We will not refuse the combat! Off with the mask!'

"Really the audience began to warm up. To the air of 'To the lamp-post with him! The lamp-post!' they began to shout: 'The platform! The platform!'—the women, naturally, being the most vehement.

"Then I saw pass over my head, like a thunderbolt, a pair of thicksoled shoes. An instant, and the pair of thicksoled shoes rebounded into a corner of the hall, where they spat out four or five teeth. From that moment the audience was enthusiastic. I could go on with my address without skipping a syllable, and every sentence was acclaimed with frenzy. What an ovation! At the end we were chaired in triumph. Only the luckless Casimir Desiré Chenivesse could never understand why he had lost five or six teeth. It was to warm up the meeting!

"When a meeting is already warmed up, there is another dodge, to cut the ground from below the feet of an objector. You take him under your protection and, demanding silence, address the audience thus: 'Citizens, Monsieur So and So has come here to raise the voice of reaction'. Don't forget to say 'Monsieur': it is essential. Then you go on: 'It is easy to imagine what he will say to you. But you will prove to him that, whatsoever the degree of your just indignation, you are free men! You will let the viper hiss! You will patiently endure his blasphemies against democracy! Pray silence for Monsieur So and So'. Rarely can Monsieur So and So mount two steps towards the platform. At the third, he is meat for the ambulance."

* * *

Constant Reader in *The New Yorker* the other day described the symptoms of the rams, which had descended upon her one morning as the result of eating a bad stalk of celery at a jamboree where she had absorbed a flock of cocktails, a magnum of champagne, and numerous demi-tasses of cordial and cognac with no bad effects whatever. She warns us to have our celery analyzed; and she suggests that it is just as well to put our string beans to the test also, for a friend of hers got the rams from a bad string bean at a *deipnosophists* and was annoyed the next day by a beaver with an enormous tail that raced about on the ceiling. The rams one gets from eating bad celery, it seems, is a swirling feeling as though you were an asteroid spinning through space with no place to land. There is a jittering movement to the hands, which in very bad cases is complicated with the zings, in which nerve endings of the fingers splutter like grease in a hot pan. Constant Reader, as she describes her symptoms, had a pretty bad case of the rams, for she was under the hallucination of being under a hallucination. She said she suffered the illusion of seeing a little man in a yellow oilskin raincoat racing by on roller skates. That was no illusion. That was Harry Salpeter of *The World* on his way from literary tea to literary tea.

* * *

There have been such a lot of literary teas lately. I have been thinking of getting a bicycle. Irita Van Doran and Isabel Paterson tell me that they have abandoned all other forms of exercise except that of the afternoon's racing hither and yon and the

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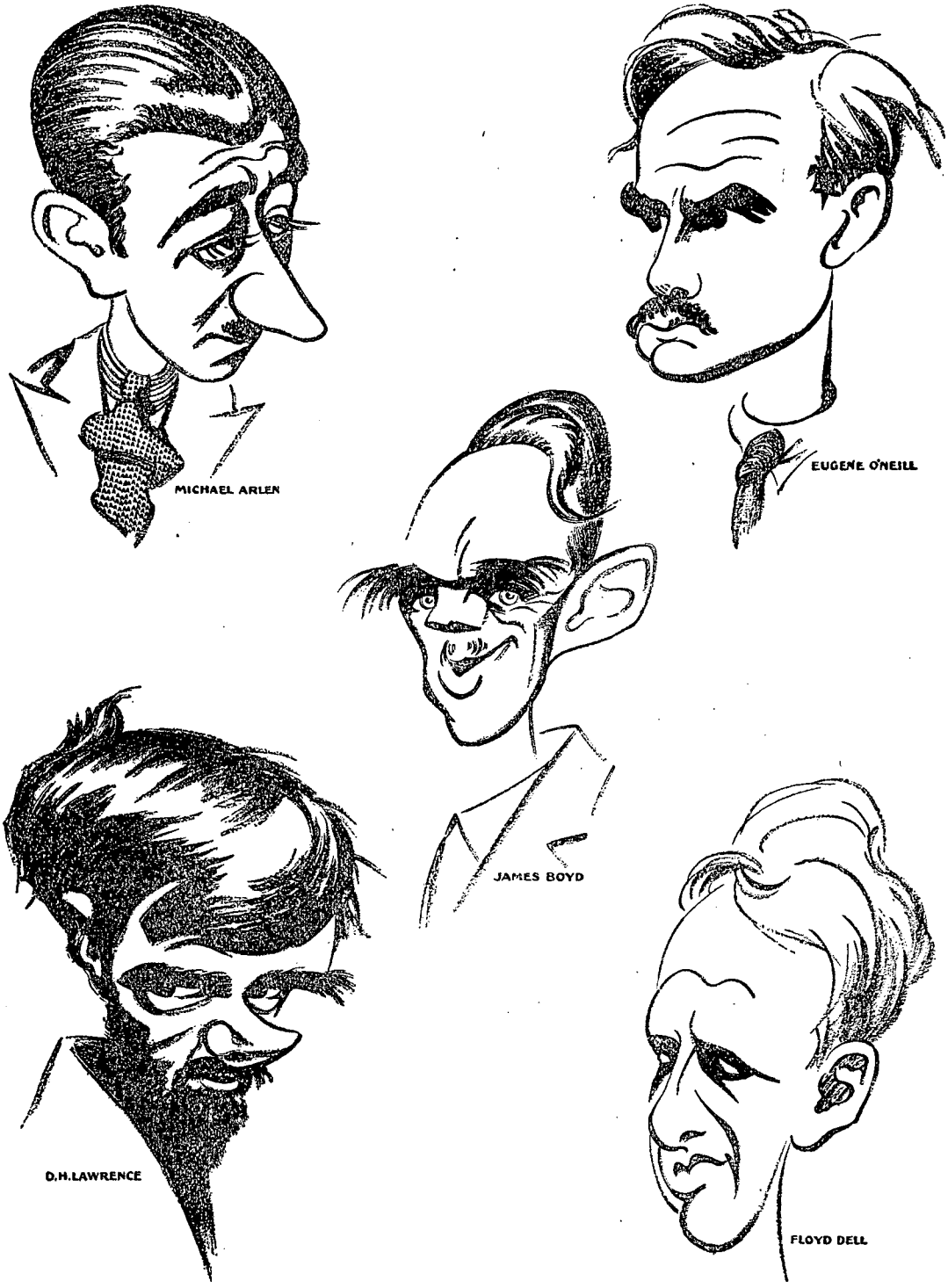

Five Caricatures by H. M. KNIGHT

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setting-up exercises of "How-do-you-do?" and "So glad to see you!"

Let's see: there was a tea down at the LaFayette, given by Glenway Wescott, who is returning to France after collecting enormous royalties on "The Grandmothers". And to this tea came Dora Russell, that is to say, Mrs. Bertrand Russell, who had just arrived from England. Wescott said gallantly that Mr. Russell had been the guiding star of his life and he took every word of Russell's as Gospel. "You haven't had to live with him," said Mrs. Russell; "I am not naturally or by inclination a neat person and I have had to learn to be neat with him about. He cannot abide disorder."

Then the Larry Barrettos gave a tea for Mary and Louis Bromfield; and A. Page Cooper gave a tea for Stoddard King, the Spokane columnist; and the Macmillans gave a tea for Æ; and Lewis Baer gave a tea for Thornton Wilder; and if the others were all teas I suppose you could call it a tea that Texas Guinan gave the other midnight for Roscoe Arbuckle at her new Café Royal. We are rather done in from so much chasing around, especially since we managed to see "Strange Interlude", "Rosalie", "Show Boat", and that lovely Schnitzler pantomime over at the Laboratory Theater. (I hope our Mr. Benchley will skate around and see the work those people are doing over at the Laboratory Theater. Because it is housed in a remodelled brewery, there is some thought of changing the name to the Old Brewery Theater, which would be much better. Laboratory Theater sounds somewhat clinical, like an O'Neill play.)

From all these gregarious activities I have deduced a list of people who are likely to be present at any literary tea. They are like the inveterate first-nighters at the theater, without which a *première* is something less than a "social event". The first night list is long, but it contains Otto H. Kahn, Peggy Joyce, Lillian Gish, Texas Guinan, Mayor Walker, Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, Ring Lardner, Tex Rickard, Frank Crowninshield, Condé Nast, Roy Howard, Jascha Heifetz, Dagmar Godowsky, and Barney Baruch. At literary teas others are invited, but the ones most likely to be there are: John and Margaret Farrar, Carl and Irita Van Doran, Ernest and Madeleine Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Brickell, Isabel Paterson, W. E. and Helen Woodward, Ruth and Maxwell Aley, Henry Hazlitt, Harry Hansen, Harry Salpeter, Lewis Galantiere, William Rose Benét, Elinor Wylie, and H. S. Canby.

* * *

Last month this department attributed Leonidas Warren Payne, Jr.'s "Later American Writers: Part Two" to Ginn & Co. The book is published by Rand McNally. We are glad of this opportunity to mention again such an excellent anthology.

B. R.

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"HERE ARE LADIES"

By Burton Rascoe

CLAIRE AMBLER. *By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*

THE UGLY DUCHESS. *By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. Viking Press. $2.50.*

JUGGLER'S KISS. *By Manuel Komroff. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.*

FOR his new novel Mr. Tarkington has chosen a theme on which two other accomplished artists have tried their wits with conspicuous success, Henry James and Anita Loos,—Henry James in "Daisy Miller" and Miss Loos in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes". It is a theme involving an inquiry into the moral phenomena of America. Its subject, in each case, is the American flapper, reared in innocence and yet without chaperonage, who is able to flirt with sexual dangers and make her way among the wolves of concupiscence because her heart is as pure as ice.

For decades Europeans have been unable to understand the American girl. American girls, they tell us, dress and act like cocottes and yet resent even any polite inquiries as to their status with moral indignation or a swat in the eye. In decadent Europe, especially in the Latin countries, young women are carefully guarded until they are successfully married—after which, of course, they may do as they like within the bounds of ordinary discretion. But, over there, it is not taken for granted that a young woman may go alone at night to the Coliseum with a sanguine and questionable young man and return all that she should be.

Henry James in his European wanderings had observed with some misgivings this ability of young American girls on the Grand Tour with their rich parents to baffle the designs of the most predatory of foreign suitors who swarmed about them. He saw that ignorance and vanity were at the bottom of this virtue and this distressed him; but he saw also that it was providential that these American girls were vain and ignorant, otherwise their trustfulness and freedom would lead them into some ugly messes—messes which they would never have the resources for weathering. So Henry James wrote "Daisy Miller" which partly explained the flapper of the time.

Miss Loos is a more profound psychologist than James in her book, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes". I was not at all surprised when Edith Wharton expressed her appreciation of the book, not as a delightful piece of humor but as a work of real importance both as a literary achievement and as an exposition of a complicated psychological phenomenon. She and Henry James had been attracted by the problem upon which Miss Loos throws so much light. Mrs. Wharton had frankly decided that the *mores* which produced the American flapper were distinctly immoral. She explained her conclusions with some heat and emphasis in "French Ways and Their Meaning", in which she contrasted the American family and the American woman with the French family and the French woman and gave the French most of the breaks.

Miss Loos had shown Mrs. Wharton and the rest of us that in the dog-eat-dog scrap between the sexes moral America has developed a little monster, who at the same time is pursuing unconsciously the course prescribed by Nature in the survival of the fittest. Lorelei Lee is not admirable, certainly; she is predatory, vain and selfish, and she sets a ridiculously high price upon her vapid little face and her unvoluptuous little body; but the men she rooks from the sleazy Mister Eisemann and the novelist whose wife "did not understand him", on through to the fatuous imbecile in the old Philadelphia family who played with mechanical toys and served on a committee for the Suppression of Vice—all of them were less admirable certainly than she was. They wanted something for nothing; and

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she wanted something for nothing. She always won; and she wanted only money or what money would buy. Neither she nor they achieved the more important satisfactions; but there was hope for her: she had got about all else there was. She achieved security and social position, even if she had to swindle a cloak-and-suiter, an English nobleman and a French attorney, and marry a fade-out to do it. And financial security and social position are the twin high goals of achievement in America. Had Lorelei Lee slipped at any time along the line, she would have ended back behind the ribbon counter in the Mammoth Emporium in Little Rock, Arkansas. In time, one might infer from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", Lorelei Lee might experience love. She was young yet and she was unawakened.

Now comes Mr. Tarkington, with his beautifully cadenced and carefully pruned writing and his singular understanding of feminine interests, and his singular obtuseness to facts before his face, to make a novel out of the same material that Henry James and Anita Loos have had a whirl at. Like James, he would, of course, choose a girl whose Dad had a pot of money, instead of a girl out of the slums of Little Rock, and he would give you that glamor which would make you feel that Claire Ambler was just a little superior on all counts to Lorelei Lee. Tarkington would do this, because in late years he has soured on the things that Dreiser, Lewis and Anderson have done, and thinking (rightly) that America is about as good a place to live in as there is on the globe, has gone in for whooping it up for just the sort of values that some of us are not quite prepared to accept as spiritual. Last year he created a Babbitt in "The Plutocrat" and patted him on the back, saying, "Don't let these Dreisers and Lewises and all these other sour-grape hacks get under your skin, old man. Don't you know that in building the water-works out in Quimby, Ill., you are doing just the same thing as the great Roman Emperors who built those aqueducts you admired in Europe last year? Don't you know that you are a Roman Emperor set down in a modern environment? Don't you know that in putting in three modern bathrooms in your fine home out in Quimby you are obeying the same artistic instinct, the same progressive and creative instinct, that led the Emperor Severus to construct those marvellous baths in his villa whose ruins you saw?"

The answer to Tarkington's rhetorical questions, of course, is, in the words of the late Keith Preston, "What of it?" The twelve Caesars after the reign of Caesar Augustus were alternately a bunch of pillagers and a bunch of swine. The wealth of the world had already been accumulated in Rome by rapine and simony and so secure was the "republic" in accumulated riches that it took more than twelve generations of hereditary idiots and voluptuaries to wreck the structure so that the barbarians could come in and clean it up. Titus, Hadrian, Appius and Claudian had some sense of their responsibility and listened to engineers who had schemes for supplying drinkable water to malaria-infested districts, and Hadrian wrote several immortal poems, including the tremulously lovely *"Animula, vagula, blandula—"*; but the rest were——well, read Gibbon or Jerome.

It is this going-contrary-to-the-mode-which-is-to-belittle-this-country-and-its-builders of Tarkington's that has betrayed him into turning what promised to be a superbly prophylactic novel into a lollypop. If he had carried through from the first chapter to the last, Tarkington would have accomplished what not one writer in a half-century has ever been able to do—that is, give a new direction to the interests and ideals of a period. He is about the only novelist we have who has the power. He has earned that power by honorable means. No one writes better than he does, taking him sentence by sentence; and no one has a more sympathetic understanding of adolescence and of the feminine mind. I know that a Goethe could start an epidemic of suicides by writing a "Werther", but a Leonardo could keep alive a sense of man's importance in the brief span of life from his own day to this by a similar use of extraordinary gifts.

Tarkington has comparable gifts, yet at times he writes like a hack and a sour and disgruntled hack at that.

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The first part of "Claire Ambler" is exquisite, breath-taking, understanding, poignant, human, vital, real, significant—all of the complimentary adjectives in the critical vocabulary. The second part is cinematic, pro-Fascisti, snobbish, melodramatic, propagandish, and still darn good entertainment. The third part is not so good. The taste left in the mouth is decidedly brown.

Lion Feuchtwanger in his first novel, "Jud Süss", was extremely fortunate in his translators, who re-entitled his novel, when they rendered it into English, "Power". That was what the novel was about, power. It had to do with a gifted Jew who brought kingdoms, dynasties, peoples, priests and artists to his feet because he was able to dominate them through economic fear and through every fear that touches upon security and self-assurance. When the Jew's power relaxed, he was doomed; and that is the history of all power. Those who had resented his dominance turned against him, the rabble overwhelmed him: the accumulated force of fear turned to sadistic fury.

"Power" was a stirring novel. Unconsciously or consciously all of us would like to have power, even if it is only power over our cook to make her brew coffee so we could drink it without losing her services and being left cookless. In the motion pictures, in the theater and in books, we throw ourselves (whatever our capacities for such a rôle) into the character of the hero who quietly gets his way by reserves of power or into the character of the heroine who has the edge upon everybody else on the stage, and we say to ourselves that tomorrow we are going to take courage from these examples and tell the boss where to head in, or tell the cook she can take her duds and leave, or look at the waiter in such a forceful way that he will bring us a napkin, a large spoon and a glass of water without our asking for these things severally six or eight times.

When tomorrow comes we usually discover that we have not been equal to our resolutions. The coffee is still undrinkable, but the cook is still there; the boss is still unaware of our finger-snapping at him; and the waiter neglects our needs more arrantly than heretofore. On reading "Power", therefore, we have a great spiritual uplift in contemplating the fact that if we had carried out our intentions we should probably never be appreciated. When we were down the cook wouldn't cook for us, the boss wouldn't give us a job and the waiter would say "Yah—hhh!" at us and not even give us a fork.

We all had a great catharsis on reading "Power". We thought it was a grand book. It is a grand book, as books go.

But only half of us are women, and none of us who are women will willingly admit to ourselves that we are ugly. Therefore I have my doubts about the success of "The Ugly Duchess" by Herr Feuchtwanger. "The Ugly Duchess" is a story of power also; the story of the power that a very caricature of woman could exert in her court because of the fear she was able to excite in her subjects by her extraordinary sense of discipline and efficiency. She had a horse face, a moustache, an ungainly body and everything wrong with her. In this injustice of nature to her there was the meat of tragedy; but she chose to exploit her disability on the grand scale. She had a rival in court. a courtesan who had the beauty of the Cnidian Aphrodite and the morals of a fly. "The Ugly Duchess" is the story of the war between Margarete of Tyrol and Agnes von Flavon for dominance with her courtiers and her people. It is an interesting book, but, so great has been the progress of modern science, there are very few women with warts and moustaches, horse faces, yellow skins, dropsy and elephantiasis: so Herr Feuchtwanger's novel suffers from the lack of the emotion of recognition.

The American Scene

CONQUISTADOR. *By Philip Guedalla. Harper & Bros. $3.00.*

BECAUSE "Conquistador" is another book about us by an Englishman who was over here for a few weeks and observed us largely from the lecture platform and a Pullman window, I scanned the table of contents for a hint of a subject he had treated that I would be knowing something

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about. The range of subjects these confident aliens think they are qualified to discuss is so prodigious that it behooves the most travelled of us natives, when they are commenting on our own country, to read what they have to say about the particular little spot we know and check up on them. Then, with a barrel of salt handy, we can go ahead and find some fun in the rest of the book.

"They come not to see but to invent us," warned Frank Moore Colby, and because I was born south of that historic boundary I wanted to see what Mr. Guedalla had invented about us in the chapter called "Mason and Dixon Line". We continue to read such books, wrote Colby, for the pleasure they afford, "knowing that such truth as they contain is there by accident".

So I turned to the chapter, "Mason and Dixon Line". I find that Mr. Guedalla has apparently been reading Colby too, though the fact is implicit and not explicit. "Need we be forever asking him (the British author who writes books about us) how he got his certitudes, and if it was the real America that met him in his boarding-house and if he surely grasped the Negro problem while talking to those two colored men?" asked Colby.

The visiting foreigner, writes Mr. Guedalla, is prepared to solve our Negro problem "after eight minutes' conversation with a Pullman porter. . . . Three days—or thirty years—is the right length of residence for persons ambitious to increase the sum of human wisdom on the Negro question".

Colby's phrasing is neater.

Mr. Guedalla was here nearly three months and so he disavows omniscience, yet he is ready to deplore Carl Van Vechten's depiction of the Harlem scene in "Nigger Heaven", and to deplore also Vachel Lindsay's poetical insistance that we see "the big black bulk of Africa behind the cotton-fields".

"I prefer to view the Negro more broadly in his American surroundings," writes Mr. Guedalla modestly. "Dismissing his ancestry and his secret thoughts, I accept him gratefully as a romantic figure on the American scene."

That romantic figure is the "spectacled darkey with grey wool" who carried his baggage to a train. "For me, the thrill was identical with that afforded to any American abroad by a glimpse of Tudor brick cushioned sedately on shaved lawns—that sudden, exquisite sense of butlers and ancestry."

I wondered what that statement of a personal preference had to do with the vast region south of the Mason and Dixon line; but Colby's words come back to admonish me:

"Who cares, for example, whether the man is right or wrong? . . . We want the writer's own particular America, the prolongation of his own blessed British, Gallic, Teutonic, bilious or sanguine, literary temperament, a land of personal patches with vast areas of omission, peopled mainly by himself and quivering with his emotions. To the well-trained literary mind, phrase-haunted, fiction-rooted, burning for the picturesque and salient, what is a country but a good excuse? Any new land is a fairyland, and things are as they look best in print."

If Mr. Guedalla's phrase-haunted, fiction-rooted mind chooses to see the American Negro in terms of a novel by Thomas Nelson Page, Colby would say that that was about as much as we could expect. "Conquistador" is a phrase-haunted book all through, with very little substance but with some amusing stuff in it. Mr. Guedalla pats us frequently on the back and assures us that he thinks very highly of us. That is very kind of him. The only chapter in the book which, I thought, rose above rhetoric was the one in which Mr. Guedalla describes his rival on the lecture tour, the Crown Prince of Sweden:

"My invariable Prince (our routes had crossed as usual, and we were both in town at the same moment) was to be entertained at some stupendous banquet, and a thoughtful friend offered to take me. More thoughtful still, he rescued me from the embarrassments of the speakers' table and let me dine among the cheerful company that radiated from it down the hall. The hall was decorated with the stars and stripes tastefully entwined with the Ruritanian colours; and an orchestra played slightly uneven music,

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understood to be Ruritanian airs, although ex-Ruritanians (who abounded) looked singularly unmoved by these reminders of their childhood. My table was frankly irreverent. Some hero offered to collect the royal autograph, if anyone bet against him. We bet him a dollar; then we bet him two; but when we rose to five, he gathered a handful of *menus* and marched off in an admiring silence, thrust them beneath the royal eye intent upon its dinner, and returned in triumph to collect his winnings."

Mr. Guedalla, who, in common with most foreign visitors, has no hesitancy in answering the most complicated questions propounded to him by newspaper interviewers, yet deprecates this custom in which he is an accessory. "Why in the name of sane and interesting journalism," he asks, "is it supposed that the opinion of no one in particular (especially upon which he is not qualified to have one) is likely to provide attractive reading-matter?"

Let Frank Moore Colby answer him:

"With a serious Briton on one's hands, what else is there to do? Those who have had conversational bouts with serious Britons recall the desperate straits to which we were often reduced, the false interests, the impromptu enthusiasms, the nervous garrulities, merely to keep the ball rolling. One finds one's self becoming almost hysterically sociable with phlegmatic persons. It seems a law of conversation that if one remain a center of gravity the other shall with rather foolish rapidity revolve around him. . . . No American is ever himself in the spurt of talk following those tense moments when, a serious Briton having been cast upon him, the beating of his own heart was the only sound he heard. He will profess the most unnatural ardours—asking after a stranger's country as he asks after a friend's wife: not because he finds the wife interesting but because he hopes to interest the friend."

As an old newspaper reporter who was frequently assigned by a city editor to interview foreign celebrities, let me assure Mr. Guedalla that the reporters who interviewed him found their assignments as dreary and as futile as Mr. Guedalla found them. If Mr. Guedalla knew the inner thoughts of hard-boiled reporters as they asked such questions as, "What do you think of the present situation in Patagonia?" or "Do you think that Chicago women have big feet?" and got sententious replies, he would not enjoy such a superior feeling toward American journalists.

Julian Mason once called upon me in Chicago to interview G. K. Chesterton. I thought that Chesterton was a man with a sense of humor and so I formulated a set of questions of the most idiotic nature—questions that no man living or dead would be able to answer with any certitude—hoping that Chesterton would see the joke at once and give me appropriately comical answers. Vastly to my surprise he answered the first, second, and third questions as though I were asking them seriously and as though the answers were of importance. I explained to him that I was only joking; and he didn't see the point of the joke. So I asked him other questions, more ridiculous than the first, and at last his wife, sensing the situation, said, "He is pulling your leg". And the interview terminated. But, being a good reporter, I wrote the interview up as it occurred, not forgetting to bring out Mrs. Chesterton's superior astuteness.

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BIOGRAPHIES IN COUNTERPOINT

By André Maurois

SHELLEY, HIS LIFE AND WORK. *In two volumes. By Walter Edwin Peck. Houghton Mifflin. $12.50.*

SHELLEY, HIS THEORY OF POETRY. *By Melvin T. Solve. Chicago University. $3.00.*

THERE are scholarly biographies and biographies that are works of art. The biography which is a work of art is written in response to an inner need, precisely as a novel might be written. The author selects a subject whose character corresponds to certain sentiments he himself wishes to express. He tries to make this figure live again, and to reveal the most secret movings of his spirit to the reader. He is limited in this by the degree to which the spirit of the figure in question may be divined through his life or his letters or his works. The artist-biographer must never, of course, invent facts to help him piece out his study of character. Before becoming an artist he must have been a scholar, and have patiently assembled his materials. But once they are assembled, he follows the course of an architect who builds a house: he takes down his scaffolding and offers the reader only the finished work.

The scholarly biography is quite another matter. It is built entirely of scaffoldings. It informs us proudly of all the sources its author has used. Its pages are spotted with notes and the reader is not spared the slightest unpublished document, for even if it tells us nothing it has the value, in its finder's eyes, of being unpublished. Yet the scholarly biography must be given full esteem and respect. It is indispensable in supplying those who are curious about the inner lives of the great with material from which their own reflections may develop. From this point of view the book Mr. Walter Edwin Peck has devoted to Shelley is a model of its kind. Everything that was known about Shelley in October, 1927, is included in it. Mr. Peck had the freedom of the excellent collection of manuscripts in the Morgan Library which Miss Belle Greene guards with such intelligent piety; and many new documents came into his hands. Henceforth it will be impossible to talk of Shelley without consulting Mr. Peck.

That his aim was to produce an erudite work rather than a biography in the Stracheyan sense is clear from his willingness to interrupt his account of Shelley's life at every step with what he calls "inter-chapters", in which he analyzes the poet's works.

It is difficult to say how much one should speak, in the biography of a writer, of his works. Certainly they played a prominent rôle in his life. For days, and even whole months, he thought of nothing else, and consequently to neglect them would perhaps be to neglect the most important part of his thought. But it is equally true that he did not think of them as completed books, as they appear to the reader of 1928. He saw them come into existence and he lived them. The events of his own life, his joys and sorrows, were mingled with them. It seems to me that the biographer's task is to weave his hero's writings into his life, as they were woven into that of the actual man. But Mr. Peck wished merely to produce a work of erudition. In that aim he has succeeded perfectly and his book deserves to be read.

Mr. Melvin T. Solve's remarkable book is altogether different. It is an analysis of Shelley's ideas on poetry and art, with a study of the application which he made of them. Mr. Solve has traced the growth of Shelley's conception of poetry with great skill. In his youth Shelley did not attach much importance to poetry. He considered it subordinate to the political and moral sciences, and wished it to be didactic. But he soon perceived that, as he said, "a didactic poem is very stupid". And in "Queen Mab" he was already relegating most of his notes on theory to the end of the poem.

Later he seems to have realized that if

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poetry is to have a moral effect on man, this must be achieved not by the expression of moral ideas but simply by enlarging the reader's mind and sympathies. Poetry should lift the veil which covers the beauty of the world, and thus enrich man by awakening his admiration for what is beautiful and what is true. Beauty evokes love, and love is the great source of all morality. By "love" Shelley understands the ability to escape from our own personalities and identify ourselves with the harmony inherent in all thoughts and deeds and persons exterior to us.

In his "Defense of Poetry" Shelley attacks the position he himself had taken in adolescence, with much spirit, and speaks with contempt of those decadent ages when poetry is merely a feeble effort to inculcate doctrine. Poetry is not amenable to such purposes. It "is a sword of lightning, ever unsheathed, which consumes the scabbard that would contain it".

All modern poets would agree with Shelley on this. But unhappily, for a being of his ardent nature, endowed with strong convictions, it is not always easy to steer clear of didacticism. Mr. Solve shows with considerable subtlety how Shelley, after having written his "Defense of Poetry", succumbed more than once to the temptation of proving the validity of his theories in verse. Yet the general movement of his poetry was from the didactic toward the imaginative.

Another distinctive aspect of Mr. Solve's book is his analysis of what constituted Shelley's world. It is interesting for a Frenchman of today to observe how clearly Shelley had already grasped that dominating idea of Proust, that we love not the creatures of the real world, but beings of an ideal world we have created. While still young, Shelley wrote of his cousin: "I loved a being, an idea in my own mind which had no real existence. I concreted this abstract of perfection, I annexed this fictitious quality to the idea presented by a name".

Later, in the case of Emilia Viviani, the situation was exactly the same: " 'The Epipsychidion' I cannot look at, the person whom it celebrates was a cloud instead of a Juno; and poor Ixion starts from the centaur that was the offspring of his embrace".

This incapacity of Shelley's to distinguish his sensations from his ideas is, I believe, the key to his character. Human beings, for him, were merely symbols of beauty, as the West Wind was a symbol of divinity. His whole life was spent in realizing the discrepancies between thought and its object, between the flesh and the mind. And from this flowed both his greatness and his torment.

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AMERIND LIFE AND CULTURE

By Mary Austin

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN. *By Paul Radin. Boni & Liveright. $5.00.*

CONFRONTED by the latest popularization of human enterprise based upon specialized research, I am reminded that five years ago, when this form of writing was no bigger than a man's hand on the literary horizon, I wrote an essay for THE BOOKMAN in which I expressed the more than doubt that Science-for-the-Unscientific could ever be successfully written by the responsible researcher. If I were ever tempted to take it back, it would not be after a long immersion in Dr. Radin's "Story of the American Indian". For from the first it appears that Dr. Radin has not written a story at all in the sense in which people who demand that science be fictionized for their benefit understand that term. For complete popularization Paul Radin's book is at once too subtle, too literary and too scientific.

Dr. Radin is too much the scientist to tell more than his contemporary ethnologists and anthropologists admit as to the origins and earliest life history of the Amerindian peoples. Although he accepts the physical and psychological derivation of their dark, high-nosed ancestry from the north Asian lands in which the American peninsula roots, and later deprecates the notion of African or Atlantean contributions, he does not offer any more extended account of Amerindian beginnings. Nor does he attempt to clear up the dark gaps in tribal derivations any further than the present state of Amerindian research permits him authentically to do. The reader, therefore, who is looking for something that will once for all tell him what to think about all phases of the Indian in the two Americas will not find it in Paul Radin's book. This is no "Story" in the sense of being the completed web of Amerind culture, cut from its loom and hung upon the wall of our own, as its beginning—with the French explorers—and its end—with the tragic and deplorable Ghost Dance massacre —seem to imply. It is rather a brilliant and stimulating novelization of the Indian story, written very much under the modern novelist's conviction of the failure of cogency in the immediate premise about races and peoples and the break-down of our modern sense of social direction. And this is what I mean by saying that Dr. Radin's handling of his material is too literary for complete popularization. Not knowing exactly how the Indian derives nor where he is going—if he is still to be thought of as going anywhere—the author has given us a series of highly illuminated and illuminative pictures of Amerind life and culture within the framework of three hundred years of conquest.

This is a book not for the man in the street primarily, but for thinkers and writers, culture specialists and social prophets, for all who concern themselves with the American scene and American futures. It is by all odds the best summation of what is at present known about the peoples upon whose culture the future of Mexico and most of South America is founded, by which our own future is more definitely colored than we perhaps realize. One thinks somehow of Willa Cather and Carl Sandburg in Dr. Radin's handling of his material rather than of any of the best-selling popularizers.

More than any other summation of Amerindian cultures, this book brings out the influence of the Mayan complex on the tribal cultures of the United States and of Mexico. The chapters on ancient Maya, Peru and Mexico, drawing as they do on material which has not before been accessible, are probably the most interesting and convincing that have yet been written; and the tracing of Mayan conquests across the Gulf of Mexico and up the Mississippi Valley with its influence on the Mound-Builders, in conformity with the latest research in that region, seems to put at rest all the vexed inquiry as to who the Mound-Builders were and what became of them. The tradition of

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worked gold which, travelling with the Mayan conquerers, influenced the Mississippi copper-working and came faintly back as the myth of Quivira (*cuivre* of the French explorers?) to be a lure to the Spanish, is one of the most interesting culture tales in the world, to which, without romanticizing, Dr. Radin's account does full justice.

The chapters on the position of women in tribal life and on the capitalists of the North should be read by all students of social life today. They illustrate a favorite thesis of the reviewer, that more is to be learned by a study of existing primitives in the two Americas than by the perusal of European-derived social doctrines. The northwest coast has been a puzzle to ethnologists, with its utterly unfriendly environment and its—in some respects—acutely sophisticated and complicated social culture. Dr. Radin, though not the first to appreciate the interrelation of this cultural complexity with the ritualization of the idea of wealth as a witness to personal worth, succeeds in setting this primitive idealization of wealth before the reader in all its sociological implications better than anyone else who has tried it. Without realizing that he is doing so, Dr. Radin also confirms the derivation of the modern business organization from the hunt-pack by his definite association of cannibalism and capitalism.

It is, however, an oversight which it is to be hoped the author means later to remedy that he has ended his Story with the utter obliquity of the Ghost Dance massacre. Nothing is so discreditable to America as an alleged civilized and Christian nation as this incredible incident by which the spirit of the Indian peoples was finally broken. But there is another chapter of the Indian Story just opening, which might have relieved, if it had been mentioned, the biting shame of the Ghost Dance episode. I refer to the reawakened interest in the art of the aboriginal which has begun within the last decade, and the gradual drawing of the thread of Indian song and story and design into the mixed fabric of American culture. That Paul Radin is fully awake to the implications of aboriginal art is evident from the illustrations with which "The Story of the American Indian" is competently illuminated. He also quotes passages from native song and story that imply a critical literary appreciation of their values. So one wonders if Paul Radin was too literary to have admitted this slender variation of a happier destiny than barbarous extinction, preferring to close on the full note of tragedy, or too scientific to perceive the color of aboriginal life creeping up the fringes and staining the fabric of American art. And how about the future of those Mexican and South American cultures whose warp and woof, whose blood and thought are profoundly subdued to the aboriginal hue? No! The story of the American Indian did not end with the stupid protestant-militaristic-Christian shooting down of two or three hundred men, women and children met in a religious revival. It stretches on into the future of the whole western half of the world; from lopped root-stocks in Mexico and South America it bids fair to rise again into a fruiting tree. In spite of the fact that this is the most interesting and exciting book on the Indian which has yet appeared, it is not scientists who write the largest truths. It takes poets to do that.

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THE PUCK OF ENGLISH POLITICS

By Rose Lee

DISRAELI. *By André Maurois. Appleton. $3.00.*

PERHAPS because Beaconsfield was "like an old Spirit of the Springtime, always vanquished and always renascent", he has remained a subject of perennial delight to biographers. M. André Maurois is the latest to have been caught by this seasonal fascination. Of three Disraeli biographies published in the past three years, M. Maurois has written the one which Disraeli himself would have enjoyed. It is less a history than a work of art in which the pleasure-giving element predominates; a vivid external portrait, where figure and background are simplified for the sake of the design.

A strange young man, wistful and impudent, with "Manfred love-locks" and gaudy waistcoats, alternates his periods of worldly activity with periods of literary creation. Gradually he becomes purged of mannerisms and learns habits of loyalty and patience. After many trials and disappointments, he attains at last to the highest position in the Empire. Age, ill-health and loneliness have dulled a little his sharp joy in success; but they do not obscure the bloom of that romantic career. This, in very brief, is the story that M. Maurois tells. "Disraeli" lacks the freshness of "Ariel", but it preserves the same vivacious tone and the same easy outlook upon English virtue.

Mr. Gladstone, as might be expected of him, serves a double purpose in the book. He offers a fine medium for a Frenchman's satire on British rectitude, and at the same time he provides a handy foil to the character of Disraeli. Like Byron in "Ariel", he enables M. Maurois to portray his hero by means of dramatic antithesis. Perhaps the most brilliant and quotable passage in the book is the one where Disraeli and Gladstone are contrasted in a series of rapid-fire epigrams:

"To Disraeli, Gladstone was a man without religion and without political faith. To Disraeli, Gladstone was a man of assumed piety, who cloaked his skill in manoeuvering with feigned scruples. Gladstone had all his days lived a model Sunday-school life. At Eton he said his prayers morning and evening. At Oxford the young men drank less in 1840 because Gladstone had been up in 1830. In Parliament he had been straightway the studious pupil, and Peel's beloved disciple. Disraeli had lived a vagabond's life, in school and politics alike. He had known the moneylenders' parlours before those of Ministers and Bishops. Disraeli's enemies said he was not an honest man. Gladstone's enemies said of him that he was an honest man in the worst sense of the word. . . . The cynical Disraeli whispered in the ear of the aged and austere Mr. Bright, as he helped him into his overcoat: 'After all, Mr. Bright, we both know very well what brings you and me here: ambition.' Gladstone unconsciously assured himself: 'Well, I do not think I can tax myself with ever having been much moved by ambition.' . . . Disraeli could persuade others, but was powerless over himself. Gladstone liked to choose an abstract principle and from that to deduce his preferences. And his tendency was to believe that his desires were those of the Almighty. He was reproached, not so much for having the ace of trumps up his sleeve, as for claiming that God had put it there. . . . "

Dates and documents rarely intrude upon the swift, clear flow of the narrative; and somehow no mention at all is made of Disraeli's second term as Chancellor of the Exchequer, after the Palmerston Ministry had gone down in 1858 on the "Conspiracy to Murder" Bill. Palmerston himself appears only once, looking "like some old croupier from Monte Carlo". And yet Palmerston's was a career that touched Disraeli's in curious ways. Like Disraeli, he was a great Imperialist, a friend of Turkey against encroaching Russia, a champion of free passage-way to India, though he put his faith in overland routes instead of Suez. Palmer-

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ston's "tit-for-tat with Johnny Russell" was responsible for the Tory victory in 1852 that gave Disraeli his first taste of power; later, his vast popularity assured the Whigs that prolonged period of power which for so many years deferred Disraeli's own triumph. One regrets that M. Maurois did not linger a little upon that nobleman to whom, as Lord Roehampton in "Endymion", an aged Disraeli paid tribute and to whom a younger Disraeli on several occasions made eager and fluttering advances.

Clearly the interest of this volume does not lie in exact scholarship—but then, neither did Disraeli's! It relies, like him, upon the more popular qualities of charm and brilliance. It is urbane yet romantic, witty yet tender. In fact, parts of it might have been written by Disraeli himself. Here, as in "Ariel", M. Maurois has effectively created atmosphere by the use of *pastiches*. The book is studded with passages reminiscent of Disraeli's own style, though in a Frenchman's hands those exuberant phrases show a trace of irony:

"Every day they were bidden to some river-party, to a garden-party in the flower-clad groves worthy of Veronese, to some delightful party after the Opera. Sometimes he rode to hounds, mounted on a perfect Arab mare which belonged to his mistress, taking every jump and winning the esteem of the most exacting horsemen. He had no taste for this sport, but refused to let himself be checked by any obstacle: that was part of his system."

There is hardly a page that does not evoke in this manner the living ghost of Disraeli. He flows like an essence between the lines, almost as though he were telling his own story, an impression which is heightened by the sympathetic mood of the narrative.

With exquisite tact, M. Maurois has avoided topics which might become unpleasant—among these any vulgar questioning of his hero's motives. Disraeli's scheming is passed over so lightly that one hardly savors to the full his astonishing adroitness in managing parties and platforms. The pamphleteer intention in most of his novels is not stressed, nor the relation of his literary productiveness to the peculiar, life-long pressure of his debts. Of "Henrietta Temple" this author says discreetly "He had a mistress; he loved her and composed a love-story in her honor" . . . and then goes on to describe the social joys of that connection. Yet E. T. Raymond in his "Disraeli: Alien Patriot" points out, on the evidence of a letter, that Disraeli only finished writing "Henrietta Temple" after he had broken with the lady herself: he was driven by debt into exhuming a newly-buried passion, while the faces of duns and notes mingled with the "radiant countenance" of his heroine.

Not once is the word *arrivisme* mentioned in connection with Disraeli's career. His ambition is explained rather simply as an Oriental's taste for grandeur, coupled with a great man's natural impatience to consummate his own high destiny. The distinctly Jewish traits in his psychology are not emphasized, as they were by Georg Brandes and E. T. Raymond. Like a sun-dial, M. Maurois does not function in the shady places of his hero's career. A youthful heart, he explains, was the real secret of Disraeli's power. It is interesting to note that Mr. Philip Guedalla also remarks, "For Palmerston (it was his secret) never lost his youth". This seems to indicate a general formula for success in English politics. Wondering at the simplicity of it, one is led to inquire, "Is it the youthful heart that causes success? Or is it success that keeps the heart young?"

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A Shelf of Recent Books

LOOKING PEGASUS IN THE MOUTH

By Alexander Wayrill

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION IN POETRY. *By Gilbert Murray. Harvard University. $3.00.*

DITHYRAMB, TRAGEDY AND COMEDY. *By A. W. Pickard-Cambridge. Oxford University. $6.00.*

AESCHYLUS AND SOPHOCLES, THEIR WORK AND INFLUENCE. *By J. T. Sheppard. Longmans, Green. $1.75.*

EURIPIDES THE IDEALIST. *By R. A. Appleton. Dutton. $2.50.*

WE ordinarily look upon tradition as hemming us in, forgetting that the word means literally something that is handed over—a gift transmitted across the ages. We have become especially distrustful of the classical tradition, so that (like the Trojans) we might be said to fear the Greeks even when they bear gifts. And yet the influence of Greece and Rome is, as Professor Murray points out, the most powerful in English poetry—more powerful than that of the Bible or the literatures of the Germanic peoples.

Professor Murray is that rare thing among critics—a poet of fine sensibilities possessing the analytical faculty of the scientist. He is a cicerone who, at the same time that he rouses our enthusiasm, explains to us exactly why we are being emotionally affected. He analyzes the methods by which classical poetry achieved its effects, compares the resources of the English language with those of Greek and Latin, and shows how in some respects English verse cannot hope to equal that of the ancients. He counsels neither perfection nor despair. He does not advise us to write in the classical tongues or to cease writing. But he urges the necessity of a careful study of technique. "A poet who tosses off some exquisite lyric, apparently on the spur of the moment, has almost certainly been so living as, first, to be exquisitely prepared for that particular mood or emotion, and, secondly, to have developed the technical skill which enables him to write what he wants to write. It is, if one thinks of it soberly, absurd to suppose that inspiration falls like the rain equally on him who lives among poetical thoughts and him who thinks only of his digestion and his bank balance."

Unlike many admirers of the Greeks, Professor Murray does not think that they invented their own tradition in its entirety. *"Le monde naît, Homère chante"*, is a naïve and inaccurate statement. As another critic has said, if Virgil copied from Homer, is it likely that Homer copied from no one? Scholars have come to realize that the Homeric poems presuppose an old poetic tradition, and this view has been borne out by the archaeological discoveries that have demonstrated the existence of a highly developed pre-Hellenic civilization in the Aegean region.

But although we can see that there must have been a tradition, it is more difficult to discover its precise nature. This becomes evident when we consider the beginnings of any of the great poetic forms. The origin of the drama, on which a great deal of scholarly ingenuity has been expended, is treated by Professor Murray and Dr. Sheppard, and a more extended discussion is given by Mr. Pickard-Cambridge. There seems to be general agreement that tragedy was derived from choral performances combining poetry, music, and dancing. According to Aristotle the dithyramb developed into the satiric play and this in turn into tragedy. But Mr. Pickard-Cambridge considers it more likely that each of these poetic forms followed its own line of development. The religious affiliations of tragedy are also doubtful. The usual view connects it with the worship of Dionysus. Professor Murray believes that it symbolized the death and resurrection of a vegetation divinity; Dr.

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A. B. Cook traces it back to a Cretan ritual; the late Sir William Ridgeway argued that dramatic representations grew out of the funeral celebrations at the tombs of heroes. Mr. Pickard-Cambridge rejects these three views but he confesses that the evidence is insufficient to settle the problem.

The origin of comedy is unfortunately also obscure. The view of Aristotle, that it arose from phallic revels, seems untenable to Mr. Pickard-Cambridge, who inclines to the belief that comedy was derived from revels in which the participants disguised themselves as animals, and he thinks that these may have had some connection with totemism. All this is admittedly hypothetical.

In the new volume of "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" series, Dr. Sheppard takes up the theme where Mr. Pickard-Cambridge leaves off and treats of the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles and their influence on ancient and modern literature. His summaries of the extant plays are remarkable for the way in which they catch the dramatic qualities: the reader who goes back to the texts will have a heightened understanding of how the plays must have acted in the ancient theater.

During the middle ages Aeschylus and Sophocles were practically unknown—Dante does not mention them although he speaks of Euripides. But with the recovery of their manuscripts during the Renaissance their influence spread, affecting not only the drama but other forms of poetry. A particularly interesting chapter is that on the performances of classical plays in the academic theater of the University of Strasburg in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

Mr. Appleton deals with the third and most modern of the great Greek tragedians. The modernity of Euripides is felt both in his technique and his ideas. His plots are more complicated than those of Aeschylus and Sophocles, his characters more complex; he sympathizes with the downtrodden—women, children and slaves; he is a scholar versed in the new philosophical doctrines and skeptical of the gods. Such a man could not fail to arouse disapproval. "Aristotle found Euripides a bad artist, just as Aristophanes found him a bad man." But the critics were not always fair to their subject. Aristophanes was a Tory opposed to all kinds of innovation. "It is one of the strangest facts in literary history that credence should have been given to Aristophanes's attack upon Euripides, while little or none is given to the attack upon Socrates in the 'Clouds'." But Euripides, unlike Socrates, was not fortunate enough to have a Plato for his biographer.

The modernism of Euripides illustrates the fact that even in ancient times the classical tradition did not go unchallenged. But although he was an innovator, Euripides did not reject the classical theory of art, as has been done by the romanticists in modern times. Romanticism was not so much a revolt against tradition as an attempt to supplant one tradition by another. But many modernists have gone further and have held that art is entirely a matter of individual self-expression. Such a doctrine neglects the importance of having something to express and of expressing it well. Professor Murray quotes the reply of a drawing master to a young lady who justified her bad pictures on the ground that they expressed her personality: "La personalité de mademoiselle n'intéresse que maman".

Professor Murray thinks that the mania for self-expression is due to the conditions of modern life. Competition is so intense that the artist finds it difficult to attract attention except by being strikingly different from his colleagues and predecessors. This in turn makes for critical incompetence on the part of the public, since it is easier to decide whether or not a work is odd than to judge its artistic qualities. The entire situation is at least partly due (although Professor Murray does not make the connection) to the increase of population and particularly of leisure brought about by the industrial revolution. He does, however, blame the industrial revolution for the overstimulation characteristic of modern life and the consequent ennui which causes a craving for new and stronger forms of stimulation. And he thinks that the progress of mechanical invention has given rise to the view that modern art, like modern machinery, is neces-

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sarily an improvement on that of past ages: some people "actually cannot accommodate themselves to the fact that there is better poetry in Isaiah than in the New York (sic) *Saturday Post*".

While this criticism of the moderns is essentially correct, it would be rash to deny the possibility of inventing a totally new form of art. It is true that this is an unlikely eventuality; advance is more likely to come (as it does in engineering) through the improvement of forms already in existence. But even improbable events occur occasionally; and one success would recompense the world for innumerable failures. Such an advance, however, can scarcely be made by one who is not conversant with the old forms of art. As in engineering, the inventor should have at his command the technique of his predecessors, even if only to know what to avoid.

BACKSTAIRS GOSSIP OF THE MANY MANSIONS

By H. M. Kallen

HEAVENLY HISTORY: AN ACCOUNT OF HEAVENLY ARCHITECTURE AFTER DANTE, MILTON, SWEDENBORG AND BLAKE WITH A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE GENESIS AND HIERARCHY OF THE BLESSED ANGELS AND SUNDRY APOCRYPHA. *By Eleanor Follansbee. Covici. $2.50.*

THERE is a view of God and man which history ignores and fiction holds itself superior to, except in detective stories. The tale told by the historian or the romancer is a tale told by its makers and inventors. They stand outside the figures they work up and the adventures they endow them with, and view them with the all-seeing eye of the Creator of the universe. To the eye of the historian or the romancer, the dark future is only a bright station in the still past; prophecy is retrospect; existence is neither change nor chance but predestination, an inevitable movement to a foregone conclusion.

The view which both ignore is quite other than this, and far more natural to our works and days. This is the view that we recognize for what it is in our dreams. It is classic in the Arabian Nights. It is typical backstairs among the servants. "Heavenly History" is not about things. Yet it is neither history nor fiction. Consequently, it must be gossip or nothing. And gossip it is. For, though pigs is pigs, angels is people, and the view of them which Miss Follansbee offers is the backstairs view. She moves through some of the many mansions of the Father's House —through those set up by Enoch and St. John and Dante and Milton and Swedenborg and Blake—like some butler or cook, overhearing this, catching sight of that, and then trying to explain it for herself and everyone else. So she builds up a tissue of gossip, occasionally entertaining and palatable as only gossip can be, but gossip none the less.

She guesses that Heaven and Hell are brother and sister and therefore cannot marry, although among the best families in antiquity, both human and divine, brother and sister always married. She calls Dante's conception of the unseen world "Copernican", and she lays down the customary dogma that Heaven is unfulfilled desire and the unusual one that Heaven is desire on the verge of fulfillment. She suggests that God has been weakened by too much goodness, and that if Christ had not been born the Jews would have invented him. As for his elder brother, Lucifer, she shows a weakness for that prideful scapegoat, so graceless, so witty and so—with his cloven feet, his horns and his tail, mementos of an older happier time, before he was misshapen into half a man—unbeautiful. She regrets the spell which Christianity has cast upon him, making him all evil. The worship of him—millennia older than Christianity, before he was Devil and after he was the great god Pan—which continued in Christian times and was later organized into the cult of Satan, with its witches and wizards and warlocks and celebrations on *Walpurgisnacht*, she calls an inverted Puritanism. And she is inclined to make much of Milton's glorification of him and of Blake's notion that this fiery Pride incarnate is the god of all genius and creation.

Concerning the angels, she is rather low

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in her mind. She thinks that they have fallen upon evil times. Only the Catholic church takes them seriously. Their tasks have been made trivial, watching babies and the like; and horror of horrors, they have been, not unsexed, but like certain domestic fowl, transmuted in sex. Throughout their history magnificent males, they have been since the end of the sixteenth century just pretty little females, doing only pre-feminist woman's work in the world.

To round out her gossip, she adds a few apocrypha which she made up to account for the tenants of the heavenly mansions and for their behavior. She says that they are mediators between God and men and that Anatole France was nicer to them than others of their creators. She says the Devil is a lucky chance that God took. She says every day when the weather is exceptionally good is God's birthday. And, yes, she says that St. Peter's angel—the one that let him out of jail—was actually a real little girl who was too kind to tell him that she was not angel, because she believed that there was nothing so precious as an illusion. There were flappers in those days . . .

HUMANIZING PSYCHOLOGY

By S. Daniel House

ABOUT OURSELVES, PSYCHOLOGY FOR NORMAL PEOPLE. *By H. A. Overstreet. Norton. $3.00.*
CHARACTER AND THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. *By William McDougall. Putnam. $5.00.*
UNDERSTANDING HUMAN NATURE. *By Alfred Adler. Greenberg. $2.50.*
THE KINGDOM OF THE MIND. *By June Downey. Macmillan. $2.00.*

THIS book by Professor Overstreet is, from whatever angle viewed, a most excellent contribution to general enlightenment. In lucidity of exposition, happiness of style, liberating philosophy of life, it compares favorably with the illuminating popular works of Bertrand Russell. No service could be more useful these pathologic days than to utilize the momentous findings of abnormal psychology for the re-education of normal men and women. Overstreet achieves that task beautifully.

Clinical cases dealing with the flight from reality, the flight into disease, psychoneurotic disturbances rooting in functional rather than in organic motivation, hysteria as a brilliant pathologic method of evading the insistent burden of reality, the mechanism of rationalization with its compensatory self-delusions, the subtle tricks and resources of the mind for distorting truth and reality, the various subconscious devices for magnifying the egotistic and narcissistic tendencies in human nature—these enormously significant discoveries of the new psychology are discussed and illustrated in Overstreet's volume, keenly sub-titled "Psychology for Normal People".

His original contribution lies in the contrasting of two types of human reaction which he calls contractive and expansive. These graphic concepts are not mere synonyms for the famous introvert and extrovert categories elaborated by Jung. The expansive type is presumed to be the fellow whose dispositions cordially co-operate with man and reality to make of the adventure of living a significant experimental comradeship. The contractive type is assumed to be the self-centered person, the shut-in type, who cannot easily muster the emotional generosity or the intellectual compassion to join hands with his fellow men in the business of socializing and humanizing life.

An important criticism of this distinction would draw attention to its excessive sharpness, its failure to note many exceptions and contradictions and overlappings, its too uncritical acceptance of the concept of type, and most important of all, the failure to realize the value to civilization and culture of certain "contractives" whose very detachment and specialization make their contributions to knowledge and accomplishment the unique things they are.

There is an excess of faith in the possibility of re-making the individual. There is an almost complete neglect of the influence of social forces in the creation of behavior patterns. There is a total and surprising disregard of the highly important concept of compulsion as underlying human behavior. Inevitably, so hopeful and pleasant a book

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conveys an oversimplified picture of human nature and its potentialities for sweet sanity and rationality.

Professor McDougall's impressive tone makes it clear beyond any philosophic doubt that America has been neglectful in its ignoring of a really great humorist. I suggest to Mr. Mencken that he brush aside whatever important articles he is maliciously concocting for the exquisite pleasure of reading (preferably aloud) McDougall's chapters entitled: "To Young People", "To Girls", "To Young Men", (he may modestly skip the next one on "Married Life") "To Wives", "To Husbands", "Age", and, most enlightening of all, "The Management of the Body".

But let our new-found Polonius speak for himself: "I say nothing about the horrors of the modern custom of 'petting parties'. Such practices are too loathsome to require any word of condemnation. But it must be recognized that the sex tendency craves for physical contact. This craving should be strictly held in hand during the preliminary period. It would seem wiser that it should not be indulged even to the point of a fleeting kiss on the cheek; and certainly not to the point of taking the young lady on your knee . . . The moment of formal betrothal is time enough for the first kiss. . . ." There are too many scintillating bits of wisdom to quote at length, but the modern young reader of all sexes will have an uproarious time reading this contribution to Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera.

Now that McDougall has definitely quit being a scientist and a psychologist and has become a bull-dogmatic moralist and theologian, it is fortunate that he is located at Duke University where the spiritual atmosphere is congenial to his Calvinistic temperament.

Dr. Adler's book is sane and human and impressive and modest. Adler has become well known as an educator, a fact of great importance when you realize that the psychological revolution which medicine has undergone is the work of philosophic physicians (Charcot, Janet, Freud, Adler, Jung, Sidis, Jones) who have made it abundantly clear that the re-education of human nature is the great goal toward which all the human sciences are tending. Mental hygiene has become the most important of enterprises in contemporary enlightenment.

To understand human nature in the Adlerian sense is to be possessed of a social philosophy that honors co-operation rather than competition, to see in the young child a plastic and creative personality, to regard the home and the school as the two most promising centers for inculcating in the child self-confidence and self-dependence, to view life as a series of problems of equating the ego with a variety of social environments, to understand that the feeling of inferiority runs deep in human nature and must find compensatory fulfilment—if not in normal, then in psychoneurotic and pathologic patterns of behavior; all of which seek a sufficient realization of the will-to-power and dominance and superiority.

Dr. Adler's work teaches us that psychology at the service of life is the only kind of psychology worthy of our serious attention as humans urgently in need of a realistic insight into the dynamics of behavior and of misbehavior. Educational psychiatry, as I have called it, is interested in "problem" children and in "problem" adults with a view to ameliorating and clarifying their maladjusted relations to their own egos, to the familiar constellation, to society at large. The central problem that confronts the new psychology is the study of personality-deficit. The teacher and the parent and the psychologist—these three in particular—are invited to undergo re-education that they may become "educational psychiatrists" to the younger generation.

In June Downey's delightful little book written for children (of all ages), the young student of psychology will be confronted with various puzzles and exercises and experimental techniques for mastering the more important and interesting bits of knowledge in the field of academic psychology. The work is gracefully written and humanly presented so that he who reads can't help wanting to learn. One wonders whether it would not be highly desirable to incorporate in such a lucid book for youngsters not only a fragment of knowledge concerning introverts and extroverts or a playful exercise in inferring

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emotional states from facial expression, but also a quite serious account of the findings of abnormal psychology which, after all, illuminate human nature in a way that the traditional academic approach cannot match for vitality and interest and significance. Our author could make a very good job of rendering clinical psychology interesting and provocative to young minds. May she be called upon to do so forthwith. There is a kingdom of the subconscious mind which is well worth the exploration of our ultra-modern little wiseacres who crave more truth and insight than their elders have the courage to give them.

CLOSE TO THE HEART OF AMERICA

By Graham McNamee

TEN—AND OUT! *By Alexander Johnston. Washburn. $3.50.*
FOOTBALL TODAY AND TOMORROW. *By William W. Roper. Duffield. $2.50.*

BASEBALL may be called the great American sport, but prize-fighting and football, on which these books are written, lie pretty close to the American heart.

"Ten—and Out!" is a history of the manly art of self-defense, or, as it has also been called, "modified murder". On first blush it would seem that such a book must necessarily be about as interesting to read as an algebra, but Mr. Johnston has fooled us most delightfully. He adheres strictly to the line on which he started—an effort to show what has happened in pugilism since Cain struck Abel, or thereabouts—but while doing that he has written a volume which reads more like a novel than a compilation of statistics.

Mr. Johnston is unquestionably a good friend to boxing, but at the same time he does not neglect to publish certain facts and stories showing the great old game of hit and miss, hook and crook, and give and take at its lowest ebb. Boxing has more than once found conditions so lined up in battle array against it that it is a wonder the gloves are still being manufactured. There must be something fundamentally good in the sport else it could never have survived the abuse heaped upon it. Mr. Johnston brings out many reasons for its survival.

"Ten—and Out!" takes the reader far back into the dark ages of bare-knuckle fighting when there were very few rules and those most loosely enforced. It introduces us to Tom Molyneux, "the Moor", at the opening of the nineteenth century, to Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer—all fighters whose names are not much more than legendary as Gene Tunney looks down from the heavyweight throne. Charlie Mitchell comes next, followed by a chapter on the daddy of them all, the "Boston Strong Boy", John L. Sullivan. Mr. Johnston deals kindly with the great "Jawn L.", though he does not entirely overlook his faults. Down through the fistic heroes we come: Peter Jackson, the great Negro; James J. Corbett of flashing fists and feet, originator of a new style of boxing; James J. Jeffries, the "Bear Man"; Bob Fitzsimmons from the Antipodes; Jack Johnson, the first colored heavyweight champion; Ketchell the brave; the giant Jess Willard; Jack Dempsey, "Killer of the Ring"; and last of all our present champion, Gene Tunney.

Turning to another branch of athletics, we have "Football Today and Tomorrow", by William W. Roper, great coach and wily mentor of Princeton teams. Bill Roper knows as much about coaching a football team as any man, so anything he has to say of the game is important, whether it deals with football of today, tomorrow or yesterday.

It is easy to forgive him for opening his book with an account of the Princeton-Chicago game of 1922, for no team ever came from behind and on to win in a more spectacular fashion than Roper's team on that occasion. Bill writes the following sentence in speaking of that 21-18 victory, "I have always taught my boys to play for the breaks, to fight hardest and think quickly when the break comes, to hammer away and sweep the opposition off their feet before they know what it's all about".

Having revived the memory of the Chicago game, Roper puts Princeton out of his mind for the moment and goes into a most

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interesting chapter on the training of a modern football team. No man has earned more right to discuss this subject than the author, and he manages to present his instructive ideas in a fitting manner. There is a good chapter on "The Quarterback", football's pivotal man, and then Roper goes into the psychology of the game. The reader is also taken to the mysterious conference in the club-house between the halves and is allowed to hear what transpires during the fifteen-minute intermission.

In a chapter headed "What's Wrong with Professional Football?" Roper has used an illustration which preaches a sermon. It is a double picture—the upper half showing the finish of a hard line play with most of the professional players on their feet, relaxed, easy and evidently unconcerned. The lower half depicts a similar play between college teams. Every man is tense, most of them are down, and it is quite evident that nothing in the world is quite so important as the game. The picture gives, I think, a suggestive comment on the difference between college and professional football. Bill Roper not only knows his subject, but he knows how to express himself.

"DIE GÖTTLICHE, HEILIGE ISADORA"

By Seumas O'Sheel

MY LIFE. *By Isadora Duncan. Boni & Liveright. $5.00.*

"IT has taken me years of struggle, hard work and research to learn to make one simple gesture," Isadora Duncan states in her preface, confessing a fear that she cannot adequately command the literary medium. But although she was no stylist in letters, Isadora had always a faculty of lucid statement; and this, applied to the forthright, saltily-frank tale of her amazing and flaming career, has produced what is surely the bravest autobiography ever written by a woman, and perhaps the frankest story of love ever written without a smirk.

This is a book of sweeping power, fantastic as a myth, convincing as a revelation, exciting as a tale of battles and conquests. A babe of six teaching other babes to dance. A child of ten, unable to endure school, putting up her hair, calling herself sixteen and setting up as a professional dancing teacher. A young girl sweeping her family off to starve in Chicago, to starve in New York, to starve in London. What a *ménage!*—what a life!—all day studying Greek marbles and vases in the British Museum, most of the night given to the music of Chopin and Schumann, to the reading of poetry and the working out of dances; sleeping on the floor of a bare and frigid studio, sometimes eating and more often not, dancing before enthusiastic artists in the court of the New Gallery and before polite aristocracy in country houses, and back again to starve and sleep on the floor. Talk about Sanger's Circus! Then Paris, and the patronage of the Princesse de Polignac and the Comtesse de Noailles, and the acclaim of Messager, Sardou, eventually of all the great.

But to Hungary belongs the credit of first lifting her to those heights of universal adoration on which she lived and moved thenceforth; Budapest was the first of the many cities she took by storm. Afterward came Munich, where the students never tired of drawing her carriage through the streets and serenading her all night, and Berlin, where they called her *Die Göttliche, Heilige Isadora.* The little American dancer was now one of the great artists of the world, with serious, philosophic Germany gathered about her in grave discussion of the future of art.

Suddenly she and that equally mad enthusiast, her brother Raymond, swept the family off to Greece. A little sailboat was chartered, and it must pass Ithaca though the fate of Shelley threatened. They kissed the soil of Hellas; they climbed the Acropolis with emotions too deep for words; they exhausted their funds trying to build a replica of the palace of Agamemnon on a waterless mountain-top. Back to Germany went Isadora, to the spell of Wagner. Her dream of a school came to dominate all her purposes.

Meanwhile she lived that passionate personal life which scandalized so many and heartened so many more. The first two men

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to whom she tried to give herself refused her. She fled from Rodin and lived to regret it. The father of one of her children was Gordon Craig, and of the other that American millionaire whom she discreetly refers to as L., and who, if my identification is not at fault, was with her on that last tragic day. Heinrich Thode loved her with a passion that gave no place to the physical; Stanislavsky would not succumb to her; and she took impish glee in being the one woman who resisted D'Annunzio. Wholly an atheist, a bitter foe of churches, she was a mystic, a believer in clairvoyance, and her faith in personal immortality sustained her in the hour of her children's death.

One thing I have always felt is emphasized by Isadora again and again: the sheer Americanism of her inspiration and her art. Not to Greece; but to her Irish-Scotch ancestors, to their covered-wagon trek across the prairies, to the Pacific beside whose waves she first danced, to the majesty of the Rockies and to the chant of Walt Whitman she gives the glory. The whole Duncan tribe, indeed, were of that weird, wholly American fibre that produces Burbanks and medicine men, George Sterlings and New Thoughters, self-deluded charlatans and authentic prophets. In Isadora Duncan it gave the world the greatest artist of our time; but it took Europe to appreciate her and make her a goddess.

BALLADS IN PRINT

By Robert A. Kissack, Jr.

THE AMERICAN SONGBAG. *By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. $7.50.*

MINSTRELSY OF MAINE. *By Fannie H. Eckstorm and Mary W. Smyth. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.*

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE ANTHRACITE MINER. *By George G. Korson. Hitchcock. $3.00.*

WEEP SOME MORE, MY LADY. *By Sigmund Spaeth. Doubleday, Doran. $4.00.*

YANKEE DOODLE-DOO. *By Grenville Vernon. Payson & Clarke. $5.00.*

WHEN, about a century and a half ago, Bishop Percy was visiting his friend Humphrey Pitt, he found under a bureau in the parlor an old dog-eared manuscript which he avidly seized upon and later edited and published in book form. Today, in the eyes of scholars he has become a sort of hero, for that chivalrously rescued manuscript had contained old songs and ballads of the people, songs of folklore and folk-history, songs which had never before been set down in writing; it was part of the beginning of the famous Romantic Revival. Since then we have been busy reviving romantically, until now, oddly enough, despite our rampant materialism, we have not only an almost completely resuscitated and democratic curiosity about the ways of common man but also an even indiscriminate delight in things of the past. As a result we actually seem to be achieving, in literature at any rate, the rudiments of a national consciousness.

Carl Sandburg's "The American Songbag" is an astonishing collection of two hundred and eighty songs, ballads and ditties, provided not only with melodies but frequently with complete harmonizations or piano accompaniments. It is ponderous, yet the author hints that five hundred pages is not nearly enough room in which to display all his wares. Since a third of this material has probably never before been printed, it amounts really to a sort of discovery. Decidedly unlike the worthy Percy in nearly every respect, Sandburg is in a way a modern prototype of that reverend gentleman. But he has done more than merely look under a bureau and discover a manuscript; he has prepared the manuscript himself. Travelling from coast to coast, visiting almost every square inch of these patchwork states of ours, he has recorded the songs that people sing and has learned to understand the people themselves. He knows his America. His introductory comments on each song he includes—if you can excuse in them an occasional bit of flamboyant humor—are real history of the "unwritten" sort that is frequently of more value than that found in textbooks. There are vivid songs of pioneers, careless exuberances of hobos, tarnished sentimental love tales, blasphemies of low life or prison gangs, and wistful spirituals all heaped together in this curious encyclopedia. "Look at its contents," cries Sandburg, in a

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quite justified Barnum-like pride. "Its human turmoil is terrific . . . It is a volume full of gargoyles and gnomes, a terribly tragic book and one grinningly comic; each page lifts its own mask." He is more than a Bishop Percy here, is Sandburg; he is an Autolycus. "He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes. He utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes."

To appreciate whatever value there is in folk songs like these a man must be sincerely human and catholic in his tastes. There is something as strangely universal about them as there is about fairy tales. They spread along underground like roots, twining and twisting in an intricate network, taking on new and startling shapes, growing by accretion, dropping whole sections, combining, dividing, adopting themselves to special localities, and always changing—for that is the way of folklore. They may be brutal, callously humorous, or ridiculous and squashily sentimental; they may annoy, bore, or perhaps even intrigue and haunt; but they symbolize the firm simplicity of nature and the growth of the soil.

Though Sandburg is undoubtedly the most conspicuous ballad-monger of the moment, there are plenty of others clamoring to sell their wares. In Maine, for example, folk-songs and ballads of the woods and the coast were fast vanishing, and, since no competent man had appeared on the scene to collect them, two women, Fannie H. Eckstorm and Mary W. Smyth, volunteered (with a most becoming modesty) to do a man's job. The result of their venture is admirable. Their book, "Minstrelsy of Maine", is satisfying in its completeness and its readable yet scholarly treatment. Especially interesting is the chapter on "The Pursuit of a Ballad Myth" which may be, to those unacquainted with the tortuous and exciting methods of ballad hunting, almost a revelation. In Pennsylvania too there is good hunting, though the game is smaller than in the Maine woods, as George G. Korson has shown in his "Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner". Though the title may sound somewhat dismal and dusty, the curious reader will be delighted to find that here even in such stale and unprofitable places as coal "patches" pulses the healthy blood of human history: unwritten history of miners' lives, collier-boys, accidents, and strikes, all in an extremely real setting of village-greens, bar-rooms, suffocating "breakers" and dripping tunnels of perilous mines.

The authors of these first three books are the bold, romantic knight-errants of balladry who have ridden out in quest of actual living folklore. In their adventures they have rescued from the dungeons of oblivion many worthy or interesting songs—songs, mind you, of and by the people rather than songs written for them. Look now at two knights of a more indoor variety. Sigmund Spaeth and Grenville Vernon, though in their purposes and intentions almost directly opposed, are yet in their manner of collecting material from literary and not living sources easily comparable. Spaeth's witty new book, with the neat title "Weep Some More, My Lady", is a collection of songs decked out with melodies and hilariously but unintentionally funny old-fashioned illustrations. The songs were written for the people of a generation ago, songs of the sentimental, self-pitying school, lachrymose gallons of lamentation, songs that strive and strain so hard for an effect that we modern sophisticates go into gales of superior laughter at their nineteenth century maudlin morbidity and simpering wit. We laugh at them in the smart, younger-generation manner of ridiculing grandfather's silly derby or grandmother's impossible bustle or other such mid-Victorian atrocities. That of course is just what Spaeth wants us to do; in fact he takes pains to point out that his book is tendered not as scholarly work but as entertainment. Yet delightfully entertaining as it undoubtedly is, it is a second-rate sequel to his earlier success "Read 'Em and Weep". Moreover Spaeth admits that he is less inclined to poke such biting fun at this second batch of ignoble mediocrities of bad taste "than when he first dipped into the huge and muddy stream of American song literature". Can it be that he himself is becoming infected? Still more disturbing are the last lines in the author's melodramatic "Exhortation":

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"If these few songs grief or joy can create
for you,
Think of the thousands that still lie in wait
for you."

Let us hope that as these fertile volumes of sequels increase and multiply they will be able to overcome a present prophetic taint of deterioration.

Vernon, the other of these two indoor collectors, has discovered in his library wanderings a forgotten corner, as he says, "of the American soul prior to the Civil War". It was not a very inviting little corner, filled with odd bits of lyrics from operas and comic operas and with songs incidental to spoken plays, but he dusted it out with great seriousness and put the sweepings into a handsomely printed and strikingly bound volume, supplied a few bars of music and some interesting illustrations, and called his anthology "Yankee Doodle-Doo". Without question it is a distinct contribution to the growing literature of Americana, yet the ordinary reader, unless he have a strong antiquarian's curiosity or a very definite interest in the early history of the American stage may find it a little thin.

THE KHATUN RIDES BY

By Olivia Howard Dunbar

THE LETTERS OF GERTRUDE BELL OF ARABIA. *In two volumes. Edited by Lady Bell. Boni & Liveright. $10.00.*

GERTRUDE BELL, whose family letters covering a period of about thirty years have just been published by Lady Bell, led during these years a life of prodigious activity. Yet she was always able to summon the energy and seize the necessary hour to record this activity in letters that have a gay hard sparkle, a crisp wise air of permanence, that are masterly in vigor, finish, humor, even a sense of drama. Letters that are, in short, so good that one can't avoid a little feeling of disinterested concern lest this follower of the dangerous life be linked by posterity with the safe chimney-corner pursuit of personal correspondence.

It is a life almost epic that these letters reveal, life spent in expeditions through the desert, alone—alone, that is, except for her large native retinue, her seventeen camels, her mules, her tents and whatever housekeeping equipment the desert demands—or in Alpine climbing of the life-imperilling sort, or, as in the last ten years of her life, in Arabian politics. To this life of the boldest adventure Gertrude Bell was impelled by no sense of personal rebellion, no dissatisfaction with the British scene. If she dramatized herself a very little, and perhaps she did, it wasn't at all as a picturesque outlaw. There can be no doubt that she was a born reconciler of East and West, retaining to the end of her life as she almost unbelievably did, a complete sympathy with the entire British code, social and political, even always wearing conventional London clothes while wrestling in a tropical climate with the deliciously congenial difficulties of creating an Arab state and enthroning an Arab king. While on the other hand it was with the liveliest ardency that she regarded the Eastern races as, one after another, she came more or less intimately to know them. The Persians she loved first, but later she records:

"I adore Chinamen with a passion that amounts to mania. They are the most delightful people in the world." And later still,

"I have fallen a hopeless victim to the Turk; he is the most charming of mortals."

While, not many years before her death, she wrote, of Arabia:

"It's shocking how the East has wound itself around my heart till I don't know which is me and which is it . . . I'm more a citizen of Bagdad than many a Bagdadi born."

The mere catalogue of Gertrude Bell's experiences is impressive enough. Leaving Oxford at twenty-two, she travelled in Persia, Palestine, Arabia, in each case learning the necessary language before starting out. Twice she went around the world. Repeatedly she lingered in Italy and France for the sake of the art and archaeology that she forced these countries to yield her. She translated a volume of Persian poetry and at intervals published books that were nar-

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ratives of her own adventures. Her desert expeditions, which she conducted as geographer, ethnologist, archaeologist and naturalist, brought her a serious reputation. The war of course claimed her, assigning her to Boulogne, London, Cairo. In 1917 she settled in Bagdad at the British government's request and for the rest of her life was its immensely able servant. Her precise official title doesn't matter. Her actual function was that of serving, in a large sense, as an interpreter to each other of Great Britain and Arabia. This she accomplished without ever being, so far as is apparent, in the least impatient or critical of either one—an attitude of suspended judgment which one would suppose difficult of retention and which Miss Bell's friend and contemporary, T. E. Lawrence, seems not to have retained.

One can't resist speculating about such a woman, her insatiable appetite for life, her phenomenal competence in seizing upon what she wanted. Her equipment was, it is true, exceptional. She had health, intelligence, money, freedom. Perhaps an even more significant circumstance is that she appears to have been so consistent and undivided a human being. Also, she was most definitely a realist. Her excellent brain liked facts; her thinking, and she did think, had to do with things as they are. One doesn't catch her brooding wistfully over things as they ought to be. That is to say, there is nothing in her of the reformer or the visionary. Therefore one isn't altogether surprised to find her, at one period, actually diverting her energies from the engrossing East to serve the cause of Anti-suffrage in England —amusingly grotesque though it may be that she, who recognized no barrier to accomplishment and who was so passionately concerned with politics abroad, should have gone to so much pains to prevent political expression for other women. A gloriously good world, she had found it; why change it in the least? Having found achievement, to say nothing of a superlatively good time, so possible for herself, she was by no means given to sentimentalizing over the plight of women in general. If the position of Eastern women, in particular, seemed to her imperfect or gave her any serious concern, she does not reveal it in this correspondence. And if she was not sentimental, neither was she squeamish. No discomfort, no danger, no alien custom of whatever degree of barbarity, ever evoked from her a note of protest. Even bloodshed she could regard without dismay. When the savage Druzes allow her to witness their ritual preparatory to an intended massacre, she zestfully avails herself of the privilege, and to the warriors saluting her as an Englishwoman makes the extraordinary reply —going almost farther, one would suppose, than the etiquette of the occasion demanded —"Praise be to God! We, too, are a fighting race".

Nevertheless one comes to the end of her story with the conviction that Gertrude Bell had a touch of greatness. Those deep steadfast fecund enthusiasms of hers, so free from hysteria or whim, those fine generous ardors were in the heroic scale. And her lack of self-consciousness was magnificent. Following her early desert journeys, one waits in vain for her to exhibit the lone young woman's wonder of what the savage tribesmen she meets may be thinking of her. From the beginning she was far too much at ease in the universe to entertain such nervous vanities, the result being that the aliens, however amazed they may have been, accepted her on her own terms. Later on when she became, as she says, practically one of them, the Arabians adored her and her own people admired her scarcely less. Even before she died, her ardent daring life took on the color of legend. It was prophesied that proud tales would long be told of her. In Bagdad she was always known as the great lady, the Khatun. "For a hundred years," they told her, "they'll talk of the Khatun riding by."

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PROBLEMS OF WAR AND PEACE

By Foster Rhea Dulles

PEACE OR WAR? *By J. M. Kenworthy. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.*
JANUS. *By William McDougall. Dutton. $5.00.*
THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR. *By Charles Clayton Morrison. Willett, Clark & Colby. $3.00.*
THE WORLD TALKS IT OVER. *By Burr Price. Henkle. $1.75.*
MARCHING MEN. *By Stanton A. Coblentz. Unicorn. $5.00.*
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF REVOLUTION. *By Lyford P. Edwards. Chicago University. $3.00.*
PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUE IN THE WORLD WAR. *By Harold D. Lasswell. Knopf. $5.00.*

ANY group of books on such a popular but controversial subject as war and peace illustrates two very simple theories: that it is only too easy to agree on the causes of war and the utter futility of war, and almost impossible to agree on any definite program for peace. We may take almost any study of this problem and follow it through approvingly as it describes the potential areas of international conflict and demolishes the world's various panaceas for peace, only to find that the final chapter in which the author advances his own program for ending war leaves us cold and unmoved.

Lieutenant-Commander J. M. Kenworthy and William McDougall, the politician and the psychologist, have both written books falling within this category. In "Peace or War?" Commander Kenworthy skates almost exultingly over the thin ice of international relations and does not hesitate to point out that war even between the United States and Great Britain is quite possible. But after developing with skill and persuasiveness this side of the question and condemning the League of Nations—"the whole conception of the League of Nations is wrong"—what does he suggest? We are not quite sure. It is evident that Commander Kenworthy favors the outlawry of war, but instead of specifically stating how this magic formula should be applied he vaguely discusses the potential ability of America, Britain, Holland and Switzerland to maintain peace by a combined financial boycott.

But this boycott would necessitate some sort of an alliance and an alliance, no matter how well intentioned, invites rival alliances. This system has been tried too often. Nor is it in keeping with the outlawry of war, for the moment treaties embodying this principle are confused with extraneous issues, such as measures to prevent other nations from fighting either by the employment of force or by boycotts of any kind, they themselves constitute a threat to peace. Commander Kenworthy has vividly portrayed the dangers we face but like the rest of us cannot dispel the horrors he conjures up. His book is discouraging reading.

Mr. McDougall diagnoses the causes of war with critical acumen in "Janus" and then asking three questions—Is it desirable? Is it practicable? Is it likely to be effective?—competently disposes of every known program for peace. We cannot quarrel either with his theory that all causes of war "conspire to produce in each nation the fear of aggression by other nations", or with his conclusion that neither the League of Nations, nor disarmament, nor the outlawry of war can give an unequivocally affirmative answer to his three leading questions; but the tragedy of this little book is that the author's own program is neither desirable, practicable nor likely to be effective.

His program in brief is that the nations belonging to the League of Nations should forbid the manufacture of commercial airplanes capable of a speed greater than one hundred miles an hour, and "that they shall combine to establish and maintain at the highest point of efficiency an International police force furnished with high speed planes and all that contributes to make attack from the air irresistibly overwhelming". This force would be used to compel submission to the edicts of the authority controlling it,

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which he suggests should be the International Court of Justice. The court, "thus backed by overwhelming police force, should be charged with the primary duty of protecting all members of the League from sudden aggression". On sure ground when he discusses the causes of war, Mr. McDougall treats of its prevention with pure fancy.

"The Outlawry of War" is a more forthright book than either of the two we have discussed. Mr. Morrison is not so much concerned with the causes of war or with other programs of peace as he is with impressing upon his readers that the only way in which war can be abolished is by a direct frontal attack which would definitely and unequivocally outlaw it. So long as it remains a recognized institution, there can be no hope for peace; so long as we argue over aggressive and defensive wars, nations will resort to force; so long as we admit that war can ever be legal and justified, we shall have war.

His major premise is simply this: "Law, freely established and accepted by the will of the nations, administered with juridical authority by a recognized court, is the direct antithesis of the war system and the constructive final aim of all peace effort". This logic is undeniable. War cannot be fought with war and as Mr. Morrison says "it is the plighted word of the nations, backed by the united public opinion of the word, that can give reality and power to a court of world peace".

An international agreement to outlaw war is the immediate action demanded—the author has no patience with "steps"—but the efficacy of this program presupposes two things: that the world is determined upon peace to the exclusion of war under any circumstances, and that international pledges may be trusted. Mr. Morrison makes these two assumptions. Are they justified? But whatever doubts there may be on this point, "The Outlawry of War" is a clear, logical and inspired exposition of a very definite and constructive program for peace.

It is rather disheartening to note the slight value accorded to the League of Nations—which eight years ago embodied the world's hopes for peace—in these books. Has it made no contribution to the movement to end war? This question is objectively answered in "The World Talks It Over". This book is "strictly a work of fact" and as such attempts no estimate of wherein the League has succeeded, wherein it has failed. After briefly summarizing previous movements for peace Mr. Price tells the detailed story of the organization of the League, and then year by year recounts its manifold activities with special emphasis upon its important non-political work. It is a readable and interesting study from which the reader may draw his own conclusions.

Mr. Coblentz in "Marching Men" writes of the devastating march of the war-god throughout history. He is concerned with methods and weapons rather than with specific campaigns, using the latter only as illustrations. Contrary to the popular idea of war as a relic of barbarism he finds that it is on the contrary the product of civilization. Among the crudest savages there is no warfare, according to Mr. Coblentz. Among some of the aboriginal tribes there may be feudal or religious strife but it is only when personal property becomes all-important that warfare ceases to be regarded in the light of a game and develops into the organized, lawless war we know today. As society becomes more complex warfare becomes more deadly, more intricate and of wider range.

His descriptions of the cattle raids of the Zulus, of the campaigns of the Assyrians and Persians, of the warfare of Crusaders and Saracens, of the feudal quarrels of the Japanese samurai, and of the more prosaic wars of modern Europe are vivid and colorful. We have spread before us a fascinating panorama of war from the days when it was fought with primitive battle-axes and slings from which were hurled red-hot stones wrapped in burning rags, to the period of machine guns and poison gas.

"The Natural History of Revolution" is a scientific study based upon careful analysis of the growth and development of the great revolutions of the past. It is a book of absorbing interest, thoughtful and provocative. The popular opinion that revolutions are sudden and unpredictable is "ludicrously mistaken". They are the slowest forming

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of all social movements. The seeds of revolution may be sown among the repressed but it is only when this portion of society becomes more wealthy, more intelligent and more powerful that actual revolt becomes possible. It is with this development that the repressed recognize the intolerable conditions under which they were living and realize that improvement is possible. "The emotion which furnishes the driving power to revolution," says Mr. Edwards, "is hope, not despair."

But so contrary to accepted opinion are the theories advanced in this book that it must be read for them to be understood. It is, for instance, only after following revolutionary development along the paths he leads us on that we can appreciate the significance of his statement that "there is no more reason for Americans to be alarmed at the Russian Revolution than for the people of Florida to become alarmed at an eruption of Vesuvius". Mr. Edwards believes that the next revolution in America is at least three generations in the future, and if it comes at all it will be industrial rather than political. He points out that we have not yet worked out the problem of enforcing public responsibility in the economic sphere on either capital or labor, and concludes his study with the pertinent question: "Must it be fought out by revolution?".

In the next war, whether it is international or revolutionary, an almost decisive part will be played by propaganda. Peoples, not armies, now wage their countries' wars and they must be taught the glory of their cause and the wickedness of that of the enemy. "Propaganda Technique in the World War" serves the useful purpose of telling just how such propaganda must be conducted. In its exposure of what was done during the World War it is a telling indictment of all war and the hypocrisy and deceit which come in its train; in its suggestions for the future it is a Machiavellian textbook which should promptly be destroyed. It is utterly devastating.

"There are four major objectives," writes Professor Lasswell: "to mobilize hatred against the enemy; to preserve the friendship of allies; to preserve and, if possible, to procure the co-operation of neutrals: to demoralize the enemy." The "Satanism" of the enemy must be proven at all costs, and the chapter on this topic is revealing of the spurious, diabolical propaganda with which we were so familiar, often unwittingly, between 1914 and 1918.

The assurance which the propagandist may have that all manner of private interests will further his aims while in nefarious pursuit of their own, is one of the tragic elements in war psychology. "The churches of practically every description," says Professor Lasswell, "can be relied upon to bless a popular war, and to see in it an opportunity for the triumph of whatever godly design they choose to further." Can this be denied? This study of propaganda in the World War is the best of propaganda for peace.

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TAKE OF THESE DRAMA BOOKS ALL THAT IS FUSIBLE

By Montrose J. Moses

A History of the American Drama. *In Two Volumes. By Arthur H. Quinn. Harper. $10.00.*

The Theatre of Neptune in New France. *By Marc Lescarbot. Houghton Mifflin. $4.00.*

Theatre: Essays on the Arts of the Theatre. *Edited by Edith J. R. Isaacs. Little, Brown. $4.50.*

Plays for Three Players. *By Charles Rann Kennedy. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.*

Plays of Negro Life. *Selected and Edited by Alain Locke and Montgomery Gregory. Harper. $5.00.*

The Appleton Book of Short Plays. *Second Series. Edited by Kenyon Nicholson. Appleton. $2.50.*

Mariners. *By Clemence Dane. Macmillan. $1.75.*

Lazarus Laughed. *By Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.*

Bismarck: The Trilogy of a Fighter. *Three Plays. By Emil Ludwig. Putnam. $3.75.*

Three Plays. *By William Archer. Holt. $2.50.*

Playgoing: An Essay. *By James Agate. Harper. $2.00.*

Eight European Plays. *Selected by Winifred Katzin. Brentano. $3.50.*

A Splendid Gypsy: John Drew. *By Peggy Wood. Dutton. $1.00.*

THERE is almost an apostolic fervor on the part of some writers who approach the theater. They are so serious, so ponderous with their theory, that they have no grace in their mad rush after a fact. Others go forth on uncharted seas, with the gusto of explorers seeking high adventure; while still others court the theater in a mood of romantic gallantry.

All these types are represented in the fourteen books here grouped for cursory review. Since our title is a paraphrase of "Patience", let us continue it:

"Melt them all down in a critical crucible,
Take out the sprightly from all that is dumb—
And what is there left as a residuum?"

Gradations of scholarship are very well marked in the first three books on our list. Mr. Quinn continues his "History of American Drama" in two new volumes that trace, with conscientious patience, the flow of development from the Civil War to the present. As a handbook of plots, behind which lurk the main issues of our national crudeness and imitativeness in playwriting; as a picture of the present day, when our native dramatists are beginning to show some authority and personal initiative, this survey will serve a useful purpose. For there will be many who will never read the forgotten dramas Mr. Quinn here digs up for synopsis. Which makes us wonder whether there is any great value at all in a study of the American drama that does not subdue the inferior plays to the vitally colorful social background against which they flourished—showing a curious inconsistency between the vigor of our political life and the puerility of most of our early mental tastes. One hesitates to designate Mr. Quinn's two volumes sweepingly, but it will strike many that, with the space at his disposal, he has missed the significant, the most striking meaning of the product he surveys. He continually brushes aside the theater, in order to weigh as literature the dramas considered, failing to realize, or refusing to realize that the poverty of our drama—as literature—has been the result of its complete dependence on the theater and the dictates of theatrical conditions.

Word wars have been waged as to when and where our first theater was built in this country; similar battles have been fought

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over what was our first dramatic representation. Marc Lescarbot's "The Theatre of Neptune in New France", which came to life on the waves of Port Royal, November 14, 1606, is an honorable claimant to this latter distinction. Mrs. Harriette Richardson has issued the text of this Masque both in French and in translation under the inspiration of the Historical Association of Annapolis Royal—a serviceable task, preceded by an introduction which gives us some live notion of the gay company that did honor to the Sieur de Poutrincourt. But I look to some scholar next year unearthing some Spanish text which will show that the American drama really began when Cortèz, crossing the peninsula of Yucatan in 1524, brought musicians and jugglers and mimes with him to wile away the long hours of exploration. In the realms of research early claimants are jealous beings!

The special theater pleaders now come, *fortiter et recte*, telling us wherein we have luckily departed from the past, wherein the theater has stretched its wings in the true atmosphere of art, calling to it all the Muses in synthetic orchestration—making of the playhouse something which glorifies and competes with the written word of the dramatic author. Mrs. Edith Isaacs has assembled in one volume thirty essays which strike her, as Editor of *Theatre Arts*, as representative of new approaches, and she has significantly called her book "Theatre". For there is something that many miss in their writing of stage life. There is *the* theater which is on the surface of discussion. But fundamentally this thing we call *theater* involves an emotional experience brought about by the spirit of all the elements of theatrical creativeness. It is this thing which has kept drama warm in the hearts of all people at all times. And a book of this kind—with so various a list of contributors—gives an excellent sense of what is happening in the changing theater of the day.

One essay in it, "The Negro and the American Theatre" by Alain Locke, might be regarded as a forerunner to a significant collection of "Plays of Negro Life", selected under Mr. Locke's guiding hand. It cannot here be hoped to do more with this volume than to suggest its richness of folk interest, its real contribution as drama. It is a series of plays written by dramatists of both races, showing the bedrock tragedy and humor of black folk (very largely those of the plantations). The consciousness of their existence as dramatic material suggests, first, a new aspect of the American background, and second, a definite belief that the Negro theater is something to be taken into consideration when detailing the various new shoots to the body stem of dramatic activity in this country. O'Neill and Paul Green here find themselves in close community with winners of prize dramas in competitions conducted by Negro journals. It will be interesting to note how wide the appeal will be, for there is a limited range of emotional experience found in these Negro plays. But as a special pleader, the volume is formidable. Most of the plays in it have more real folk-quality than "Porgy" in its drama form. And in their total effect, they demand more attention as a collection than Mr. Kenyon Nicholson's perfunctory second volume, "Appleton's Book of Short Plays", designed for the amateur, with all his limitations as to talents and accessories. In the contents of such a collection, it is curious to see what unusual writers creep in with the one-act conceit, which in dialogue is merely a short story incident in disguise.

One turns to a play by Clemence Dane with a feeling that both structure and content and theme will be sincere and not chosen and handled for the flim-flam trick of catching the superficial interest. "Mariners" failed as a stage play, and the reading of it —which is profitable—shows the reason why. The intensity of Miss Dane's characterization, the strength of her plea for the younger generation, put out of focus the invention of her situations, which rattle in an otherwise excellent piece of stage writing. And, besides, the American theater-going public will take pot shots at any amusement that has a "sad ending"!

Were it a matter only of technical surety and beautiful structure, then Mr. Kennedy's "Plays for Three Players" would stand supremely as containing works of lasting art. The fact is they have much in them to rec-

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ommend them. And so long as they involve the statement of spiritual truths, their beauty of phrase and good writing strike the heart. But there is a suffocation somewhere. As a revaluer of history, as a deep interpreter of historical character, Mr. Kennedy is not always happy. "The Chastening" succeeds in maintaining his reputation as the author of "The Servant in the House" and "The Terrible Meek", though his humor is forced. But "The Admiral", which deals with the discovery of new worlds, and "The Salutation" which, bringing Dante and Beatrice and Francesca da Rimini in converse, sets forth the meaning of love—these two plays sacrifice historical perspective for the dramatist's own service. The book is beautifully made; dedicated in a sense to his players, it has a depth of purpose to it that touches one if it does not stimulate.

If Eugene O'Neill could have learned his structure from Mr. Kennedy, then "Lazarus Laughed"—a noble piece of work—would not have been quite so meandering in the chanting of its theme, and (in the way Ibsen succeeds in his "Emperor and Galilean") would have bitten deeper into the struggle between Pagan defiance and Christian belief. The idea here is the conquest of the fear of death, which puts the author of "The Hairy Ape" in an attitude of spiritual exultation. Mr. O'Neill has come out of the shadow of hate. He has grown in an understanding of life and as an interpreter of the historical scene. And this at thirty-nine!

The dramatist *au fond* is so different from the dramatist *à dessein*. Frankly, I can read any stage chronicle which deals thoroughly with a distinct character, however much it may be biography and fail to be theater. Arliss carried "Disraeli" to success and carried me to Dizzy's "Memoirs"; Walter Eaton's "Queen Victoria" vivified my reading of Strachey. So with Emil Ludwig's trilogy on "Bismarck". I can see how "Dismissal" gripped the German people. These three plays reek with Ludwig's historical sense; no wonder he had to write a biography as well!

William Archer was likewise a dramatist by design. Only once, in "The Green Goddess", did he become a successful dramatist, and in a play whose form was just the type which as a professional critic he had had least sympathy with. I can't take his "Martha Washington" or his modern use of Elizabethan themes as unerring drama. But I delight in the book because it carries a Foreword by Bernard Shaw, as delectable a tribute to friendship as any man could wish. Shaw not only gives you Archer as he saw him with loving eye, but he unfolds an odd social background which was Archer's inheritance and which was a part of England's background—a bit of historical Britain shaping Archer, in which Shaw himself participated and observed. Brilliant and honest sentiment, a foreword to be read several times, which is not the usual fate of forewords.

Nor is it always the fate of translators to stand happily as sponsors for eight such significant plays as Miss Winifred Katzin has selected for a very distinctive collection of continental dramas she has just compiled. With good taste and sound sense, she has done a service to English readers. In her choice she seems to have been moved by personal preference only, and her task is done *con amore*. Her translations are of quality and feeling, with terse and virile rendering. She is a graceful hostess introducing Jean-Jacques Bernard, Georg Kaiser, Heinrich Mann, and others.

And in our final enumeration, we recommend two other books that may be slipped into the pocket for odd moments of reading —James Agate's "Playgoing", genial remembrances of how he grew into an understanding of the theater and its dramatic truths; and Peggy Wood's touching, unsophisticated diary sketch of the last days of John Drew on tour in "Trelawney of the 'Wells' ", a lovable little volume in orange and gold.

So we ask,—are these fourteen volumes fusible into any one idea? And what is this idea, this residuum? Merely this—that where there is such wide, such ardent, such continual writing on matters pertaining to the theater, there must be a live interest on the part of many people for a live theater. Otherwise, as an institution, it would be a very dead thing.

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MIDAS AND HIS BOSWELLS

By Louis Sherwin

LORD NORTHCLIFFE. *By R. Macnair Wilson. Lippincott. $5.00.*
VISCOUNT LEVERHULME. *By His Son. Houghton Mifflin. $5.00.*
AS I KNEW THEM. *By Henry L. Stoddard. Harper. $5.00.*
MORE ENGLISH DIARIES. *By Arthur Ponsonby. Doran. $5.00.*
SCOTTISH AND IRISH DIARIES. *By Arthur Ponsonby. Doran. $5.00.*

"DIARIES," says Arthur Ponsonby, "are better than novels, more accurate than histories, and even at times more dramatic than plays." He might have added that they are as superior to the average biography as the society of a bartender is to that of a Baptist preacher.

And "average" is a polite word for the two biographies in this group. The friend or offspring of a dead celebrity is the last person who should be allowed to write about him. Macnair Wilson's portly tome is nothing but just so much hero-worshipping *schmoos* about Northcliffe. As for "Viscount Leverhulme", it is exactly the sort of idolizing goose-grease one can expect from a son. Of course you can't blame the aforesaid son much for that. If he had done a good job the whole world would have damned him as seventeen different kinds of a serpent's tooth and thankless child.

Obviously the Tabloid Pontiff and the Soap King tower over the mediocrities and charlatans who postured in Downing Street in their day. No matter how gingerly one applauds the achievements of Northcliffe one must admit his importance. And though the object of Leverhulme's activities was to peddle soap, a man who includes in those activities the ownership and administration of a huge province in Africa and whole islands in the Pacific is no mean figure. It seems beyond question, moreover, that he administered his appanages with vision and intelligence. He took care to see that the helots who worked for him were better off and more humanely cared for than they ever could be under any other conditions. All over the world he established model factories that provided an object lesson to other employers and his methods have been freely copied.

Northcliffe owed his eminence to the Education Act which almost overnight produced a huge public, ignorant and stupid but tremendously excited by their newly acquired ability to read and consequently avid for just the sort of drivel with which young Alfred Harmsworth was eager to regale them. In this he was not a pioneer. Sir George Newnes blazed the way with *Tit-Bits,* of which *Answers*—the first of the Harmsworth publications—was a more or less unblushing imitation. Nevertheless the Lord Northcliffe-to-be deserved more credit than his critics have allowed him when they have said that he was nothing but a parrot follower of Newnes and had no idea at first of his ultimate goal. Wilson quotes a conversation which took place in 1883 when Alfred Harmsworth was only eighteen and just after he had had an interview with Newnes:

"The Board Schools (grade schools)," he said, "are turning out hundreds of thousands of boys and girls annually who are anxious to read. They do not care for the ordinary newspaper. They have no interest in society, but they will read anything which is simple and is sufficiently interesting. The man who has produced this *Tit-Bits* has got hold of a bigger thing than he imagines. He is only at the very beginning of a development which is going to change the whole face of journalism."

The sketch of Northcliffe which W. L. George did in "Caliban" several years ago was not so far wide of the mark, it seems, as the Harmsworth champions complained. He was virtually illiterate and had the inveterate hatred of such fellows for the ideas of the educated. Democracy, service, jingoism, all the shibboleths of the *canaille* were

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to him sacred canons. Later in life he acquired more respect for his betters. When he took over the London *Times*, to the horror of all literate England, his treatment of the owners, staff and readers was surprisingly civilized.

Mr. Macnair Wilson finds no fault in his idol, to the everlasting detriment of the book. A perfect man is a dull dog and I am sure Northcliffe was no such animal. The author quotes approvingly a remark by a Reverend W. E. Bentley: "He is the creator of modern England and we can see the results of his work on every hand". If such an achievement is admirable I am fit to be a superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. As a matter of fact there is much truth in the observation. Northcliffe is at least partly responsible for most of the deterioration that has taken place in Britain—he helped to make Lloyd-George, he contributed largely to the changing of the form of government from a well-balanced, limited monarchy to a rabid mobocracy, he destroyed many of the things that made his country a desirable place for a civilized man to live in. The needless slaughter of hundreds of thousands of British soldiers during the early months of the war, killed by Kitchener's obstinate stupidity, may be laid at Northcliffe's door. He subsequently remedied his mistake—but what a ghastly mistake it was.

In the latter pages of his book Mr. Wilson becomes quite sentimental, almost lyrical. Reading it I can't help thinking of the vigor and vitality of Arthur Howden-Smith's biography of Commodore Vanderbilt.

Even more adulatory is "Viscount Leverhulme". It is not generally known in America that at least one-third of the ears that are washed in the world get their cleansing from the output of this dignitary. He began as a grocery-salesman in Bolton, Lancashire. As such he acquired an insight into the profit to be made out of the product that eventually made him rich, famous, noble. To judge from his son's account it was a smooth, prosaic progress from first to last. In all the three-hundred-odd pages there is not a touch of drama or imagination. Surely in that life there must have been difficulties to overcome, vivid conflicts and encounters. Instead here is a tiresome record of triumphs, possessions, domesticity, uneventful journeys. The only interesting parts of the book are extracts from old Leverhulme's diary. If the whole thing were confined to those it would be really worth while.

In "As I Knew Them" Stoddard reveals himself as the yes-man of all the political mediocrities that have cavorted in the *opera-bouffe* of American politics in the last forty odd years. But I must say he gives not a little interesting backstairs gossip about some of them. Here we get the details of the ungracious behavior of Taft to Roosevelt and the dimly veiled revelation of how ludicrously the former was under the thumb of his brother. There are interesting sidelights on Wilson and his capers in Paris. The reminiscences begin with Grant and include Jefferson Davis, Blaine, Cleveland, Garfield, Conkling, Arthur, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley and all the stuffed shirts of cisatlantic history in the last half century. But to those who consider this phase of our annals important it will be an absorbing memoir.

Salutary antidotes to all this tripe are Arthur Ponsonby's "More English Diaries" and "Scottish and Irish Diaries". They are, of course, supplementary to his first "English Diaries". Intimate extracts from the daily journals of various dead and gone, many of whom nobody ever heard of before. "I must confess," he says, "a still stronger preference for the diaries of obscure people over the diaries of celebrities. . . . It is probably because their range is restricted that these diarists excel". With the exception of Macready the actor, Ford Madox Brown, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, the English here presented are all nonentities. In the other volume, however, we have Sir Walter Scott, Ridpath the historian, Wolfe Tone, Jane Welsh Carlyle, Dean Swift, Daniel O'Connell, Tom Moore and the first Earl of Cork.

It would be superfluous to describe these works. I can only commend them to you as fascinating lecture.

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ADVANCE GUARD OF SPRING NOVELS

By Louise Maunsell Field

THE county of Sussex is Sheila Kaye-Smith's favorite territory, and the characters of her many novels have for the most part been drawn from the peasantry of that district. But though the old estate of Herringdales provides both the background and one of the important motifs for *Iron and Smoke* (Dutton, $2.50), the people are in general members of the county families. It is into a long established, conservative society that her marriage to Sir Humphrey Mallard brings Jenny Bastow, a bride of nineteen, the daughter of an iron-master who had been an iron-worker. She belongs to the generation that was young when the last century was old, and of that generation she is typical. Romantic, ignorant, pathetically full of illusions about love and about the lover she idealizes, the young Jenny is plainly headed for disappointment and sorrow. She meets both, to find compensation where fiction heroines seldom discover it; not in her son, nor in work or social service, but in her friendship for the woman who had loved her husband. Jenny learned that passion compared to friendship is "but a shadow compared to substance, smoke to iron". Side by side with the main theme there is another: the change from agriculture to industry, which the author deplores as an outrage on Mother Earth. Miss Kaye-Smith's novel is of course beautifully written, of life as it really is, of a woman lovable in her reality.

A first novel of some distinction, Cornelia James Cannon's *Red Rust* (Little, Brown, $2.50) finds its culmination when the red rust of the title blights all the wheat-fields of Minnesota, save those in which Matts Swenson had sown the grain he had experimented with so long. The primitive struggle for existence waged by the Swedish emigrants who came to Minnesota, lived in one-room cabins, and worked hard to make a living for themselves and their families, is essentially a familiar story, but one which never loses its interest. The men who live thus close to the soil are for the most part depicted as silent, unimaginative plodders, among whom there is sometimes born a Matts Swenson; avid of knowledge, curious about Nature and Nature's ways, starved for books and for the companionship of men able to put thoughts into words. The book is not amateurish, though the shift from Matts to Lena is a bit disconcerting. During the greater part of the novel, Matts is the medium through whom the incidents and characters reach the reader; we see and know only what he sees and knows. Then suddenly we are shifted to Lena, seeing Matts himself, as well as all the rest, only from her viewpoint.

Another tale of emigrants, this time of Austrians, is Fannie Hurst's family chronicle, *A President Is Born* (Harper, $2.50). In the spasmodic, graceless style she has adopted, she unfolds the day-by-day history of the large Schuyler family. All these Schuylers are made people of importance by the fact that young David, with the announcement of whose approaching birth the book begins, and with whose departure from home at the age of seventeen it closes, is supposed to become, eventually, President of the United States. Many footnotes refer to future events, the time of the book's writing being placed some forty years hence. The history of David's early years is taken, we are told, largely from the diary of his older sister, Rebekka. This older sister emerges from the welter of phrases—in spite of the many descriptions given of her rather than because of them—as a sturdy, appealing figure, but her brother Henry, apparently intended to be of great significance, is utterly tedious. The book is careful, conscientious, and a great improvement on "Mannequin".

Turning from the present as Miss Hurst sees it to the past as Emma Beatrice Brunner sees it is no small relief. For *My Wife, Poor Wretch,* (Stokes, $2.00) is a sparkling, wholly delightful comedy of Restoration London, its star the bewitching lady who

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was the wife of Samuel Pepys. The novel tells what happened during the last months covered by the famous "Diary" from the point of view of Mrs. Pepys, and reveals the true reason why Samuel ceased writing. Nell Gwynne, vividly presented, has an important part in the lively, dramatic plot, and in Mrs. Pepys's effective turning of the tables both on her intriguing husband and on the ladies he too ardently admired. But it is Elizabeth Pepys herself who is the center of the reader's interest. She stands out against her admirably drawn background, loving and petulant, hot-tempered, warm-hearted and quick-witted, a heroine with whom it is quite impossible not to fall whole-heartedly in love.

The domestic difficulties of a pair no less typical than Samuel Pepys and his fascinating spouse are portrayed in Murray Sheehan's account of what happened in *Eden* (Dutton, $2.00). Poor Eve comes off rather badly in this latest recital of her misadventures, though not so badly as Adam, shown here as the first bigot, and an embodiment of all the unpleasant qualities attributed to the Puritans. Abel too is thoroughly detestable, the hero of Mr. Sheehan's new version of the ancient tale being Cain, first of the seekers for the lost Land of Eden, one whose descendants are destined in due time "to save all peoples from the stultification of the old Adam".

A very different kind of fantasy is John Masefield's charming tale of *The Midnight Folk* (Macmillan, $2.50) with whom little Kay Harker became so intimately acquainted. Pirates and buried treasure, smugglers and witches, mermaids and an ancient wrong, all have parts in this story of the small boy who had friends among the animals, and lived a life of adventure when he was supposed to be asleep. Ostensibly intended for children, the book has a quaint humor which makes it more likely to appeal to grown people. Miss Twiney Pricker, the old lady who objected to "pap and poppycock", is especially amusing.

Often as India has figured in fiction, I cannot recall any novel placed, like Richard Blaker's *Scabby Dichson* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), in a third-rate boarding school at Simla. Scabby's nickname was given him because of his fondness for the brown crust on rice pudding. A solitary child, fatherless and motherless, without family or friends, he develops a kind of fierce clinging to his isolation. When he grows up his one desire is to escape from dormitories, but it is not until the flood which provides the tale with a dramatic climax that he is able really to become one with his fellow-men. The novel is well written, a little too vague perhaps, a little too subtle at times, but interesting both as a story and as a psychological study.

English politics play an important part in *Due Reckoning* (Little, Brown, $2.50), the third and last volume of Stephen McKenna's trilogy of "The Realists", which closes the career of Ambrose, Lord Sheridan. Auriol, Sheridan's young second wife, his abandoned first wife, Laura, and young Max Hendry, are all involved with him in a drama of human relationships complicated by political interests. The character of Ambrose Sheridan, so big in some things, so small, contemptible even, in others, has been carefully studied, and the novel holds one's attention.

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GILBERT VERSUS SULLIVAN

By Isaac Goldberg

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN: HIS LIFE, LETTERS AND DIARIES. *By Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower. Doran. $5.00.*

IT is Arnold Bennett who is indirectly responsible for the appearance of this newest life of England's most popular composer. Matchmaker and midwife in one, he brought together the nephew of Sullivan, possessor of the authentic documents, and Newman Flower, publisher and writer; the resulting book he introduces with a short flourish, explaining his modest share in the deed. So doing, he leaves us his debtor, for it was high time that we had the authentic account of the famous quarrels which parted Gilbert and Sullivan time and again, and at last forever.

Lives of Sullivan, in chapters or in books specially dedicated to the man, have long abounded. No sooner had the tight little craft "Pinafore" got well under way in American waters, than our own Kate Field dealt with the man at length. In 1894 Percy Fitzgerald put out the first of the books to be devoted to the Savoy and its Savoyards; it remains by no means the least of them, after almost thirty-five years. The first authoritative biography of Sullivan was, of course, Arthur Lawrence's, published in 1899. Between 1903 and 1926 in which both Findon and Saxe Wyndham published two lives of the composer, appeared what is perhaps the greatest curio in all Gilbert and Sullivan literature: Simcoe's "Sullivan v. Critic", in which, to the fumes of choking incense, the author indicts the press of the nation for the failure of Sullivan's more serious attempt in cantata, oratorio and grand opera. Lytton, last of the original Savoyard actors, issued his memoirs in 1922; Adair Fitzgerald brightened the following season with a valuable history of the Savoy Theatre; and in 1925 was founded the quarterly *Gilbert and Sullivan Journal,* edited by Mr. A. H. Godwin, who shortly thereafter wrote a book on the patron saints of the Gilbert and Sullivan Society.

For one thing chiefly we welcome the new volume. It has settled forever the silly tradition that Gilbert and Sullivan were parted by a quarrel over a carpet. The carpet was there, as was the quarrel, but this was only the culminating disagreement in a series of differences that were rooted far beneath the floor of the Savoy. The twin humorists of the mid-Victorian era were themselves the chief victims of what we may call the Solemn Fallacy. Gilbert was bitten with a didactic mission; the fact that his serious plays had failed to establish him as a "legitimate" dramatist chafed him to the end of his days. Sullivan, remembering his early successes at the Crystal Palace, urged on by an Irish lass who would make of him an English Mendelssohn, now goaded by Grove, now by Queen Victoria, was torn between his inborn Irish humor and his inbred musical religiosity. It was he who picked the first quarrel with Gilbert; it was he who usually renewed it, for all the natural irascibility of the domineering William. The composer's contentiousness, however, was the evidence of his own inner warfare; and in Sir William was an inner warfare, too.

At bottom, their difference was the age-old difference that splits all opera, grand or light: the contest between text and setting, between the Words and the Music. Gilbert early conceived the notion that Sullivan's music was drowning out his words; Sullivan grew to resent the imperatives of topsy-turvydom and longed for librettos that were warmly human without being perversely contradictory. Was it not Gilbert who won every time, despite his ultimate subserviency to the letter of Sullivan's demands? He knew, better than Sullivan, their limitations; his letter on the subject of the English Opera House is a remarkably canny document, and its every prediction about grand opera in England was fulfilled only too soon. How dif-

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ferent, after all—excepting Sturgis's libretto for Sullivan's "Ivanhoe"—are the opera-books of Sullivan's later collaborators from the very texts of Gilbert to which Sullivan raised his initial objections? The final answer to Sullivan's ambitions for the higher opera is given by his own "Ivanhoe", and symbolically enough, from the mouth of a jolly churchman singing "Ho, Jolly Jenkin!" This was a tune to drink to, to whistle, and it sang yearningly in the direction of The Savoy.

Messrs. Sullivan and Flower, with copious —if not generally important—extracts from Sullivan's diaries, have communicated a sense of the man's heroic struggle against pain, of his marvelous facility, of his social charm. They have given a glimpse into his affairs of the heart, for, although the composer never married, he was by no means of a celibate temperament. Just what were his relations with Mrs. Pierre Lorrillard Ronalds we shall have to guess; certainly there was love here, for Mrs. Ronalds was, after the death of the composer's mother, the paramount feminine influence in the man's life. It was she who reconciled Sullivan and Carte with Gilbert just before the writing of "The Gondoliers"; it was she, too, who during the rehearsals of that operetta induced Sullivan to erase an uncomplimentary musical reference to the United States, her native country. The authors of the new Life do not give these facts, however; they omit, too, those portions of Sullivan's diary that speak disparagingly of the knighthood . . . before it was bestowed. There is little inclination on their part, indeed, toward psychological speculation.

Sullivan, in his youth an incurable flirt, never quite got over the temptations of his easy popularity. Sullivan the idol of society, the born gambler, the lover of ease, was in his music more than even the composer himself could realize. Much more the creature of convention than was Gilbert, he found in the very music that he sought to escape a release from the pressure of that selfsame convention. Together, indeed, they provided a tonic against the rigors of the Grundian age, and—with barbs blunted by Sullivan's melodies—poked fun at the Savoyard audiences with impunity.

Of any true insight into Sullivan as a composer—his problems, his paradoxes, his peculiar gifts and limitations—we get little or nothing from Sullivan and Flower. They accept the standards and the opinions of a vanished day and, in such enthusiasms as they express, place beside each other the most incongruous compositions.

There are a number of minor inaccuracies. "Trial by Jury" was not originally a *story* in *Fun;* it was already a miniature libretto when it was first printed. Gilbert's "Ages Ago" was by no means a failure; it was one of the great successes of German Reed's *Gallery of Illustration.* "The Foresters", first produced in the United States, was also produced in London. The writers make no mention of Sullivan's supposedly Jewish strain; truth to tell, there is little evidence to substantiate the claim. The near-collaboration with the author of "Alice in Wonderland" is touched upon; they might have included an interesting letter of Sullivan's to our own Bret Harte, in which the Englishman offers his excuses for declining a libretto. At the time of the carpet episode there were rumors, too, that Sullivan would set a text by Eugene Field to music; nothing ever came of it.

The bibliographies, prepared by William C. Smith of the British Museum, are strangely uneven in value. The list of Sullivan's compositions is the most nearly complete that we have; I do not find, however, a collection of operas that he edited, sometimes in collaboration with Joseph Pittman, during the 'Seventies. Both the operas edited and the decade in which most of them were done are important for their indication of the influences that were working on the composer. I miss several hymns, too, which Sullivan, as a pupil of the Rev. Helmore, harmonized for Helmore's collection. The bibliography of works on Sullivan is scant, and in some cases becomes extremely careless, as when mere "fillers" from magazines are listed, while the originals are left out.

These details aside, the latest of the Sullivan biographies is easily the best.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Co-operation with the Public Libraries of America

What a small handful, after all, comprises the total of authors whose writings gain them enough readers to win them a place in the upper brackets of popularity. That is a reflection which is constantly being forced upon your reporter, and which is excited in this instance by the consideration of the new titles appearing for the first time this month, and also other matters. Here are twenty-four books listed, but only twenty authors; Warwick Deeping, Will Durant, Emil Ludwig and Richard Halliburton all are "doublers". The three newly-listed titles are by authors whose previous work has also gained the distinction of these records. At least fifteen of the twenty authors represented here are consistent repeaters of successful, popular books. Another fifteen or twenty whose works always find a place in these lists make up with these "regulars" practically all of the current writers who seem able to produce books of wide popular appeal. Which is perhaps not important, but somewhat curious in these days when everybody reads books and almost everybody is writing them. —*F. P. S.*

FICTION

1.	Jalna	*Mazo de la Roche*	Little
2.	Kitty	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
3.	Death Comes for the Archbishop	*Willa Cather*	Knopf
4.	A Good Woman	*Louis Bromfield*	Stokes
5.	Dusty Answer	*Rosamund Lehmann*	Holt
6.	The Grandmothers	*Glenway Wescott*	Harper
7.	Adam and Eve *	*John Erskine*	Bobbs
8.	Sorrell & Son	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
9.	The Mad Carews *	*Martha Ostenso*	Dodd
10.	Giants in the Earth	*O. E. Rolvaag*	Harper
11.	God and the Groceryman	*Harold Bell Wright*	Appleton
12.	Elmer Gantry	*Sinclair Lewis*	Harcourt

GENERAL

1.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	Simon
2.	"We"	*Charles A. Lindbergh*	Putnam
3.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	Liveright
4.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	Harcourt
5.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
6.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	Simon
7.	The Glorious Adventure	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
8.	Revolt in the Desert	*T. E. Lawrence*	Doubleday, Doran
9.	Bismarck	*Emil Ludwig*	Little
10.	What CAN a Man Believe?	*Bruce Barton*	Bobbs
11.	Transition	*Will Durant*	Simon
12.	Our Times: America Finding Herself *	*Mark Sullivan*	Scribner

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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(Continued from page 16)

same, the young ones especially; for Betty was as good as a fashion-plate or a visit to the movies. As for Miss Mehitabel—well, Cornelia tried to imagine just what an Italian or Portuguese worker would make of her solid Norfolk jacket fastened with a belt, her plain tweed skirt without a pleat or fold, her plain brown stockings and "ground gripper" shoes. Miss Mehitabel wore her hair short—this in the days when it was an act of heroism—and parted in the middle and covered by a Swiss-guide hat with a small feather in it—the only ornamental thing in the whole costume.

Miss Mehitabel's face was serious, even stern, and her eyes looked out through large horn-rimmed spectacles. In short, she was a perfect imitation of a common type of Beacon Hill lady who has got through with nonsense once for all, especially the nonsense of men, and wishes to advertise the fact, especially to men. In the case of Miss Mehitabel, who was a rank outsider, it was a very bold, even presumptuous thing to do; but that, of course, would be something beyond the comprehension of a cordage worker, who would take Miss Mehitabel to be the real thing, and have enough to do trying to imagine what that thing might be.

V

Cornelia had decided not to give the Brinis any explanation of Betty. She would just say that one of her grand-daughters was visiting in Plymouth and wanted to meet them. There was a mystery anyhow, and the presence of a grand-daughter would neither add to it nor take away.

Betty put on her simplest dress for the occasion; but the gulf between the lowest of Betty's and the highest of an Italian cordage worker's was not to be bridged at one day's notice. Alfonsina had barely time after supper to put clean clothes on the children and to smoothe her own hair and put on her necklace of beads. Papa Brini came in from the garden and washed his hands and put on his coat. As for poor old Bart, his clothes hung on him as if they had come from a pawnbroker's, and he didn't even known enough to trim his walrus moustaches when a young lady was coming to call.

But all the stiffness and embarrassment was soon forgotten; because Betty set out to be loved and there was no resisting her. "Nonna?" she said, when she heard Cornelia's name. "What does that mean?" When they told her it was the Italian word for grandma, she said, "Oh, how cute! Nonna! I'll make it my pet name for her". And she began to do it.

She got one arm about Trando and said, "You will teach me lots of lovely Italian words. And Nonna tells me you are going to be a violinist. I play the piano a little, and you can come to see me and we'll play duets; only you are going to be famous, and you won't waste your time with me". Alfonsina beamed and Vincenzo was so touched that he got out one of the last of his precious bottles of "Dago Red" and they all had a glass —even Bart drank a little when it was a matter of courtesy. They made the jokes about "Dago Red", and the one about "divino da vino", and explained it to Betty. And then she turned to Bart and said "Mr. Vanzetti, Nonna tells me that you have made her into a pacifist".

Now Bart, of course, had never seen anything so lovely as this in all his life; at least, never close at hand and paying attention to *him*. Of course he was awestruck, but even so, not for a moment must his proletarian conscience be drugged. "No, Meess Betty," said he. "Nonna is very good lady, mooch lovely lady; but if she is made pacifista"—he pronounced it Italian fashion, "pachifeesta"—"if she is pacifista, it is not by me. I am never sooch t'ing."

"Oh, then what are you, Mr. Vanzetti?"

"I am anarchista."

"And what is the difference?"

"Moocha differenza, Meess Betty. Anarchista is fighting man. He will not fight in war for capitalista, for padrone, what you call master, but he will fight for worker, for joostice, for make freedom for slave."

"Oh! So you and Nonna don't agree!"

"I t'ink it is maybe good for Nonna be pacifista, she is olda lady, no—cannot fight. She has got sooch kind heart—"

"But then you have a kind heart too, Mr. Vanzetti. She told me how you would not let the sick kitten be killed."

"Seeck kitten not do harm; I not like for kill helpless t'ing. But capitalista is not helpless, Meess Betty, he is fighting man, is most fighting man in whole world. If you study, you onderstand what is cause of great war. What for must million men go fight, be kill-éd miserabilmente, cruel? It is for get market for rich capitalista; it is for get coal, iron—what you call it for burn in lamp?"

"Oil?"

"It is for sooch t'ing worker must die. It come go-vérnment, take you per forza, like slave, put in uniform, say go kill. If you say no—cannot kill, you go prigione—prison, you get torture, maybe shoot. I say, what for talka pacifismo for soocha men? No, worker must fight, is never men get free wit'out fight for freedom."

Cornelia sat back and listened, while small talk and efforts at charm were forgotten and the idealist-dreamer set forth his vision of the better world to be. She realized that Betty had come there with her mind made up to probe to the bottom this phenomenon of a "secular saint"; to know exactly what he thought and judge it, not according to what Miss Wilson's school was teaching, nor according to what the Back Bay would approve, but according to the facts. "You can understand, Mr. Vanzetti," said she, "I don't hear very much about these ideas, and they are strange to me. But I'd like to know all I can. Maybe you would let me come Saturday afternoon,

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and you and I and Nonna would take a long walk in the woods, and you could explain to me."

Never in the year that Cornelia had known Bart had she seen him so happy as then! "Meess Betty," said he, "is notting in whole world I like so much as for explain."

VI

It was a warm, still afternoon, and a hundred pleasure-boats made holiday upon Plymouth Bay. Motor-launches chugged here and there, fishermen drew their nets and set their lobster-pots; while on the top of Castle Hill Bartolomeo Vanzetti sat under a wind-beaten tree and with many gestures told the story of his life to Cornelia Thornwell and her grand-daughter.

He had been born in a peasant home in the village of Villafalletto, on the banks of the river Magra, in northern Italy. He had yearned for an education, but his father read in a newspaper how forty-two lawyers had applied for a position in Turin which paid only seven dollars a month; and that ended the hope of culture for little Bart! At thirteen he was put to work as a pastry cook's apprentice and slaved for fifteen hours a day, from seven in the morning till ten at night, seven days in the week, with the exception of three hours on Sunday. Thus passed six years of his youth, until at last his health broke under the strain and he was brought back to his village home. Through those years he had been a devout Catholic and had solaced himself with the faith that his sufferings were God's will. "I make fist-fight for church," said he, with a laugh. "Fellow he say somet'ing very bad, I make heem sorry."

Then the will of God inflicted a still more dreadful sorrow upon him. His mother fell ill. He had loved her more than he could find words to tell, in either English or Italian. "It is why I so glad for have Nonna come here. Always it make me memory my modder. It is story I not tell her, sooch terrible story. She is so sick, sooch agonia, she screama, long time no—cannot sleep; I must go ask men on street for not sing, make noise. It is so bad, nobody in family can stand for see her, not osband, not daughter. It is me must help her—must hold her in arm, must—what you say, nurse. For two mont' I not undress for sleep. One day she die in my arm, she suffer so, not know me, not my tears. It is me must put her in coffin, must walk to grave, must shovel dirt onto my modder. Sooch miseria! You know what is Dante say, Nonna—'nessun' maggior dolore'—it is no sooch greater grief in world as to remember happy time in miseria. But for me it is no sooch grief as to remember what my modder musta suffer. Always I see it, and each old lady in world is my modder."

There was a pause; then he went on. "Could no more be happy in home. No can ever laugh. My fadder, he get gray, very old. I no can—cannot work, must go walk in wood, stand by river on little bridge and look down in water, t'ink maybe I fall in, not have no mooch sufferance. So I t'ink maybe come America; is new country, great country, I start more life; is what you say in song, "sweet land of liberty"—Fay she sing in school. It is what you say, full dinner-pail. So I say, I come America, not for get rich, get little money, no work so hard, have time for read book. I joosta readed *De Amicis*, great writer, what you say, 'Cuore', it is story of his heart. I t'ink maybe I be socialist now, little bit socialist, sentimentale, genteel, good, ever'body be kind, make new world, ever'body be happy, maybe by vote. I come America for sooch pretty—what you say, dream."

Vanzetti paused, and closed his eyes in pain. "Next to lose modder, next most badda t'ing in whole life is lose America. You 'Merican lady cannot onderstand, no never, not if talk all day. I come, see Statue Liberty—beautifool, wonderfool—paradiso. Come Ellis Island, all sudden knock on head, like badda dream, inferno—brutale, treat people lika beast—little ones cry, hide in modder's dress. What for is reason for treat poor people sooch way? Why make sooch fear, sooch hate? I go on street, stand look, strange city, mooch automobile, big train upstair—bang, bang, make fright. I go look for home, no got one friend, ever'body try cheat, rob poor straniere—what you say, foreign'. Must go sleep in room, twenty people, is filt' ever'where; must hunt job, washa da deesh, must sleep wit'—you scusa me, Meess Betty, is not gooda story for tell sweet young lady—"

"Go on," said Betty. "If it's not too bad to happen, it's not too bad to hear."

"It is t'ing what bite in bed—it make you onhappy—cannot sleep. It is little hole upstair, top of house, mooch people, very hot. I go for work restaurant—it is mooch famous place, you know heem—Mouquin; all time go artist, writer, take lady for supper. I not know what is now, but eight year back I washa da deesh, mosta bad dirt, steam all time, grease on roof drop on food, on clean deesh; all slop on floor, drain get stop, you stand t'ree inch water all day washa deesh, like work in sewer. I talk many men, it is same plenty big restaurant, all for show, not care be clean. But worker he cannot tell story—who would hear heem?

"I work fourteen hour one day, twelve hour next day. I get five, six dollar week. Get food very bad, dirty, like dog. I no can stand, t'ink maybe get seeck, I stop, go country, look for work outdoor. But is very bad time—you know, Nonna, is what you call panic joost come, make very bad for job. Must go hungry, beg job, get food out of garbage-can maybe, some day starve, so weak cannot work more. It was farmer give little job—two week—he not need me, but he sorry for poor wop—it is first time I get kind word from anyone American, I never forget that farmer.

"It is long story, Meess Betty, you no want hear heem all. I get work by brick furnace, shovel coal, it is job for kill man, sooch heat. But I near die hungry, so I stay, ten mont' I shovel coal. I go Connecticut, get job by stone quarry, work a

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year. Is better so, meet plenty Italian, got home, see people dance, play violin evening. I no dance, but like see friend be happy. I read mooch book, I read paper, t'ink about worker, hees life, I see is not land of liberty, is all same, whole world is slavery for worker. It is few people own land, own factory, is capitalista, sooch people make da profitt, it is for profitt musta be all industree. Worker is—I cannot say Eengleesh, is what you buy and sell, comodita—is not human, is joost somet'ing for be sold for profitt. You onderstand, Meess Betty."

"Certainly."

"It shock you, maybe—"

"Not at all. I've thought about it a lot. What do we do for all this money we have? We young people, especially—we can work if we want to and that's very kind of us; but if we prefer we can lie back and loaf the rest of our lives. No, Mr. Vanzetti, don't be afraid to talk to me!"

"You must onderstand, I not have sooch idea when I come America, no what you call foreign red. I learn heem here, I see wit' eye, I talk wit' worker, I t'ink what is way for freedom. I am anarchista long time before to see anarchista paper, hear anarchista speaker. When I hear heem, I t'ink, it is olda story, it is my word from mout' of odder man!"

And Betty, sitting with her eyes rivetted upon him, remarked, "That is a little the way I find it, listening to you!"

VII

There was more to this talk; a discussion of Vanzetti's ideas and his answers to many questions. When it was over, Cornelia walked part of the way home with her grand-daughter, taking one of the back streets. "Oh, Grannie, what a wonderful man! I never dreamed of such a thing—why don't they tell us there are men like that among the working-people? Do you suppose there are many?"

"He says there are; but maybe he is being modest."

"So polite and so kind. And think what that man has read, stealing all the time from his sleep! I was never so ashamed in my life! I'm going to get that book by Kropotkin—I'm going to read and understand for myself. I've known it was all wrong, I've been saying it to myself for a year or two. What am I doing—except to show how to wear clothes?"

"You're supposed to be studying, dear. I thought you had to work hard at Miss Wilson's."

"Oh, yes, we're Spartan enough, but it's all so remote from reality, so academic and tiresome. We listen to Miss Wilson talk a lot and it's not good form to ask questions because she's deaf and we don't want to reveal the fact. I'm bored with it, Grannie—and I'm bored with society before I get in it." They walked on, until suddenly the girl burst out, "Do you know what I'd really like to do?"

"What, dear?"

"Stay right here the rest of the summer, and get a job in the cordage plant with you, and prove that I'm some use."

"No, dear, you can't do that; it would make your mother and father too unhappy. And besides, it would be giving away my secret."

"Yes, I suppose so. But anyhow, I am going to do something worth while before I get through."

"Where are you going the rest of the summer?"

"Camp Putnam for August; and of course that's exciting, in a way. Did they have Camp Putnam when you were a girl?"

"No, people didn't go as far as the Adirondacks; and besides, I wasn't a fashionable person."

"Well anyhow they found some way to get you married off to an eligible man!" And Betty laughed. "Oh, yes, we know what Camp Putnam is for! The old people think they are being so sly; they get together and plan the list every summer and rule out the least desirable ones—it's as select as if it was God we were visiting. They even try to arrange the partners but it doesn't work out to oblige them. I know mother wants to put me off on Ebenezer Cabot, but Grannie, he's an out-and-out moron."

"Don't say that, dear!"

"But it's true! You know perfectly well that most of us old families have feeble-minded ones, and regular lunatics with keepers watching them, somewhere off in a remote wing of the house. Isn't it true that Great-uncle Ahab was that way for years?"

"Yes, dear, but you mustn't speak of it."

"Only to you, Grannie. But I'm telling you there'll be no Ebenezer in my young life. But I think before this summer's over I'm going to have to deal with a proposal."

"From whom?"

"Roger Lowell. He was there last year and he almost did it but it wouldn't have been proper, because he was only a sophomore then and they're not supposed to be engaged; but this year he's a junior and so it'll be all right."

"Do you like him?"

"Well, I do and I don't. He's dear, in a way, and very good, but so awfully stiff and prim, so conscious of his great family and what it's correct for him to do. If I were to marry him, I think I'd be like you and Grandfather Thornwell—I'd hardly dare crack a smile the rest of my life. I've already shocked him by some of the things I've said.

"Now I'm going to read Vanzetti's books and be really serious, but I'm not sure he will like me as an anarchist. Grannie, I'm supposed to go home tomorrow, but I hate to leave you like this."

"I'm having a very happy time, dear."

"How long do you plan to stay?"

"I'm not sure—I keep changing my mind. When I read in the paper about that speech your father made, trying to get us into the war—then all of a sudden I think I'll come back and take up a pacifist campaign."

"Oh, Grannie! How perfectly appalling! You'd

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be like old Mrs. Abigail Webster Adams—she made a speech at a socialist meeting, and Father said she ought to be locked up in an asylum."

"No doubt he'll say that about me," said Cornelia. It was a prophecy.

VIII

Betty went away and Cornelia's days were enlivened by letters, addressed to Mrs. Nonna Cornell—it was Betty's little joke. They were highly confidential letters, full of family information. "Uncle Quincy has found the perfect chess player, a man who can foresee all possible combinations. Uncle James is building a whole new house on the back of 'Hillview'. And Father says the Boston banks have got a hundred million dollars of British and French bonds. They sold them to the public, but had to take them as collateral, and if the Allies should lose, not a bank in Boston could keep open. So you had better come on up and make that pacifist speech."

And then: "I have been to the book-store that Mr. Vanzetti told me about. It is kept by a nice dark-eyed young Russian who was eager to undertake my education. I have a number of books which I keep hidden in the bottom of a trunk, they are lots worse than the 'Cosmo' with Robert W. Chambers. One is called 'Vindication of the Rights of Women', by Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. The preface says it is a hundred and twenty-five years old. The world has not caught up with her yet. I am very much excited about this book, because it is just what I had been thinking. But Roger will not like it".

Then: "I am at Camp Putnam, ready to be paired off for life, with no possibility of its not being good family. It really is the loveliest country, and impossible not to have a good time. It is so nice to wear sensible camping clothes; how I wish women might wear short skirts all the time. But if I were to walk down Tremont Street this way, I suppose I'd have a crowd of boys hooting me. There is much in the world to be changed. I think the Mary Wollstonecraft book has made me into a suffragette. Would that shock you?

"I am going out now to climb a mountain. We shall all spend the night on top and see the sunrise, and come home tomorrow, and then we shall eat most tremendous quantities of cakes and syrup. We seem to be hungry all the time. Aunt Betty, who runs the camp and us, has put a big block of chocolate in the pantry and a little hatchet with which we knock off pieces. Mother says it was exactly the same in her day—the same hatchet but I don't suppose the same block of chocolate. At least, we shall not leave much for our children".

And then: "We have climbed many mountains, and are having our good time in a sober, conscientious way. We are really very serious young people. Did I tell you that we have a way of testing any newcomer? We have a funny story that we tell him; at least it is said to be funny, but really it has no point, and we watch to see if he laughs. If he does, we know that he is not sincere. It is very ingenious, but after you have watched the procedure two or three times it strikes you as a little self-conscious. I suppose it is our Puritan blood that makes it necessary for us to be always consciously and deliberately righteous.

"It would not be a very good test with Roger, for he might not laugh even if the joke did have a point. We have had some long talks and I thought I would break the news gently, so I said 'I have met several radicals, and am much interested in their ideas'. Roger said, 'I am the same way; I had a prof last year who was quite terribly radical'. I asked, 'What did he say?' and Roger answered, 'Oh, all sorts of things. He kept talking about the "lost books of the Bible", and he said that the substance of the ten commandments was found in earlier writings and the story of the flood was derived from Babylonian sources'. You might tell that to Mr. Vanzetti and shock him!"

The climax of the courtship: "Oh, Grannie dear, my dolly is stuffed with sawdust! Roger and I have had a heart-to-heart talk and a most terrible quarrel, and it is all over—my name is never going to be Lowell. I told him I had come to realize that marriage was a form of slavery for women; and he said he knew what I meant, it was the word obey in the ceremony, but there were some clergymen who would leave that out if you asked them to. And I said it wasn't only that, it was the idea of a woman's parting with her autonomy; that every woman ought to have the final say about the children she bore; she ought to be free—especially if she were willing to earn her own way, as I meant to do.

"So then he was much puzzled, and asked me what I thought we ought to do, and I said I believed in a free union, with our own promise to each other, to be true to our best selves and to do our best to love each other, but not to stay together if we couldn't. And Roger said, 'You mean—you mean you wouldn't really—you wouldn't get married at all?' And he turned red to the tips of his ears, and I said, 'You don't understand my feelings'. But he couldn't talk about it any more—he said, 'Betty Alvin, if I had made such a proposition to you, it would have been a deadly insult'. And I said, 'Maybe so, but I am making it to you, and that is something different'. And he wanted to know where I had got such outrageous ideas, but when I tried to tell him he didn't really want to know, and wouldn't look at the book. He tried to talk to me about my soul, and I laughed at him, and so now we are most fearfully polite to each other when anybody else is present, because of course we don't want to have a scandal in the camp. Oh, Grannie, I wish you would come back home, because I am going to be so lonely!"

IX

The "Gruppo Autonomo di Plymouth" gave a "picanic" that fall and from all the neighboring

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towns came swarms of Italians, by train and bus and second-hand automobile. And then it was announced that the "Circolo Drammatico Mario Rapisardi" was going to give a play in Stoughton, a "shoe-town" some thirty miles away. They had quite a fine dramatic organization. Bart laid off work for three days to travel round and place tickets for them. On the Saturday of the performance there was a great stir of preparation in the Brini household. A friend had agreed to call for them in a car; Mike Boda was his name. He was a macaroni salesman and every day of the week he raced about the country in his little Overland car, hopping in and out at every grocery store. He was a chipper little fellow, about five feet four inches high, and it was just as well that he was no heavier, because when you had Bart on the front seat with Trando on his knee, and Vincenzo, Alfonsina and Cornelia on the back seat, with Fay on her father's lap and the baby on her mother's, you had about as much weight as a low-priced car could be expected to stand.

But the roads were good, and they rolled along singing songs, and it was a gay party that swept into the shoe-town. Fay and Trando had been to the movies, of course, and they had seen a play at school, but this was their first grown-up play and they could hardly contain their excitement. They drove to the home of a comrade whom Vanzetti had recently met at one of the East Boston gatherings. Nicola Sacco was his name, and he lived in a fine cottage which had formerly belonged to his boss. "Great feller, Nick," explained Bart. "He work shoe-factory, is edge-trimmer, mooch skill work, he make so mooch fifty, sixty dollar week, that boy—smart feller, got lovely wife, you see."

Their host ran out to the gate to meet them, a chap of twenty-five, with even, regular features and black hair and eyes; very active, like a cat, a figure all of steel springs. He had come from the ankle of the Italian boot, while his wife, Rosina, came from the north—young and dainty, with vivid auburn hair and an eager face, full of sunshine and freckles. They had a little boy, about three years old. "Hello, Dante!" called Bart. "Some day we have nodder poet!" But the new poet was shy, and hid behind his mother's skirts.

Nick and Rosina were to act in the play tonight, so the guests refused to go into the house and disturb them. The Brinis had a supper all put up in a box and would make a "picanic" on the Saccos' front lawn. But nothing could prevent the host from showing them his garden; next to his family, it was the pride of his life. He worked at it every night till it was too dark to see. He led them down the rows of tomato plants and lifted the branches and showed the big red globes underneath. He knew only a few words of English but Cornelia did not need a translator, because for forty years she had seen her husband showing off his flowers to visitors and she knew every expression and gesture that goes with the ceremony.

X

They went to the hall where the play was to be and met most of the Italians of New England, it seemed. There were Nick and Rosina on the stage, magically transformed into peasants of the home-country. Fay sat on one side of Cornelia and Trando on the other. They were supposed to whisper into her ear what was happening, but they became so enthralled that they forgot there was anybody in the world but the figures in the play. However, Cornelia knew many Italian words and all possible Italian gestures; and the story was so simple and so full of action, it was easy to follow.

Nick was a peasant whose son had been taken from him and forced to fight the Arabs in Tripoli. Meantime the father was in dire straits—"Militarism and Misery" was the title of the drama. His wife was ill of a fever, and he had no money, and the cruel landlord threatened to turn them out. When Nick offered to work for the landlord his plea was refused because, as an anarchist, he would lead the other workers to revolt. A good doctor came to visit the wife, and he and Nick had a debate in which Nick set forth the principles of his faith with most wonderful eloquence. His comrades brought him money and threw out the landlord, calling him "affamatore" and "assassino" —starver and assassin: whereat the doctor was so much impressed that he declared himself a convert to anarchism. "The new comrade am I"—and the other comrades burst into cheers and the audience was not slow to follow.

Then came the soldier-boy, home from the wars. He boasted of the Arab women and children he had slain, and his father, a true internationalist, threw his pay into his face and ordered him from the home. "Get out, get out of here, robber and assassin!"—a painful scene. In the next act the soldier-boy sat in the barracks brooding over his shame—to such good effect that when he discovered another soldier with a load of anti-militarist literature he let the guilty one escape. And when in the last act he was ordered home, in charge of a file of troops, to shoot down the striking peasants, he refused, went over to the side of his father, and died from a shot fired by the mayor. It was a tragic and sensational ending and Nick as the revolutionary father rose to heights of eloquence. "Yes, to the barricades! Farewell, my son—victim of bourgeois imperialism, repose in peace! Today is not the day to mourn the dead. It is the day of battle and vengeance. Let us hasten, comrades, where the struggle is more fierce, to avenge not only him, but all the obscure martyrs fallen through capitalist greed." And as the comrades rushed out and the firing began off-stage you would have thought you were in La Scala—such storms of applause, such tears and raptures, so many bouquets on the stage, so many cries of "evviva" and "bis"!

It was easy to smile at the naiveté of such a story. But when you saw how deeply it moved

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the audience you had to stop and realize that it was the stuff of the lives of Italian peasants. If the drama and its emotions were simple it was because the reality was the same. Even the conversion of the doctor might have happened—for, after all, there were anarchist doctors, well known in Italy. And the struggle against militarism—that was the religion and martyrdom of the peasant all over Europe. Everything in the drama was true except the revolution—and what was needed to bring that but the very fervor and impulse of this peasant audience?

The family discussed all this as they drove home. It was late and the children went sound asleep, but the grown-ups never wearied of talking, and explaining matters to Cornelia. Vanzetti told more about that wonderful fellow "Sacc'"—who was in real life exactly as he had been on the stage. "He come America same year like me. Was young feller, seventeen. Got brudder wit', brudder no can stand, is too hard work, musta go home Italy. Nick, he work water-boy, carry water for gang all day. He work Hopedale, is beeg strike by foundry shop—you read about heem maybe. Police is rough, mooch bad. Nick he is on picket-line, get hit plenty time. Is way for make red, make anarchista—you see, joosta like dramma. Nick is not speaker, but gooda man for organize. Work now by little shoe-factory, is good friend wit' boss, do day-work, night watchman too, make plenty money. But never he change, stand always by worker. Some day it come odder beeg strike, Nonna, you see Nick Sacc' be leader, he do joost what you see for make rivoluzione. He cannot fear, is brave—like what you say—leone—lion."

And Bart went on to tell about something which had happened a month or two ago, when the young hero's mettle had been tested. "He got arrest'—he musta go jail for hold meeting. It is protest for beeg strike in copper country—you know maybe—Mesaba range—out West. Is plenty rich people in Boston own copper-mine, not like for have worker hear how they beat people, t'row in jail. Try for stop meeting, shut up talk."

Cornelia said nothing: but a procession of "blue-bloods" began to move with stately dignity through her thoughts: the Paynes, the Shaws, the Agassizs—yes, she knew "coppers", and the owners thereof. She remembered a scandal that had made awe-struck whispers in the Sewing Circle—old Mr. Shaw had died and it appeared that for twenty years or so he had been keeping eight thousand shares of his Calumet and Hecla stock under a dummy name in New York, signing the name of this dummy. His son and other executors failed to report these shares to the government, to avoid paying taxes on them; they had been caught, and some of the brightest legal lights of Boston were nearly disbarred. Nobody had gone to jail, of course—only "Nick Sacc'", who had tried to tell the Italians of Massachusetts how the "copper kings" were treating their Michigan miners.

XI

The grapes on the Brini arbor had become dark purple globes and had been harvested and converted into "Dago Red". The leaves had turned first yellow and then brown, and had dropped off and been blown into the corners of the garden. The cabbages and turnips were stored in the cellar, the tomato-vines grew mushy after frost, and then dry and hard. All that beautiful garden was a wreck and the sun was going away on his long pilgrimage. Very soon Cornelia would be getting up by lamplight and shivering while she dressed and being pinned up in her shawl for the journey to the cordage plant. Could she stand another of these winters?

Betty was back at Miss Wilson's school and begging her grandmother to come to Boston. Surely she ought to be taking part in the campaign to re-elect Woodrow Wilson, who had kept us out of war and said we were too proud to fight. How Boston—the "old Boston" of Beacon Hill and the Back Bay—loathed that phrase, and how they jeered and raged in their *Transcript!* But there was another Boston which had crossed the seas a generation ago to escape the potato famine; it had found an abundance of potatoes in New England and had converted them into a crop of young Irish voters, pledged to the worship of the Virgin Mary and the extermination of the British lion. In vain did "Pro Bono Publico" and "Hundred Percent American" write letters to the *Transcript,* summoning the new world to the rescue of down-trodden Belgium. Irish-Catholic Boston did not read the *Transcript* and it thronged to the polls and elected an Irish-Catholic mayor, who would see to it that Irish and Germans and pacifists might hold all the peace-meetings they wished and parade through Park Street and spit when they passed the Union Club.

Wilson was re-elected; and it seemed that the war-danger was over. He would go on writing notes to the Germans as he had been doing for a year or two, and the Germans would go on ignoring them. Cornelia decided that she would not be needed as a pacifist agitator, nor would Vanzetti have to take refuge in Mexico, as he had made up his mind to do in case America should enter the war. "Capitalist I will fight some day," said Bart, "but never will I kill German worker, Austrian worker, for make good no banker bond." Cornelia had not mentioned the highly confidential subject of Boston high finance and its commitments to the Allied cause; but apparently the "reds" had their own sources of information, for *La Cronaca Sovversiva* was full of talk on the subject and details of the intrigues of State Street and Wall Street.

The first snow of the year was in the air and Cornelia came hurrying home in the darkness with snow melting upon her shoulders. She was surprised to see a large limousine in front of the Brini door, its two long streams of light making

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day in Suosso's Lane and revealing the million-footed dance of the snow-flakes. As she came nearer the door of the car opened and a bulky man stepped out; Cornelia could not see his face, but his voice caused her to stop dead in her white tracks. "Is that you, mother?" It was Rupert Alvin.

XII

Cornelia took but a moment to get herself together. "Hello, Rupert!" she said, with an air of nonchalance—there are times when the Thornwell training comes in handy! She accepted her son-in-law's outstretched hand, and let him help her into the limousine, where sat her eldest daughter, Deborah.

"Oh, Mother! Mother! How could you?" Yes, even the stately Mrs. Rupert Alvin wept when she saw those bowed shoulders and that pitiful working woman's shawl covered with a load of snow. She had snapped on the light in the limousine; but Rupert snapped it off again quickly.

"Control yourself, Deborah," he commanded—having in mind the chauffeur, who would overhear in spite of the glass partition. "Mother, we want to have a private talk with you. Will you not please come home with us—at least for a day or two?"

"I can't, Rupert. I have a job."

"Can't you get excused temporarily?"

"One does not get excused from jobs, one gets fired."

"But Mother, you have a little income from the estate!" It was Deborah, breaking in.

"Wait, Deborah!" insisted the husband, again. "Mother, will you let us take you to some hotel here in Plymouth where we can discuss matters quietly?"

"Certainly I will do that. But first I must tell my friends. They will be expecting me to supper and will worry."

"I will see to that," said the man, quickly. As he got his majestic bulk out of the car Cornelia wondered if he were afraid she might make her escape. Was she being kidnapped? Inside her something fluttered like a bird in a trap. "Don't be caught! Don't let them get you!"

"Oh, Mother, you are all wet!" Deborah was lamenting. "Take off that shawl." She drew it off and began to wrap Cornelia in a big fur robe. Cornelia submitted because it was easier than to argue. Her mind was busy with another problem: how had they found her? Could it have been Miss Mehitabel? Impossible to believe that Betty had revealed the secret!

Rupert returned, gave his orders to the chauffeur and got into the car, which began to sway on luxurious springs down the unpaved and rutted lane. It turned onto the main street and sped to a hotel, where Rupert engaged a room and Deborah hurried her mother through the lobby. Presently they were locked in a place where family secrets might be safe—after Rupert had stepped to the door and opened it to make sure there were no eavesdroppers.

"I am perfectly all right," said Cornelia, in answer to her daughter's clamor that she was wet and that she was cold and that she was exhausted. "I have been very happy," she declared, in answer to laments about the state of her shoulders and her hands. And when Deborah had got to the question of how her mother could have been so cruel as to treat them this way Cornelia broke in with the demand, "How did you find me?" She had to repeat the question before Deborah answered "We got your address from Betty".

"You mean she told you? I can't believe such a thing, Deborah!"

"I don't mean that. She wrote you a letter and we got it."

"Oh, I see." A great load was lifted from Cornelia's heart. After a moment she said, "I would like to have the letter". Seeing them hesitate and look at each other, she said "Give me my letter, please". So Rupert took from his pocket an envelope, which Cornelia could see at a glance was very bulky.

Balancing the letter in his hand, the great man began, in his most solemn tones, "Mother, I wish to explain that when we opened this letter we did not know it was to you. If we had known that, we should have brought it unopened. But you will see, it is addressed to Mrs. Nonna Cornell, and that meant nothing to us, except that our unhappy daughter was communicating secretly with some unknown woman. Only when we opened the letter, did we discover that it was to you".

"Neither of us read it, Mother," added Deborah. "It may be we had a right to, but we didn't feel sure."

"I will read it to you at once, my child."

"I don't think it will be necessary. We had a talk with Betty, and I think we know the situation."

Cornelia held the letter in her hands. How pathetic seemed the little joke, "Mrs. Nonna"! She took the letter from the envelope, and saw why Deborah had suggested not hearing it—the last page was numbered forty! But Cornelia had to read only two sentences to know the whole story.

"Dear Grannie:

"I am in the most dreadful predicament you can imagine, because Roger Lowell, the tenth descendant of a line of theocrats, spent three months laboring with his conscience and finally made up his mind that he must save my soul by telling Father of the indecent proposition I had made at Camp Putnam! So now here I am shut up in my room and forbidden to go out, until I have promised to reform—and so I am forced to smuggle this letter to you by one of the maids."

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XIII

The antagonists squared off for battle—two against one. It would be none the less deadly because it would be carried on under the forms of courtesy, even of love.

The first thing was for Deborah to weep some more. This was not easy, for she was haughty, self-contained—the last word in aristocratic reticence. But there was that pitiful figure—gray-haired, bowed and bent, in wretched shapeless clothing wet with snow—that was her mother! And even though she told herself that her mother had become insane it was none the less terrible. Also, impossible to forget that certain scenes which Deborah forbade herself to remember had had something to do with her mother's mental disorder. So the tears streamed down Deborah's cheeks—and she had one of those long, half-masculine faces which are not improved by weeping.

In Cornelia's own being the trapped bird was still fluttering. "Fight! Fight! Don't let them get you!" She had had a year and a half to think matters over and she knew all the devices of families to break people down. She remembered Cousin Amelia Quincy, who had sought to marry the wrong man, and how Cousin Amelia's mother had fallen violently ill—a complete nervous breakdown—which had lasted until the wrong man had given up and married some other girl.

So now Cornelia made her voice stern and said "It is silly for you to behave that way, Deborah. There is nothing the matter with me, and I assure you my children are not going to get their way by tears".

Then Deborah drew herself to her full height. "I will not annoy you any further. I have of course no right to object to your living your own life—"

"None whatever, my child."

"But I have a right to object to your ruining the mind and character of my young and impressionable daughter."

"I hope I have not done that."

"Unless our daughter tells us what is not true, you introduced her to a band of anarchists and atheists—"

"Not atheists, Deborah, you have got the wrong word."

"You mean that Italian man, whatever his name is, is not an atheist?"

"He has explained to me carefully his beliefs. He worships one God, the God of nature, of love and justice. He worships only one, so perhaps that constitutes him an infidel."

Deborah declined this challenge to theological controversy. "And free lovers!"

"That is still less accurate. I doubt very much if Vanzetti has ever been any kind of lover in his life. He is a saint who believes in free love."

"Is that one of your jokes, Mother?"

"It sounds like it, I know, but you will have to learn that there are new ideas loose in the world and it is not practicable to keep people from knowing about them—not even by shutting them up in their rooms and confiscating their mail."

Rupert Alvin was silent, considering free love not a theme for mixed conversation; and anyhow, in family disputes the less an "in-law" has to say the safer for him. When the two ladies began exchanging views upon the efficacy of a church ceremony as a purifier of lust Rupert arose and went to the door and peered out. It was a delicate hint and the ladies took it and discussed anarchism. Or rather, Cornelia discussed anarchism while Deborah discussed anarchy and refused to recognize the difference. Cornelia asserted that she had lived among Italian anarchists for a year and a half and had not seen a single bomb—except those which Brini described as "bombe di pistacchio".

They were on the subject of foreigners and their alleged resemblance to pigs when Rupert decided that it was time for a man to interpose his authority. "Mother," he said—and went on, in spite of his wife's angry signals—"we are not getting anywhere by arguing over subjects like this. The question is, what are we going to do. I know that our mutual esteem and affection will bring us to an understanding in the end; so what I am hoping is to persuade you to come home and stay with us a while. I know you will be able to induce Betty to—well, to moderate her expressions. That is all we ask, and I am sure you agree that we do not want an open scandal in our family."

"Certainly not, Rupert."

"Well, then, come with us, and in time we can work it all out happily."

"That is easy to say, Rupert, but it seems to me you are taking a serious risk. Suppose that while I am your guest I should consider it my duty to appear on some public platform and say that the effort to bring America into the war is a crime against civilization, and that the motive-power behind it is our big bankers, who have loaned so much money to England and France and Italy that they cannot face the prospect of losing their investments?"

To Rupert Alvin, president of the Pilgrim National Bank of Boston and directing head of the most powerful financial group in State Street, it was as if his mother-in-law had taken a sharp rapier and brought the point of it close to one of his waistcoat buttons. The many large bulges which composed Rupert's face and neck became still larger, the pink ones turning red and the red ones purple. His large round eyes opened wide and the hands which clutched his large round knees tightened until they showed the tendons. Either Rupert's tongue refused to make a sound or else Rupert's brain did not know what sound to tell it to make.

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XIV

"My children," said Cornelia, "I want to be fair, and make myself understood if it can possibly be done. For forty years I did what I was told was my duty and let other people guide my life. I was very unhappy—how unhappy I did not realize until Josiah was dead and I had begun to do what I wanted to do. Now for the rest of my life I am going to be an individual and not a cog in a family machine. And while that will seem terrible to you, you can comfort yourself with the fact that it is real 'Boston'—'old Boston', the very best there is. Everything that is glorious in our history has been made by people who have 'come out', and fought some prevailing sentiment. I never realized that until I got alone and thought it over. Take Wendell Phillips—you cannot say anything against his ancestry, there was never anyone more completely 'Back Bay'. Yet he turned into an abolitionist and labor agitator, the same as a pacifist and 'red' at the present time. It has always been that way and the ones you honor now, the ones the rest of the world knows about—Samuel Adams and John Quincy Adams, Emerson and Thoreau and Phillips and Garrison and James Russell Lowell—yes, there was even a Lowell, Deborah—and Thomas Wentworth Higginson—even a Higginson, Rupert, tell that to State Street! Boston history has been made by the 'saving minority'. You must know that is true?"

"Yes, but Mother"—it was Deborah protesting—"that was all in the past!"

"And now the world is perfect and we don't need any more changes! Well, my dear, all I can tell you is, I have looked the world over and made up my mind that it has never been worse than right now—with some ten or twenty million men lined up on opposite sides, using all the machinery and brains of civilization to slaughter one another. No, I think we need changes and there is going to be a Thornwell among the 'come-outers', and you will have to put up with the humiliation of it. I don't think I shall be lonely—I've been able to recollect the names of a number of old ladies who have left their families and are living in apartments and hotels, interesting themselves in one queer cause or another. I never paid much attention because Josiah wouldn't have approved of my associating with them. But now I shall look them up—I suppose I shall join the Twentieth Century Club."

"Oh, Mother!"

"And the suffragettes, whatever they call their organization—there are two, I believe. And the socialists have a local—I am not an anarchist, Deborah, comfort yourself with that—and anyhow, the anarchists don't have organizations. I suppose the pacifists have one; I hear that Mrs. Abigail Webster Adams has come out for them, and that Rupert thinks she ought to be locked up in an asylum. Well, Rupert, that has been the idea of the comfortable people for a long way back—I remember they accused Socrates of corrupting the young. But even though you put people in an asylum their ideas get out—you cannot always be sure that the maid will turn their letters over to you."

Cornelia paused; and then, seeing the look on her daughter's face—"Yes, my dear, that was mean. But you must realize that Mother is going to fight from now on; Mother holds her convictions with just the same intensity that you hold yours and something inside her compels utterance. It is that stern, terrible thing we call our Puritan conscience. It is out of fashion at the moment, but it takes new forms, it has a rebirth, and does not rest until it has made some impression on the world—some change such as the independence of the colonies, or the abolition of slavery, or the outlawing of war, or the setting free of labor. And then the next generation forgets about the conflict and says how famous Boston is, what great people it has produced! And their grandchildren become the aristocracy, and want everything to stay as it is!"

XV

Cornelia had her own proposition, which she had been thinking over for several months. "I will come up to town at once and get a little apartment, and Betty can come live with me. That will be respectable—it will even tend to make your runaway grandmother all right. And I'm sure I can guide Betty and keep her from going to extremes. It is what she herself has been begging me to do, and I know she will be happy."

"Thank you," said Deborah, with a touch of sarcasm. "To make the children happy is the one duty of parents under the new dispensation. But some of us parents are old-fashioned, and think about our children's souls."

"Yes, my dear, and it may be that the saving of Betty's soul depends upon her believing everything that is preached at Holy Trinity—even though, as I suspect, the preacher does not believe it himself. But let us be practical about the matter. What will you do with the child? Ordinarily, when daughters threaten to run wild, you send them off to Europe with an aunt and they look at cathedrals and paintings for a year, and that is cultural. But now your war is in the way, so the only place to send her is out west and she would see only rocks and rivers, which are not so cultural. Of course you can keep her shut up—make a prisoner of her by force—but that would only harden her spirit and drive her to extremes. Also, it would mean an open scandal, because your servants would know and it would be all over the Back Bay in a week and everybody would be certain the child had done something far worse than talk radicalism. Moreover, you can only keep her four or five months—then she will be of age, and you will lose your hold on her."

"We can disinherit her."

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"Yes, of course; but she would have my property—"

"I think, mother, you ought to be informed about that." It was Rupert breaking in—since it was a banker's affair. "You have no property, only an income of five thousand a year from the estate."

"Well, Rupert, I have lived upon four hundred a year for the past year and a half—"

"Mother, you don't mean it!" Impossible for the most reticent daughter to encounter such a statement with silence!

"What else have I had? I have lived on it and even saved a little. And now if I come up to town and take my income of five thousand a year, with what has been accumulating, Betty and I will be rich."

"You would not be able to pay for the child's clothes!"

"Well, Deborah, maybe you know your daughter better than I but my guess is Betty would learn to make her own clothes quite cheerfully. Will you give me a chance to ask her?"

"Most certainly not! In spite of your ridicule, I believe in my religion and in a little decency and decorum. I shall not give up my daughter to become an anarchist and atheist—nor even a socialist and infidel—nor yet a saint who believes in free love."

"Well put, Deborah—we are both of us developing what Broadway would call the 'punch'. But put yourself in my place just a moment. I served your father faithfully for forty years and conscientiously refrained from doing any of the things which made him angry. I gave life to three of you girls and helped to find you husbands of the sort I knew your father wanted you to have. If you have any complaint as to your share in husbands you have been too proud to make it to me. Have you, Deborah?" Cornelia paused and looked at the solemn Rupert with a twinkle in her eye. Then she continued, "You both have what you want. But I have very little; I am old and lonely, and an object of sympathy. There are eleven grandchildren—no one of whom would have been in the world except for me. I put it to your sense of justice—may I not ask for one of the eleven to keep me company in my old age?"

It was turning Deborah's own weapons against her and Deborah could not help being disturbed. "I think you would have shown better judgment if you had chosen one of Clara's eight, rather than one of my two."

"Perhaps that is so. But I did not choose Betty—she chose me; or rather, some fate did it, there is an affinity between us. I assure you, Deborah, upon my honor, I had no thought of causing this to happen. But it has happened, and we have to admit it."

"Never!" cried Deborah. Her lips were set in that expression which Cornelia had seen ten thousand times upon the face of Josiah Quincy Thornwell. It was recorded for all time in the paintings of four governors in the music-room at "Hillview."

Cornelia turned to her son-in-law. "Is that your decision also?"

Rupert hung on to that caution which is such an excellent thing in "in-laws". "Mother, I hope you will not go to any extreme—"

Cornelia laughed. "First I have to make sure what you and Deborah plan to do to Betty."

"We plan to do our duty as parents, to compel our child to behave herself!" It was Deborah, with great vehemence.

"Do you mean that she must believe what you believe—even though she doesn't? Or do you mean that she must say that she believes what she doesn't believe? Or will you be content if she agrees to say nothing about her beliefs?"

"That is what we commanded her to do, and she refused."

"Are you sure you made the distinction? Are you sure you didn't ask her to stop believing? I suspect you were so horrified and angry you didn't know exactly what you were demanding." And Cornelia rose, saying, "I will try to supply a little wisdom and good temper for you. Tomorrow I will go up to town and put up at a hotel, and get some clothes so as not to disgrace you. In the evening I will call at the house and have a talk with my grandchild and persuade her to be more fair than her parents."

"You must not feel that way about us, Mother!" It was Rupert, still trying for a compromise.

"There is no sense in saying any more tonight, Rupert. We have argued too much, for Thornwells. It is because I am not really 'Boston' that I do this vulgar thing of trying to talk things out. But I love Betty and cannot bear to see her spirit bruised. I will do the best I can and advise her to suppress her eager young ideas on marriage and private property and war and whatever else you object to—until she is eighteen years old and her own legal mistress."

Cornelia took her shawl and started to put it on. "Mother! That thing is all wet! Let me give you my coat!"

"It is quite all right; there will be a good hot stove where I am going."

"But mother, you must have dinner with us!"

"My friends will give me something to eat when I get home. I could not eat now."

She saw tears start into Deborah's eyes again and that was as it should be. When Rupert labored to persuade his mother-in-law to ride up to town with them, she answered that she had reasons for preferring the train; then she started towards the door. "Good-bye, my children."

Rupert took up his coat and followed her. "At least you will let us drive you to where you are living, Mother."

"Thank you, but I am able to walk."

"But mother, that is absurd—it is storming!"

"I have walked to my work for a year and a half, through every sort of storm—at six-thirty

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in the morning and again in the evening—and have not yet missed a day."

So Cornelia unlocked the door and went out; Rupert and Deborah both following, arguing and pleading with her in low, decorous tones all the way to the street. But she set her lips tight and when Rupert tried to take her hand and lead her to the car she withheld it, saying once more, "Good-bye, my children", and hurrying away into the snow-haunted darkness.

XVI

Next evening, according to her promise, Cornelia called at the Alvin mansion on Commonwealth Avenue dressed like a nice, quiet old lady of the social reform or "blue-stocking" type. She rang the bell with some trepidation, not quite certain whether she would be admitted; and she found an amazing situation—the family rows all settled, Betty out of prison and back at Miss Wilson's and the entire Thornwell clan assembled to welcome home the runaway grandmother! To overwhelm her with kindness, with beauty, tact and charm, to afford her a demonstration of respectability, and make her realize its advantages over anarchism, atheism and free love!

There was Clara, in the radiance of her eighth maternity, and her husband, James Scatterbridge, shining with the extra millions he had made; and Alice, never more elegant, never more gracious, with no trace of a scandal or an hysteric about her; her husband, Henry Winters, jewel upon the finger of the legal profession; Deborah and Rupert, all courtesy and smiles; Betty, a little pale after a cyclone of emotions but none the less lovely for that; Betty's older sister, Priscilla; Great-uncle Abner and his son, Uncle Quincy. All of them in their most honorable costumes, all so amiable—not one hint of rebuke or complaint, not even a tactless slip—unless you count Great-uncle Abner, whose deaf-man's voice boomed through the drawing-room: "Well, well, Cornelia, they tell me you've been making money!"

They had learned their lesson, that was the long and short of it; they would return to dignity and reserve and good manners—to "old Boston"; and Cornelia would return with them, and Betty also. There would be no more quarrels, no more "scenes", no more scandals and "talking out" of things, no more anarchism, atheism, and free love!

There was a buzz of conversation, family news, compliments and courtesies. When would Cornelia come to see her new grandson? Had she heard of the fine record Alice's son had made at St. Mark's? Would she like to meet Uncle Quincy's chess wonder? "How is your gout, Abner?" "How is the new wing coming on, James?" So many polite and pleasant things to talk about, that it was only near the end of the evening that she got a few words alone with Betty.

"Oh, Grannie, how on earth did you do it?"

"I don't know, dear—what did I do?"

"You completely tamed mother and father. They came back this morning as nice as pie."

"I guess they just had a little time to think things over, and realize how much they loved you." Cornelia was going to be tactful too!

"Well, yesterday mother wouldn't listen to reason at all: I must promise never to believe anything she disapproved of, I must never talk about such things to anybody, and must never look at such a book! Of course I couldn't promise all that, could I, Grannie? You can't imagine how dreadful I felt to have to tell mother and father that I wouldn't obey them! So I thought I was going to have to stay in my room till I didn't know when. But after they had talked with you, all they wanted was for me not to disgrace them publicly."

Cornelia was tempted to say that Rupert and Deborah had found the older generation so much worse than the younger that it had frightened them. But no, she was going to be tactful! "I plan to get a little apartment, dear, and you can come to see me and we'll keep our thoughts to ourselves, and not give the family anything more to worry over." Thus Cornelia Thornwell, in December, 1916, while the German government was preparing its new submarine policy, which was to rouse all the warlike elements in America and force all the pacifist ladies of Boston to make public speeches and break with their families and be raided by mobs and arrested by the police! With the Bolshevik revolution less than a year in the future and the "White Terror" following close upon its heels.

(To be continued next month.)

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

IF THE favored device of statisticians could be applied to the long flow of American architecture, and the curve of public taste were plotted on graph paper, no conventional bell-shaped figure would emerge. Instead we should have an irregular sequence of jagged peaks—the chaste high Georgian of the mid-eighteenth century; Jefferson's heavy Roman capitols, colleges, and mansions; the coruscant rocket of Henry H. Richardson; the classic Columbian city by the inland sea; Louis Sullivan and his pregnant new thought-forms; the rich, informed modernity of Bertram Goodhue's last phase; *la dernière mode* of the set-back skyscraper. But between these peaks lie drab steppes and canyons of darkness. The nadir of vulgarity was plumbed in the years 1860-1880, which Mr. Tallmadge calls the "Parvenu Period", and Mr. Lewis Mumford the "Gilded Age".

Some such high-lighted diagram as this is the essence of Thomas Tallmadge's *The Story of Architecture in America* (Norton, $3.50), put forth as the first popular history of the art from the settlement of St. Augustine until 1927. Others—mainly antiquarians—have dealt exhaustively with the various Colonial periods. There has been singularly little effort to collate the tendencies since 1875, though they are more obvious than in poetry or painting. One volume of like aim, however, which cannot be ignored, is Talbot Hamlin's "The American Spirit in Architecture" in the Yale "Pageant of America" series, which is less a connected narrative than an atlas of captioned pictures. The two should supplement each other, for Mr. Tallmadge's half-tones, well chosen to represent certain central monuments, are too few to give the full texture of their periods.

Ten chapters split the book into fairly homogeneous sections which can be tagged for him who runs, e.g., "The Greek Revival (1820-1860)—In which we slip a chiton over our linsey-woolsey". This plan does not always make for coherence. Like Mrs. Stowe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin", he must break off at intervals to bring another group of characters up abreast. There is a salty wit in much of his comment, but at times it labors too heavily.

Tallmadge's classifications—he is no slavish follower of traditional histories—we leave to the tender mercies of his fellow professionals. Whether New York's Old City Hall belongs with the Georgian of the Adam brothers or with the dawning Greco-Roman classicism, it is a perfect expression of its time. The author has wisely elected to center his energies on men and buildings, the only tangible landmarks. He has taken a bead or two from Will Durant's rosary and from the legions of other "stories" that are fast democratizing the preserves of specialists. So we have jewelled dry-points of Samuel McIntire, the carpenter-craftsman who almost single-handed created the exterior Salem of the great days of "Java Head". Or of Daniel Burnham, that western Titan whose seat was always "the head of the table". Or of Dr. Cram, the saint of mediaevalism, chanting his *Dies Irae* against the dissenting chapels beyond the Gothic pale.

Mr. Tallmadge is a practising architect of Chicago and a true eclectic who looks through structural spectacles for the universal grain of sincerity and taste. We should not expect of him, therefore, the sociological critique of industry, mechanism, land values, and social background in which an amateur like Mr. Mumford delights. Tallmadge makes no deities of the Frank Lloyd Wright secessionists; but he is contemptuous of the rigid Beaux Arts men like Ernest Flagg. Goodhue, among the elder generation, evokes perhaps his warmest sympathy, but Eliel Saarinen, the Finn who should have had first prize in *The Chicago Tribune* competition and whom George Booth, the Detroit publisher, has just brought to head the Cranbrook Foundation, is his prophet of the future. Today "we stand upon a peak",

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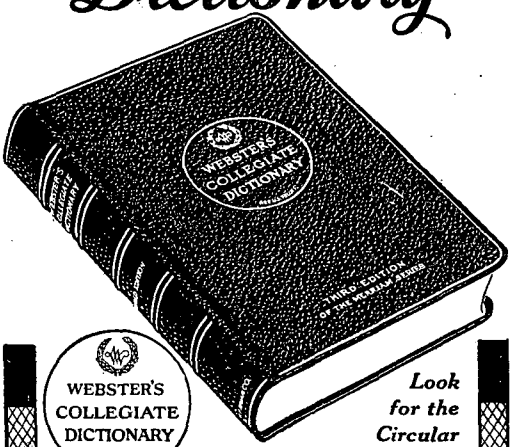

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and the skyscraper, genius of our age, is not to be despised. In it Tallmadge sees the germ of a new flowering, husbanded by Saarinen, Hood, and Corbett.

Dr. Logan Clendening, a Kansas City physician, has done a much needed job superlatively well in *The Human Body* (Knopf, $5.00). He provides a one-volume synthesis, in terms any layman can understand, of the essential facts of anatomy, physiology, pathology, hygiene, and medical history. There are scholarly standard works in each of these fields, and there is "The Layman's Handbook of Medicine" by Cabot. But the layman cannot buy a whole five-foot shelf on all the phases of his body's health that he needs for efficient living.

That is not all. This book has style and entertainment. Clendening has the urbane, tolerant insight of the best of his profession. But not every medico knows Brahms from Bach, and Dr. Clendening has the advantage of a spacious cultural horizon. He must have drunk deep from the fount of that other great humanist, William Osler.

The tender-minded will not read Clendening happily. He is the realist, the satirist, more concerned with puncturing superstition than with genuflecting before the sacred cows of sentiment. He flouts the Popes with as easy a grace as he puts sex in its place of sublime jocularity. A confirmed hereditarian, yet he knows the hopelessness of grandiose eugenic schemes. The poor connoisseur of hair-oils and electric vibrators will be hurt to learn that his baldness was inevitable before he was born. The golf-fiend and the calorie-hound will be shocked that religious exercise and diet will add no cubits to his life. Psychologically (and he is well aware of the weakness of the orthodox profession in mental therapeutics), Clendening is neither an introspectionist, a behaviorist, nor a simon-pure Freudian. In short, in every pasture he is a scientist, choosing the grass he has found greenest in a lifelong quest for truth.

If you read Josephine Pinckney's *Sea-drinking Cities* (Harper, $2.00), because you like to enjoy poetry as you do the sun

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on a lazy autumn day, you will be well satisfied. But if you read it in the hope of finding bright flashes of unmistakable genius or images breath-taking in their vividness, you will be disappointed. For, although Miss Pinckney's verse is of fine quality throughout, it is mellow and delicate, rather than energetically emotional or intellectual. She observes life as it is led around her and, imbibing the slow tempo in the rhythm of the Negro race, she transmutes it into soft, haunting poetry.

It is not strange, then, that she prefers the period between winter and spring, the moon, the lights twinkling faintly through the still black night, and all the moods of peace and inactivity that come with these, to the hurry and restlessness of broad daylight. Occasionally there is a flash of white fire, as in the "Japonica Bush", and a restlessness for the never known, as in "Spring Makes Me Wonder" and "Sea-drinking Cities", but always it is surrounded by the mood of calm; "the sun sleeps against the yellow wall".

The Changing South, by William J. Robertson (Boni & Liveright, $3.00), is a timely book—in a rather restricted sense. It is written only for the moment in which it happens to appear, and, apart from the first few chapters, can have no possible value in the future. It is too controversial even to be useful as a record of the change which Mr. Robertson believes is taking place in the traditions and customs of the South.

The book divides itself into three parts. The first section contains a lucid and extremely interesting exposition of the origin of the "Solid South" and its history through the Civil War and the trying days of the reconstruction. The second part is devoted to the determination of the social, political, religious and economic status of the South, then and at present. The third part is concerned with the future. Mr. Robertson analyzes the political prospects of the South, the possibilities for the continuance or the disintegration of the famous Democratic solidarity, and the probable direction of its immediate economic growth. Rather too much emphasis is placed upon momentary issues—prohibition enforcement, for instance, and the attitude of the Southern Democrats toward the possible nomination of Governor Smith for the Presidency.

There is nothing in the plan of the book to tempt hostile criticism. There should, indeed, be a hearty welcome for just such a work as this was intended to be. But some more authoritative source must be sought for satisfaction. Mr. Robertson has been too content to rely for material upon the evidence of his personal observation, and this tendency has led him to make many statements of doubtful accuracy. In addition to its lack of documentation, the work has too petty and controversial a tone. Mr. Robertson exhibits an over-eagerness to disprove generalizations which most critics are no longer interested in advancing—"that Southern people . . . are isolated morons", for instance.

For *The Procession to Tyburn* (Boni & Liveright, $3.00) Chief Magistrate William McAdoo has taken the old *Criminal Recorder,* issued in London in 1804, and from that has extracted and reprinted the accounts of seventeen criminals. The whole is prefaced by a quite lengthy introduction by Mr. McAdoo, which discusses the modern point of view on crime in contrast to that which obtained in the eighteenth century. I can see no reason for limiting these studies to the eighteenth century, nor for selecting the *Criminal Recorder* as a source. The extracts chosen are far less colorful than the *Newgate Calendars,* and equally inaccurate. It seems to me that the Chief Magistrate might have given us something distinctly less casual. The introductions are intelligent, but they are no more than that, and simple intelligence is the very least that we have the right to expect from such an authority. That some of his conclusions are arguable is quite another matter. Most intelligent conclusions are. In short, Chief Magistrate McAdoo should be, and doubtless is, capable of doing a fine and scholarly piece of work that would actually contribute something to the literature of criminology—but he has not done it here.

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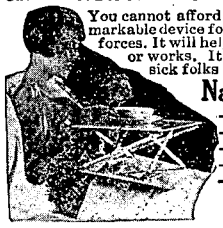

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Until recently Francis Carlin was one of the famous Big Four of Scotland Yard and, from the beginning of *Reminiscences of an Ex-Detective* (Doran, $5.00) it is clear that he really has something to say, although he writes rather badly. There are few theories in the book, but those few are well worth reading and remembering. For the most part, the narrative is concerned with actual crimes, in the detection of which the author participated. It is both an instructive and fascinating pursuit to watch the workings of a good investigator's mind, and that one is able to do this here is, perhaps, the chief merit of the book.

The Big Four of Scotland Yard are the four detective superintendents, each of whom has charge of a quarter of London, and who act as links between the Scotland Yard administration and the divisional detectives. In the Criminal Investigation Division these four are ranked only by the Chief Constable, the Deputy Assistant Commissioner and the Assistant Commissioner himself. The position is clearly one, in England at any rate, that can be reached only by sheer ability.

Through the Eltham Common Murder, the Eric Gordan Tombe Mystery, the Brixton Taxicab Murder, and on to the final chapters which deal with such subjects as the "Methods of the Scotland Yard Man" and the "Psychology of the Criminal" one follows Mr. Carlin with the keenest interest.

Harold B. Franklin, founder of the Theater Manager's Training School and head of a large chain of motion picture theaters, is responsible for the first comprehensive book in the field. *Motion Picture Theater Management* (Doran, $5.00) is devised chiefly for class-room use, and is full of the inaccurate phraseology and pompous generalizations customarily visited upon students. It is completely technical, however, in its intention. The problems of management and organization, structure and equipment, personnel, production, advertising, finance, and budgeting are clearly and ably discussed. The range of its possible application is wide. Mr. Franklin covers the field—from the "sensational" Western-picture houses where the manager is likely to

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take his turn at the ticket-chopper, to the first-run "Super-Theaters" of which the New York Paramount stands as the present archetype.

M. Lenôtre's study of Robespierre *Robespierre's Rise and Fall* (Doran, $6.00) belongs, if I am not mistaken, to the humanistic or psychological branch of the historian's art. We are concerned here with the man, rather than with the political leader, and with the genesis and development of the man's character. It is a curious and interesting study in the inferiority-complex. Napoleon and Robespierre, how alike they were in almost everything except in the opinion posterity has of them! Both sneered at in school for their extreme poverty, for their diligence and for their virtue; both stung to cold fury at the contempt of their fellows; both rising to the peak of power, the one through political, the other through military genius; and both ending flung back into the dust from which they had risen—abandoned, not only by men but by their own ability.

Lenôtre, as in all his works, combines sound research with sound writing. If he has his prejudices—and who can doubt but that he has?—they never get so far as the printed page. He has sensitiveness and he has drama and, with both, an acute sense of human values. M. Lenôtre is apt to be micro-cosmic in his point of view. He sees only a small portion of the picture at a time, but he sees everything in that portion. While this may militate against his value as a historian in some respects, it is of the greatest advantage in others. If M. Lenôtre does not see the immense background against which Robespierre moved with entire clarity, he sees Robespierre himself with the most microscopic exactness.

The strange and contradictory character of this tragic tyrant is excellently summed up by the author in the following quotation:

"And yet Robespierre was not ferocious after the manner of Carrier and Lebon: he had a horror of blood: his nervous impressionability led him to shun all tragic sights . . . Well, he did demand it (blood)—he demanded floods of it—not from taste but from policy."

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FICTION NOTES

MAURICE BARING admits his own difficulty in describing his latest book, *Tinker's Leave* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). "What has it turned out to be?" he inquires. "What is it? A novel? A book of travel? An argument? A picture of manners?" Indeed, it seems to be all of these things—and none of them completely. The thread of narrative is slight. Miles Consterdine, the rather bewildered and unheroic hero, emerges from a sheltered life at the age of twenty-seven into the full glare of Paris. He falls in with an inexplicable Russian family, and his two weeks' vacation turns into a journey into Russia and a prolonged adventure as a newspaper photographer at the Russo-Japanese front. Except for a timid, unverbalized love-affair, Miles's active participation in the narrative is accomplished. The real meat of the book is not in the formal narrative, however. The thumb-nail, vignetted sketches of life and travel are inimitable. Only as much detail is admitted as a dazed and provincial young man like Miles Consterdine might naturally see and hear. The result is an utterly convincing realism which does not derive from any literary theory. The conversations—or rather, the protracted arguments which, in Mr. Baring's books, pass for conversations—are delightful. They range, untrammeled by spatial considerations, over the speculative possibilities afforded by the entire array of arts, sciences, and philosophies.

Max Eastman's *Venture* (A. & C. Boni, $2.50) is not so much a story to read as it is an alluring, almost jubilant proposal to act. Written by a man who loves his integrity, and who accordingly broke loose from routine thinking to follow his mad ideal, the book is a challenge to our character. Before he became a novelist Max Eastman was a crusader, and he remains both. It is quite natural that he should have published this first story only after years of sparring for a more equitable world.

But "Venture" is not a preaching book. Its author is not intent on making converts to socialism. He is wiser than that. He wants to make converts to life, and so he tells us about Jo, who came to feel that a man ought to find out the greatest way in which life could possibly be lived and live it. By all the suave standards of our best opinion everywhere, Jo's actions are incredibly erratic. But this blundering irritating fool is full of a rare exhilaration, and he comes to cast in his lot with what we refer to, with pleasing vagueness, as "labor". In trying to comprehend his allegiance, readers will find more to think about than in listening to any distinguished debate over the respective rights of capital and labor.

In *The Days of the King* (Knopf, $2.50), Bruno Frank presents in three miniatures his conception of Frederick the Great, who, in a century of gregariousness, when every man's secret was his neighbor's knowledge, lived his life in the crowd but never of it. To hate a man for the smallness of his soul and to destroy him without scruple; to unloose the secret of years for the sympathy and understanding of his only friend and find that the revelation fell on deaf ears; to bestow his vast store of affection on an animal and have it stolen from him by death: it is from the cumulation of these that there emerges the man whom Bruno Frank calls Frederick the Great. Technically, the book must be classed as fiction: three imaginary incidents from the life of a man who was also an emperor; this study, in its sensitive insight and its depiction of one man's soul from internal rather than external evidence, is a truer characterization than annotated, factual biography could be.

Isa Glenn selects her native South as the spiritual scene of her third novel, *Southern Charm* (Knopf, $2.50), although the rather limited action takes place in a Park Avenue apartment in New York. A drama of con-

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flicting traditions is woven around the lives of four ladies (the word is advisedly used) whose habits of thought were formed below the Mason-Dixon Line. The scene and the action are as restricted and carefully-moving as those same well-schooled thoughts. The reader is permitted to know one day in the life of Mrs. Habersham, and to watch through her eyes the life of her fragile daughter, Aunt Sallie of the chesty voice, and poor, fat Cousin Natalie, who had somehow failed to accomplish the purpose—marriage—for which every Southern maiden of her day was educated. The total effect would be almost sedative, if contrast in the shape of a prodigal daughter had not been provided. With the introduction of Laura, vital, interesting, unabashed, and amazingly not fallen into "the ways of sin", Isa Glenn makes her destructive little satire complete. The wit before which the tradition of Southern charm crumbles has nothing to do with incongruous situation or flashing paradox. It is the subtle, inherent wit of contrasted motive, with scenes from the past invoked to illuminate the present.

Meryom, the heroine of *The Legend Called Meryom* (Morrow, $2.50), is a Russian Jewess, whose beauty of soul, the author, Joseph Gaer, would have us believe, far exceeds her not inconsiderable beauty of body. Born remote from the culture which should have been her heritage, she can, in her amazing love and sympathy for humanity, do no less than project her soul into the ignorance of a shoemaker and cause him to have a library built in the town; and, indifferent to the excellent medical qualifications of the village barber, import a city doctor who robs her poor sorrowing people of a ruble every time he cures a slight case of galloping consumption. She herself dies of heart trouble.

The author has an intensely irritating trick—it is not without felicity when employed by Jane Austen—of letting all his action take place off-stage, conveying it to his reader through the conversation of persons who have, apparently, no other purpose in life than the spreading of glad news. The effect of this artificial perspective is not one of clarity, but gives rather the impression

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that he knows not what people do, but what they say—and that obscurely.

As one detects through the queer, twisted earth the seething mass that is a volcano, so one sees through the annoying distortion of words that is the style of Samuel Ornitz a fundamental seething of human souls seeking fulfillment. *A Yankee Passional* (Boni & Liveright, $2.50) declares a search for life's *raison d'être* on the part of a hoochie dancer, an undertaker, a pantheist, a medicine man, a doctor who is a dope fiend and a Jewish boy voicing what may well be Ornitz's own philosophy, "Gods and wars grow out of the longing of the bowels". These are the friends of Dan Matthews, an intense, ineffectual lad who, until he loses (or finds) himself in martyrdom for the Catholic Church, seeks ecstasy alike in drink, the arms of a woman and high mass. Ornitz recognizes no sensitivities in his readers as he spreads the sensitivities of his characters out before them. Crude, vulgar, vital, these men and women grope their way through the novel as through life, feeling with hands and mouths and intellects for something tremendous.

Walt Whitman has furnished grist for so many literary mills that a certain formula has been evolved out of the grinding. According to its jealous rules the poet must frequently be hailed as "Walt" or "the good gray poet"; Harlan, the luckless Methodist who fired him, must be called bitter names; and Lincoln must testify that he looked like a *Man*. In *Walt: The Good Gray Poet Speaks for Himself* (Stokes, $2.50), Elizabeth Corbett consents to the traditional formula although she attempts a new method. Her book is a collection of dialogues in which Whitman talks to someone, or someone talks about him. By this device many of the familiar episodes of his life, such as the famous argument with Emerson on Boston Common, are given dramatic relief.

But not all the episodes are familiar. We have Whitman's love life, for instance, so definitely revealed that we read the name of his mysterious New Orleans sweetheart and that of one of his grandchildren. We learn also that Whitman tried desperately to get married. We doubt it. A reader new to Whitman will have trouble separating the author's fact from her speculation. It is obvious that such a book, with its merciless stream of talk, would require a remarkable skill to keep Walt Whitman from degenerating into a terrifying bore. A man does a lot of talking in a lifetime, and it is almost cruel, unless one is making a first-hand record, to piece his portrait in terms of his tongue. In this instance the method defeats the author. Her Whitman is pleasantly commonplace.

It is seldom there appears an unheralded story as well conceived and told as *The Unlatched Door,* by Marie Cher (Minton, Balch, $2.00). The author has chosen one of those tales of the weird that were particularly fashionable in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when they appeared chiefly in the form of adventure stories. Miss Cher has chosen the psychological relations of two people to each of whom is given vision of the past. The man is obsessed—possessed is the technical spiritist term—by his abnormality, the woman merely lifts a corner of the veil for a moment. Through the eyes of the man, Roger Darrington, and Raoul, his "control", we are allowed a glimpse of Paris at the time of the Terror, and then brought back into the present to watch Roger's dissolution under the influence of his own ghostly counterpart and his passion for the ghostly counterpart of the woman he loves. The story is pleasantly written, a happy variation on the usual first novel.

In *High Thursday,* by Roger Burlingame (Scribners, $2.00) we have another of the already too frequent stories of artistic temperament and the Latin Quarter. In this case the Latin Quarter moves to Irving Place, New York City, but that small variation in locale does not make the field less sterile. The book is hackneyed, and therefore dull. The heroine is a Pollyanna among free thinkers, one of those noble, sane and understanding wives who meet the situations arising from their genius-husbands' temperament with forbearance and a broad view of morals. But such treatments of the frailties of hu-

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manity have long ceased to be news. Mr. Burlingame seems to have realized that, for he has made every effort to dress his story with a lovely studio room, Thursday teas and waxen lights lending an atmosphere of flickering charm which will trick many readers into the belief that they have found a colorful story.

The Prize Story for December

(Continued from page 63)

"The said union defendants have relentlessly pursued such policy as a general principle of procedure and conduct throughout the several states in which the effectiveness of their organization has made it possible to achieve their purpose.

Charge Unions Spend Millions

"The policies called for by said conspiracy have been carried out with substantial continuity. Millions of dollars have been expended by the national body in many important nonunion fields in the maintenance of strikes, the payment of organizers and pickets, interference with, and attempt to force breaches of contract, maintaining lawless picketing to obstruct the operation of mines where no trade dispute existed, setting on foot bodies of armed men to bring about unionization by force and violence in open opposition to lawful authority, the payment of counsel fees to defend members participating in all such unlawful practices."

It is set forth in this bill that damage to this company's property by the strikers amounted to $50,000, including the planting of bombs in bore holes leading into the mines. If these had exploded many men would have been killed.

The injunction granted prevents the union men from doing anything except peaceful picketing on the public highway, not closer than 100 feet to company property. It also enjoins the unions from going to court in aid of miners who continue to occupy company houses against the wishes of the company.

Vice President Murray and other union officials have severely criticized the federal court for this action. They declared it all to be "a damnable conspiracy on the part of certain politicians in Pennsylvania co-operating with strikebreaking agencies to crush the United Mine Workers of America in this state."

Many Find Other Work

If this was the plan, it seems to have succeeded. Of the 45,000 who went out on strike probably one-half are now at work in mills or other industries or have gone into the mines in some other field, either union or nonunion mines. The superintendent on one large mine reports that twenty-five per cent of his old workers are back under the nonunion scale.

From the viewpoint of the whole field, the policy of the United Mine Workers in refusing to lower wages has resulted in the throwing of the bulk of the lake trade to the Kentucky and West Virginia operators and forcing their own union men out of work.

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(*Continued from page XVIII*)

Doran); Jacob Wassermann's novel, published in Germany under the title of "Caspar Hauser", appears as *The Unheeding World;* Julien Green, the author of "Avarice House" gives *The Closed Garden* (Harpers). A story which is said to have the same moving qualities as "Marie Chapdelaine" is *Aimée Villard, Daughter of France,* by Charles Silvestre (Macmillan); Maurice Dekobra, author of "The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars" now has *The Thirteenth Lover* (Payson & Clarke). A new book by the late Vicente Blasco Ibañez is *Reeds and Mud* (Dutton).

Contrasting types of women are handled by Rose Macaulay in *Daisy and Daphne* and by Frances Newman in *Dead Lovers are Faithful Lovers,* both published by Boni & Liveright. Donn Byrne writes of a romanticist of the old days in *Crusade* (Little, Brown) while Sarah Gertrude Millin has placed her romanticist in modern setting in *An Artist in the Family* (Boni & Liveright). Stark Young's second novel, *The Torch's Flare* (Scribners), is laid both in the South and in the Greenwich Village section of New York.

T. F. Powys is represented by *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* (Viking); and G. B. Stern by *Debonair* (Knopf). In *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard* (Knopf), Elinor Wylie deals with two types of temperament. Two young American novelists are represented on the John Day list—Larry Barretto by *Old Enchantment,* and David Cort by *Once More, Ye Laurels.*

J. D. Beresford adds to his earlier book "The Tapestry" *All or Nothing* (Bobbs-Merrill). McBride offers two contrasting novels in Donald Corley's romantic *The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker,* which follows his "House of Lost Identity"; and Paul Green's story of life among the poor white farmers of *Wide Fields* in Carolina. Poor whites of the middle west find a champion in *She Walks in Beauty,* by Dawn Powell (Brentano). Two novels of race are W. E. B. DuBois's *Dark Princess* (Harcourt), and *The Island Within* by Ludwig Lewisohn (Harpers).

P. G. Wodehouse carries on the tradition of Jeeves in *Meet Mr. Mulliner* (Doubleday, Doran). Alice Duer Miller gives us more of her wit and charm in *Welcome Home*

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(Dodd, Mead). The same firm offers Edward Larocque Tinker's novel of New Orleans in the 1850's, *Toucoutou;* and *A Fool in the Forest,* by Anthony Pryde and R. K. Weekes.

The versatile Wyndham Lewis offers a group of short stories *The Wild Body* (Harcourt). Another collie story by Albert Payson Terhune is *Water* (Harpers); and Leon Underwood uses *The Siamese Cat* (Brentano) to give his views on life in general.

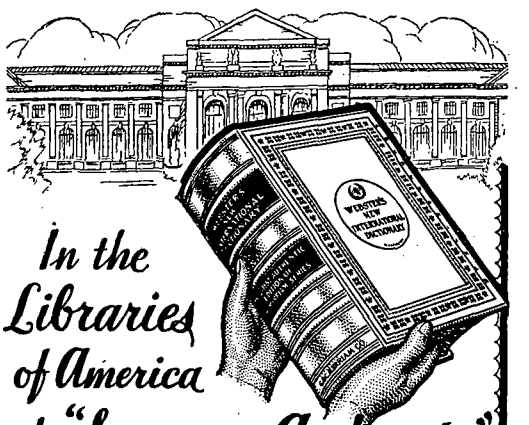
Life in a Florida boom town is depicted by Octavus Roy Cohen in *Spring Tide* (Appleton). Also from Appleton comes Brand Whitlock's new political novel *Big Matt.* Spies and the World War figure in W. Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden, or The British Agent* (Doubleday, Doran).

A new collection of poems from the pen of Louis Untermeyer is titled *Burning Bush* (Harcourt). Dorothy Parker's second volume of verse is *Sunset Gun* (Boni & Liveright). Another book from Boni & Liveright is *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing,* a collection of the light verse for which Samuel Hoffenstein has become celebrated.

Two books on music are listed for March—*The Simple Story of Music,* by Charles D. Isaacson (Macy-Masius); and *Music: A Science and an Art,* by John Redfield (Knopf). Other branches of art are represented by *German Baroque Art,* by Sacheverell Sitwell (Doubleday, Doran); The Plays of Georg Büchner (Viking); and *American Architecture,* by Fiske Kimball (Bobbs-Merrill).

Essays on men and moods of the sea are collected by Felix Riesenberg in *Shipmates* (Harcourt, Brace). Stories of his adventure in the African wilderness are told in *Safari: A Saga of the African Blue,* by Martin Johnson (Putnam). D. Jenness writes of the Eskimos in *The People of the Twilight* (Macmillan). In *The Big Ditch* (Boni & Liveright) Eric Walrond gives a stirring account of the Panama Canal.

Of a more serious character is *Black Democracy: The Story of Haiti,* by H. P. Davis (Dial); and *Mystic Italy,* by Michael H. Rostovtzeff (Holt). *The Middle Ages,* by E. B. Osborn (Doubleday, Doran) carries on the tradition of "The Heritage of Greece and the Legacy of Rome".



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WITH the second part of the book-auction season nearing the middle chapters, there seems to be a repetition of the first part, in the holding of a large number of varied sales, with one or two specialized sales of first importance to collectors and dealers. The Kipling sale in January, at which an English collection was dispersed at the Anderson Galleries in New York, showed that interest in this author's works continues to increase. The collection contained about everything in Kipling first editions with the exception of "The Smith Administration", which holds the record price of $14,000 paid for a work by a living author. It had the mate to it, however, in the suppressed companion volume, "Letters of Marque", of which only three or four copies are known. That copy of "Letters of Marque, No. 1" once belonged to Captain E. W. Martindell, the bibliographer of Kipling, who sold it at Sotheby's in London April 4, 1921, for £150. At the recent New York sale it brought the record price at $10,900, second only to "The Smith Administration" in value. It goes into the library of an American collector who has the suppressed companion volume. The other Kipling rarities in the sale went at correspondingly high prices.

Another sale of particular interest to dealers in rare books was that at the Anderson Galleries of "Beautiful Books, Masterpieces of Printing" as the catalogue described them. These were from the library of Dr. Percival M. Barker of New York City, and they included examples of the work of most of the fine modern presses. There were such standard examples of modern printing as the Ashendene Press "Morte d'Arthur" on vellum, the Kelmscott Chaucer, the Doves Bible and many volumes issued by the Aries, Beaumont, Cloister, Cuala, Curwen, Daniel, Doves, Eragny, Florence, Golden Cockerel, Kelmscott, Laurel, Merrymount, Montague, Museum, Nonesuch, Old Bourne, Riccardi, Riverside, Vale and Village Presses. Beside these were about a hundred of what are known as "Bruce Rogers" books, planned by the world's greatest book designer and now so much collected. The remarkable thing about the sale was that except in a few instances these books from private and semi-private presses, issued within a few years, brought advances on the prices at which they were published. It is apparent that the number of those who collect books printed by particular presses is increasing, while it is also evident that more people than ever before are demanding books that satisfy the craving for beauty. Most dealers recognize this, and are taking advantage of the present opportunity to stock up with these fine and limited editions while the prices are low.

Among so many private presses the problem for the dealer is one of selection. Just now a few of the wise ones are picking up the rare books which bear the imprint of The Village Press, some of which are from Park Ridge, Illinois; others from Hingham, from New York and now from Deepdene. The Village Press was started by Frederick W. Goudy, who has been characterized by typographical authorities as "the greatest type designer who ever lived". There are not many of these imprints. Of recent years there have been fewer than ever, because Mr. Goudy has been devoting nearly all his time, since removal to "Deepdene" at Marlborough-on-Hudson, to the designing and casting of new type faces which he has designed. But the collector who picks up these Village Press imprints will have a collection of beautiful books which may be looked upon as a valuable asset to his estate. These books have the factors of rarity, interesting contents, beauty of production and perfection of condition. These are the things which make a book valuable, literary quality being the first consideration, for no matter how beautifully a book may be printed or how

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rare it may be, its value is limited if it is on a subject which nobody cares anything about.

Beside these private press books we now have a class of books which are distinctively for collectors, such as the Hitchcock edition of the sporting books of Somerville and Ross, which are classics of the fox hunt; or the Carnavalet edition of the "Letters of Madame de Sévigné". Both of these are sets of seven volumes each, issued in limited editions, meeting the prime requirements of the collector. While there are already editions of both authors, these are better than others, and are made not merely to be looked at and exhibited, but to be read. Then there are such elusive items as John Drinkwater's "Uncle Wat"; the annual volumes issued in the Lakeside Classics and those purely personal volumes issued by individuals, like Dr. Rosenbach's "Earliest Christmas Books"; William A. Clark, Jr.'s reproduction of "Sonnets from the Portuguese"; A. Edward Newton's "A Reprimand and What Came of It"; Gabriel Wells's "Three Things"; the simple Merrymount Press folder with its colored woodcut by Ruzicka and such things. These books are not for sale, and therefore the collector wants them. When they come into market, as they rarely do, there are not enough copies to go around, and prices soar.

Take the Drinkwater poem, for example. When John Drinkwater lectured in Roanoke, Virginia, on Robert E. Lee, several months ago, he was a guest of Mr. S. H. McVitty at Ridgewood Farm, Salem, Virginia. One day Mr. McVitty asked old Uncle Wat, the Negro preacher at Kingstown, to come up to the house and talk to Mr. Drinkwater. Out of this conversation grew the poem which John Drinkwater published in "Silhouettes", his volume of poems issued upon his return to England. The poet sent the copy to Mr. McVitty with permission to use it in any way he saw fit. Mr. McVitty had a photograph

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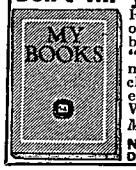

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of the old Negro preacher and Alec Miller made a pencil drawing of his head. Mr. McVitty took this material to Edward L. Stone of the Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company (and other corporations) who, in the infrequent intervals of leisure from his work as president of the Roanoke Chamber of Commerce and other civic organizations, made a book with this poem and the drawing and photograph. Giving his personal attention to the typographic details of the work, and having it bound in imitation wood covers, Mr. Stone has produced a book which must be entitled to a place among the "Fifty Books of 1927". As for the poem, here is the picture of the "very, very old nigger" who remembered having been sold as a slave for twelve hundred dollars:

Uncle Wat came dressed
In his best,
With a silk top hat
And black frock coat,
And a red cravat
Pinned at his throat
With a skunk-tooth pin,
And a wide body belt
Of bright green felt
Studded with beads and clippings of tin
And an ink-pot lid stuck round about
With tags of wool and a chain of dimes,
And a picture of Gaby Delys cut out
From the New York Sunday Times.

Unfortunately the edition, privately printed, is limited to 125 copies not for sale and is distinctly a "collector's book", valuable alike to lovers of Drinkwater and admirers of artistic modern typography.

As only 100 of the 110 copies printed of "The Writings of A. Edward Newton, a Bibliography" were for sale, this might properly be placed in the class of "collectors' books". The work was prepared as a Christmas gift to A. Edward Newton, whose "Amenities of Book Collecting" is the best seller of the last hundred years among books about books.

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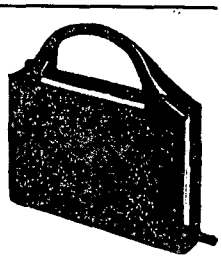

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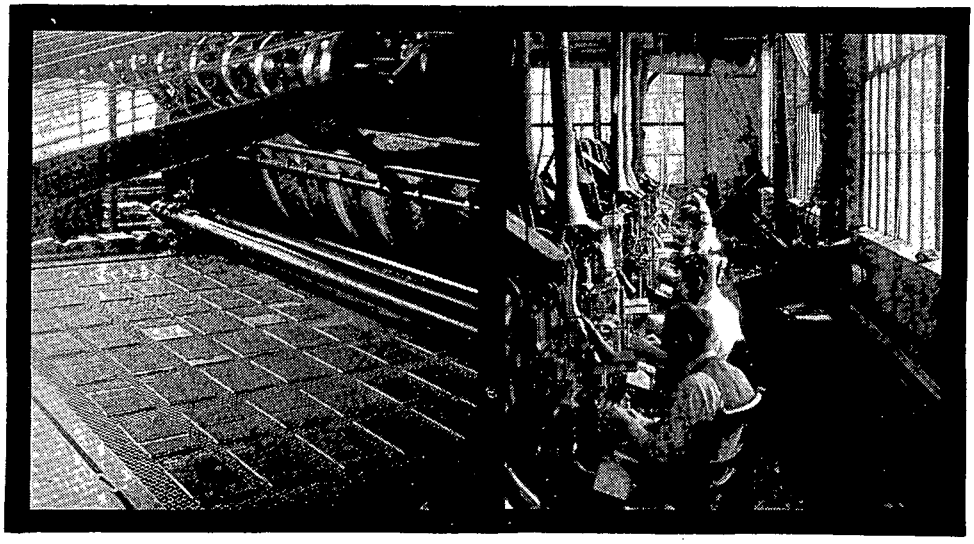

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